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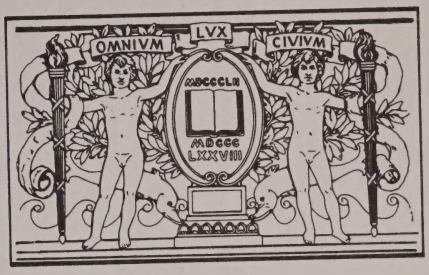

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CONTENTS

OF

No. LXXXIV.

ART. PAGE.

I. LIFE OF SCHILLER 1
The Life of Friedrich Schiller. Comprehending an Examination of his Works. From the London Edition.

II. THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY 30
Cours d' Histoire Moderne, par M. GUIZOT, Professeur d' Histoire à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris.

III. ROMAN LITERATURE 57
1. Bibliotheca Classica Latina, sive Collectio Auctorum Classicorum Latinorum, cum Notis et Indicibus.
2. Family Classical Library, No. 47.

IV. USURY, AND THE USURY LAWS 68
Report of a Committee of the General Court of Massachusetts upon the Petition of W. Tuckerman and Others for the Repeal of the Laws against Usury.

V. THE FREE CITIES OF FLANDERS 112
1. Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne de la Maison de Valois. Par M. de BARANTE.
2. Histoire de la Flandre depuis le Comte Gui de Dampierre jusqu' aux Ducs de Bourgogne. Par JULES VAN PRAET.
3. Notice Historique sur la Ville de Gand. Par A VOISIN.

VI. LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CRABBE 135
Life and Poetical Works of the Reverend GEORGE CRABBE. In 8 volumes. Vol. I. Containing the Life of Crabbe. By his SON.

VII. HELEN 167
Helen : a Tale by MARIA EDGEWORTH.

VIII. Miss Peabody's Key to History 200
Key to History. Parts I., II., and III. By Elizabeth P. Peabody.

IX. Origin and Character of the old Parties 208
1. History of the Hartford Convention, with a Review of the Policy of the United States' Government, which led to the War of 1812. By Theodore Dwight, Secretary of the Convention.
2. Familiar Letters on Public Characters and Public Events, from the Peace of 1783, to the Peace of 1815.

CONTENTS

OF

No. LXXXV.

ART. PAGE.

I. PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES. 277
The Republic of Letters; being a weekly Republication of Works of Standard Literature.

II. DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE . . . 302
The Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States of America, from the signing of the definitive Treaty of Peace, 10th September, 1783, to the Adoption of the Constitution, March 4th, 1789, being the Letters of the Presidents of Congress, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, American Ministers at Foreign Courts, Foreign Ministers near Congress, and Reports of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs on various Letters and Communications, together with Letters from Individuals on Public Affairs. Published under the direction of the Secretary of State, from the original Manuscripts in the Department of State, conformably to an Act of Congress, approved May 5th, 1832.

III. THE ITALIAN DRAMA 329
Tragedie di Alessandro Manzoni, Milanese, Il Conte di Carmagnola e l'Adelchi, aggiuntevi le poesie varie dello stesso, ed alcune prose sulla Teorica del Dramma tragico.
Tragedies by Alexander Manzoni of Milan, entitled, The Count of Carmagnola and the Adelchi: to which are added miscellaneous poems, and some remarks on the theory of the Tragic Drama by the same author.

IV. Kay's Travels in Caffraria 371
Travels and Researches in Caffraria; describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that Portion of Southern Africa, &c.

V. Hayward's Physiology of Man 395
Outlines of Human Physiology; designed for the Use of the higher Classes in Common Schools. By George Hayward, M. D.

VI. Slavery in Rome 413
The Influence of Slavery on the Political Revolutions in Rome. A Lecture, delivered before a Society of Young Men in Massachusetts.

VII. Coleridge's Poems 437
The Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge. Complete in one Volume.

VIII. Outre-Mer 459
Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. Nos. I. and II.

IX. The Washington Papers 467
The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the original Manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By Jared Sparks.

X. Temperance 494
Fifth Annual Report of the New York State Society for the Promotion of Temperance, presented by the Executive Committee, Feb. 25, 1834.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXIV.

JULY, 1834.

ART. I.—*Life of Schiller.*

The Life of Friedrich Schiller. Comprehending an Examination of his Works. From the London Edition. Boston. 1833.

POETS are the priests of nature, endowed at birth with the pre-eminent qualities requisite for this high function. The power, too, thus bestowed on them, unlike other human possessions, is as well secured from the detractions of envy, by the pleasure which its exercise diffuses, as it is from attack by its unquestionable supremacy. The poet speaks to the heart, and ever in a voice of music, whether, like the nurse who lulls the crying infant with song, he mingle his soothing notes with the plaints of wo, or, like the spirit-stirring trumpet, quicken the pulse's wildest throbs. He communes with the inmost soul of man: he penetrates to the source of his feelings; he analyzes, he interprets, he anticipates, he reveals them. Yet his deep insight awakens no jealousy; for he derives it from sympathy, and he manifests it in forms of beauty.

It is an error of the half-knowledge drawn from superficial and partial appearances, to regard genius and common sense as incompatible. As much so are they as beauty is incompatible with strength, or uncomeliness of feature with gentleness of disposition. Genius is the original intensity of power in a mental faculty, whereby it performs its function with in-

stantaneous rapidity and unerring accuracy. Examples of musical and mathematical genius, familiar to all, distinctly illustrate the difference between genius and talent. To reach its end, genius performs the same operation that common intellect does; but it darts from the beginning to the conclusion with such quickness, as to preclude itself from consciousness of progress, and to impress others,—as incapable of understanding the process as itself is of following it,—with the idea of supernatural power. When it shall be shown that the absence of all such intuitive capacity is attended by an extra-efficiency of common sense, it will be time enough to prove that its presence has no bearing upon that quality. Cases are abundant to show the entire independence of each on the other, without going into a theoretical demonstration of it, were that admissible here.

If our definition of genius be correct, it will lead us to understand the nature of poetry.

Poetical genius is the intense sensibility to the beautiful. As musical genius stands to musical talent, thus stands the poet in relation to the multitude of men. Susceptibility to beauty is a quality common to mankind: the degree in which it is possessed distinguishes the poet. Crowds listen with delight to the music of Mozart, and millions rejoice over Shakspeare, through the medium of the same faculties by which these great men, possessing them in higher degrees, excelled all others.

A word on the fine arts, before proceeding further in our attempt to obtain a clear idea of the poet. They might be called the poetical arts, for their essence is beauty;—in it they have their being, and according to their power to awaken the susceptibility to the beautiful are they prized. Without a high degree of this susceptibility in himself, the architect sinks to the master-builder,—the musician is little more than the performer on a hand-organ. Even in the secondary branch of painting and sculpture,—the copying of the living countenance,—this quality must assist at the artist's labor; and a portrait, that has not an ideal heightening, is a failure as a work of art. Herein it is, that the artist is different from and is raised above the artisan. He works with the same materials, and he needs the same knowledge of their relations and uses; but he combines them for a different end, and, lifting himself above physical appliances, appeals to feelings, the gratification of which is as much a want of human nature as that of its daily desires,

and in the ministering to which he does service equally with the worker with rougher tools, though the results of his efforts be not of a utility so obvious and tangible. In him the poetical is superadded to the mechanical.

The range of the artist is limited by the gross nature of the materials and instruments with which he works: and thus, his place is below that of the poet. He can but embody a point in the sweep of passion; he illustrates a moment, while the poet developes a life: he presents but a single scene, or, at most, a succession of scenes; or when, as in music, he attempts a drama, it is but as an accompaniment, more like the rhythm of a poem than a poem itself, and comparatively equally evanescent. The poet for his instrument has language,—the messenger and mirror of the mind,—the body to the soul of thought, flexible and obedient to its infinite modes, —the faithful shadow that ever follows light,—the universal symbol among men. But, to body forth clearly with this powerful instrument, he must,—besides his poetical superiority, that is, his intenser susceptibility to beauty,—perceive more vividly and feel more acutely than common men. Then will his mind spontaneously pour out its materials, whether, according to original constitution, these be collected from external nature, or from the workings of passion, or from meditation; and each production will be distinguished from the most vigorous of the prosaic mind by the halo of beauty, as we see in pictures the infant head of our Saviour by the glory. The pleasure derived from rural occupations and scenes is universal; and yet there has been but one Thomson, to reproduce the impressions made by them in a picture as faithful as it is lovely. Thousands of travellers pass yearly over the field of Waterloo, along the Rhine, through Switzerland into Italy, reaping a rich enjoyment from the various attractions of these regions; but Childe Harold is, and ever will be, a *unique* work. The story of Macbeth lay among the traditions of Scotland, an unheeded instance of common guilt, till Shakspeare lifted it up, as the God of nature lifts up the common vapor of the earth to forge his thunderbolts.

The poet, then, must know much; through observation and study he must be rich in knowledge, and be skilled in the uses of it by action. He must feel strongly: and, through experience of the joys and afflictions of life, have learned the depths of the human heart. To think without having acted,

is but to dream. Merely to look at the workings of passion, is barren observation; the shock from the battery must be felt as well as its coruscations be seen, in order to learn the force of electricity;—the heart must meet other hearts through the medium of acts flowing from its own warmth, before the spark of knowledge and truth can be struck forth. In short, to give life and substance to his poetry, the poet must be and do as other men: the man is the basis of the poet.—'Who has so peered into and illumined Reality, even to the deepest valleys thereof, and even to the smallest worm in them, as the twin-stars of poetry, Homer and Shakspeare? As plastic art ever works in the school of nature, so have the richest poets ever been the most devoted and industrious children, laboring to hand over to other children the picture of mother Nature with new traits of likeness. The poets of the ancients were men of business and warriors before they were singers; and especially must the great Epic poets of all times have lustily worked at the helm on the ocean of life, before they took in their hands the pencil which traces the vessel's course. Thus Camoens, Dante, Milton,—and only Klopstock is an exception, but more for the rule than against it. How were not Shakspeare, and, still more, Cervantes thoroughly penetrated and ploughed and furrowed by life, before in them the seed of their poetic Flora sprouted forth and grew up! The poetic school in which Goethe took his first lessons was made up, according to his autobiography, of mechanics' shops, painters' studies, coronation halls, and of all busy fair-holding Frankfort.'*

In proportion, then, to the poet's elevation among poets, will he be interesting as a man, and the history of his life be valuable; and the general curiosity in regard to all that relates to a great poet, is evidence that public instinct knows his position, independently of the demonstration of it which the critic may be able to give. The appearance of a life of Schiller, therefore, will doubtless excite in the reading world an anticipation of lively pleasure; and such anticipation the work at the head of this article will fully meet. It is a reprint of a work lately published in England. The author is not named in the title. Whoever he may be, 'he discovers,' to quote the language of Dr. Follen, in the Preface to the American

* Jean Paul Friedrich Richter's *Vorschule der Aesthetik.*—Vol. I. § 2.

edition, 'a particular aptness for appreciating the characteristic excellence of Schiller.' For not only is he a fine critic and writer, and consequently capable of appreciating and describing Schiller; but he brings to his task that strong sympathy so essential to its well-performance,—a qualification in a critic, thus described by Goethe in one of his letters to Schiller:—'It seems to me that, as well in treating of writings as of deeds, unless one speaks with a loving sympathy, a certain partial enthusiasm, the result is so defective as to have very little value.'

Schiller,—whose name is now a sound of power in the world,—was born at Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg, on the 10th of November, 1759. His mother was exemplary as a mother and wife; and her taste and intelligence are said to have been superior to her education. It is worthy of note that she was fond of poetry. His father had been a surgeon and officer in the army, from which he retired soon after the birth of the poet, and held during the rest of his life an inconsiderable post under the King of Würtemberg. He is described as a clear-headed, upright, pious man, who used the leisure left by his occupations to cultivate himself by reading and study. These excellent persons, whose characters seem to have been blended in Schiller, and under whose benign influence he grew up, enjoyed the fortune of living to witness the greatness of their son; and we can believe, that filial gratitude and a just consciousness of his own worth suggested to the poet the following beautiful passage, which he makes Don Carlos address to his father Philip.

'How sweet and rapturous 'tis to feel
Ourself exalted in a lovely soul,—
To know, our joys make glow another's cheek,
Our fears do tremble in another's heart,
Our sufferings bedew another's eye!
How beautiful and grand 'tis, hand in hand
With a dear son, to tread youth's rosy path,
Again to dream once more the dream of life!
How sweet and great, imperishable in
The virtue of a child, to live for ages,
Transmitting good unceasingly! How sweet
To plant what a dear son will one day reap,—
To gather what will make him rich,—to feel,
How deep will one day be his gratitude!'

Schiller was self-educated. Great men must ever be so. There is no teacher of the master-mind but itself. With its growth proceeds its education: self-culture is a necessity of its being. The mind that can be led and moulded has not the native vigor to attain pre-eminence; and when it has this vigor, to attempt to determine its direction is like attempting to mould the trunk of the young oak by enclosing it with boards, which, if they press it, are burst, and if they do not, are left entire around it, and are then entitled to as much credit for its form, as the instructer is for the results of the genius whose development he happened not to thwart. Therein alone can the teacher, into whose hands a young giant falls, show his wisdom, by perceiving his power and giving it scope. Far was Schiller from meeting with this appreciation: his powers were 'cabined, cribbed, confined' at school, particularly the one at which he was last and longest, 'to whose laws a disposition to poetry did violence,' and whose effect on him, Schiller in after life described, by calling *The Robbers* 'a monster, for which by good fortune the world has no original, and which I would not wish to be immortal, except to perpetuate an example of the offspring which Genius, in its unnatural union with Thraldom, may give to the world.' So that the *Carls-schule*, at Stuttgard, appears to have had the same kind of agency in making Schiller what he was, that the famous article in the Edinburgh Review, on the 'Hours of Idleness,' had in producing Byron.

There is a mixture of the comic and sublime in the picture of the youth Schiller, growing to manhood in the hands of the self-complacent pedagogues of the Duke of Würtemberg; and the appearance of *The Robbers*, as a consequence of their formal drilling, can be aptly likened to the explosion of a mass of gunpowder under the noses of some ignorant boys, drying it before the fire, to be used as common sand. The author of the 'Life of Schiller,' before us, has a fine passage on the effect produced by *The Robbers*. We extract it entire, and could wish that the principle set forth in the last paragraph were more generally understood.

'The publication of such a work as this naturally produced an extraordinary feeling in the literary world. Translations of the *Robbers* soon appeared in almost all the languages of Europe, and were read in all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of

sensibility and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany, the enthusiasm which the *Robbers* excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of this single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were: and though the general sentence was loudly in his favor, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

'One charge brought against him must have damped the joy of literary glory, and stung Schiller's pure and virtuous mind more deeply than any other. He was accused of having injured the cause of morality by his work: of having set up to the impetuous and fiery temperament of youth a model of imitation, which the young were too likely to pursue with eagerness, and which could only lead them from the safe and beaten tracks of duty into error and destruction. It has even been stated, and often repeated since, that a practical exemplification of this doctrine occurred, about this time, in Germany. A young nobleman, it was said, of the fairest gifts and prospects, had cast away all these advantages; betaken himself to the forests, and, copying Moor, had begun a course of active operations,—which, also copying Moor, but less willingly, he had ended by a shameful death.

'It can now be hardly necessary to contradict these theories; or to show that none but a candidate for Bedlam as well as Tyburn could be seduced from the substantial comforts of existence, to seek destruction and disgrace, for the sake of such imaginary grandeur. The German nobleman of the fairest gifts and prospects turns out, on investigation, to have been a German blackguard, whom debauchery and riotous extravagance had reduced to want; who took to the highway, when he could take to nothing else,—not allured by an ebullient enthusiasm, or any heroical and misdirected appetite for sublime actions, but driven by the more palpable stimulus of importunate duns, an empty purse, and five craving senses. Perhaps, in his later days, this philosopher *may* have referred to Schiller's tragedy, as the source from which he drew his theory of life; but if so, we believe he was mistaken. For characters like him, the great attraction was the charm of revelry, and the great restraint, the gallows,—before the period of Karl von Moor, just as they have been since, and will be to the end of time. Among motives like these, the influence of even the most malignant book could scarcely be discernible, and would be little detrimental, if it were.

'Nothing, at any rate, could be farther from Schiller's intention than such a consummation. In his preface, he speaks of the moral effect of the *Robbers* in terms which do honor to his heart, while they show the inexperience of his head. Ridicule, he signifies, has long been tried against the wickedness of the times, whole cargoes of hellebore have been expended in vain; and now, he thinks, recourse must be had to more pungent medicines. We may smile at the simplicity of this idea; and safely conclude that, like other specifics, the present one would fail to produce a perceptible effect; but Schiller's vindication rests on higher grounds than these. His work has on the whole furnished nourishment to the more exalted powers of our nature; the sentiments and images which he has shaped and uttered, tend, in spite of their alloy, to elevate the soul to a nobler pitch: and this is a sufficient defence. As to the danger of misapplying the inspiration he communicates, of forgetting the dictates of prudence in our zeal for the dictates of poetry, we have no great cause to fear it. Hitherto, at least, there has always been enough of dull reality, on every side of us, to abate such fervors in good time, and bring us back to the most sober level of prose, if not to sink us below it. We should thank the poet who performs such a service; and forbear to inquire too rigidly whether there is any "moral" in his piece or not. The writer of a work, which interests and excites the spiritual feelings of men, has as little need to justify himself by showing how it exemplifies some wise saw or modern instance, as the doer of a generous action has to demonstrate its merit, by deducing it from the system of Shaftsbury, or Smith, or Paley, or whichever happens to be the favorite system for the age and place. The instructiveness of the one, and the virtue of the other, exist independently of all systems or saws, and in spite of all.'

Thus was Schiller's entrance into manhood signalized. He postponed the publication of *The Robbers* until (after the conclusion of his college course) he had obtained the post of surgeon in the army, and he was just twenty-one when it appeared. With those in power in Würtemberg, *The Robbers* gained him no favor. To the Duke especially, it was doubly offensive: it was a manifestation of power and spirit in a subject, very unacceptable to a despotic sovereign, and it was a contumacious violation of the laws of taste, which called equally for the Duke's condemnation. He ordered Schiller to abide by medical subjects. And as an earnest of his determination to enforce the order, and with his ducal power to crush the budding genius of the young poet, he had him put under arrest

for a week, for having gone secretly to Manheim to witness the performance of *The Robbers*. Schiller, however, went again; and learning that for this second transgression a much severer punishment awaited him, he resolved to free himself from the tyranny of the Duke, and to fly from his dominions. Accordingly, taking advantage of a day of bustle in Stuttgard, created by the arrival of some foreign Prince, he retired from the city, and passed beyond the frontier of Würtemberg. 'Empty in purse and hope,' he left his home. But, though hopeless and moneyless, he was not friendless. This can hardly be the lot of genius in Germany. Baron Dalberg, at that time superintendent of the theatre at Manheim, (in the Palatinate) who appreciated Schiller, and had brought *The Robbers* upon the stage, supplied him with money, while he lived under the name of Schmidt in a small town of Franconia; and soon after his flight from Stuttgard, Madam von Wollzogen, who admired the author of *The Robbers*, and knew Schiller's character through her sons, with whom he had been at school, invited him to her estate, near Meinungen. Under her hospitable roof, Schiller gave scope to the impulses of his genius, and within a year sent forth two more dramas, *Fiesco* and *Kabal und Liebe* (Court Intrigue and Love). The reputation of these enabled his friend Dalberg to have him appointed poet to the Manheim theatre, a post of respectability and reasonable profit. By this step his destiny was accomplished; by it he was placed in a position to devote himself to literature. Successfully had the inward strength of his inclinations struggled against outward difficulties, and opened to him the career which alone could satisfy himself, and in following which he was destined to shine, a light to the world. 'Something majestic,' said he at this period, 'hovers before me, as I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man.'

The establishment of Schiller at Manheim, terminates the first era of his life. He was in his twenty-fourth year. In a short time he had experienced much. Strongly and variously had his heart been moved: duty and affection, the love of liberty and the calculation of its perils, fear and hope, had contended in his breast with the keenness exacted by the practical importance of the issue. He had felt the appalling reality of sudden self-dependence. These trials, too, had attested a boldness and energy in risking and resisting, pro-

portioned to the intellectual capacity in whose behalf they were exerted. He was thus well schooled for his vocation of painter and interpreter of the human heart: that this was the part allotted to him by nature, he had brilliantly shown. What he had already done was, however, only the evidence of a mighty power, and not the result of its full exertion; the three works above named are the deep broad shadows that *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and *Tell* cast before them.

The author before us introduces the second part of the 'Life of Schiller' with comments on the condition of the *Man of Letters*, eloquently expressed, but only, we think, partially true. We doubt that men who devote themselves to Literature are burdened with more misery than their fellows. From two causes they *seem* to be so:—we seek to learn more of their lives than of those of any other class, and thence become acquainted with their particular portion of the common suffering of humanity; and, secondly, our gratitude to them as benefactors or entertainers, sharpens our sympathy. But even if their pangs, from a deeper sensibility, be keener, so are their pleasures from the same cause. Not that we regard this as a solution of the question. Such a balancing of the account of life gives a very imperfect result; and, indeed, would not only annihilate all gradation in human existence, but would level man, as to the quantum of happiness, to the degree of the brute animal, of whom it can with truth be said, that though the circle of his enjoyments is much narrower than that of man, he suffers proportionally less pain. This estimate of happiness is as fallacious as that of pecuniary profit, which should infer equality in the net gains of two merchants, because the income of each is to his outlay as five is to six, without looking to the difference in the amount of their respective capitals.

The elevated faculties of our nature are the only active capital, that is productive of substantial good; and the proportion which they bear in making up the sum of a life, is the index of the happiness of each individual. Now, with those alone are hours of study occupied, and in such hours, the common cares and vexations and littlenesses of daily life are banished from the mind's presence; nor is the pleasure enjoyed a mere momentary relaxation, such as superficial amusement gives to the work-worn body, but a strong, enduring, paramount gratification, which lightens all burdens, and miti-

gates the sting of every affliction. The solitary toil of the student feeds a flame, whose light tempers the darkness that gathers round the man. And this effect, strong when literary employment is merely passive, and the mind does no more than feed on the fruit of others' efforts, is far stronger when it labors actively, and reproduces the results of its observation and meditation, of experience and thought. The search of truth is the mind's noblest occupation,—the discovery, its grandest triumph. Obstacles and difficulties are elements of the pleasure of the search, as labor is of bodily well-being. And to the poet, who works in the richest field,—the human heart,—even the personal troubles and afflictions, that darken his individual path, are part of the material wherefrom is extracted the wisdom with which he lights and brightens the way of life to his fellows; just as the rugged rocks, shading with overhanging masses the bosom of the river that has forced its passage through them, are at once the constituents of its beauty and the evidence of its usefulness.

At the time when a new voice thus made itself heard in tones so deep and thrilling, German Literature had reached the maturity of its sudden growth. From various causes, this strong-minded people had remained without a literature until the middle of the eighteenth century. Before the Reformation there was no common dialect. Luther, whose gigantic mind made one of the greatest epochs in the history of man, made one too in the language of his country. The *High German* was gaining the ascendency over the *Low German*, and Luther determined the conflict, by adopting it in his translation of the Bible. But although in this great literary masterpiece a perfect language was embodied, the religious disputes that engrossed Germany at this period, prevented the growth of elegant literature. Thus did Luther impede, for the time, that over which he was to exercise so vast and healthful an influence:—a proof of his mighty power. Then followed the 'thirty years' war,' which, besides distracting and impoverishing the German States, operated injuriously upon literature by the currency given through foreign soldiery to foreign languages and idioms. After it, came the French *mania*. The nobles spoke French and aped French manners. This influence extended into the eighteenth century, being supported not only, as is well known, by the Great Frederic, but by the writers who rose up at this time, endeavoring to

satisfy the long deferred want of a national literature; and who, though writing in Luther's German, imitated French models and were guided by French taste. Such were Opitz, Gottsched, Hagedorn, and others. But among them, and immediately following them, there appeared, almost simultaneously, a host of great original minds, who may be said to have suddenly created German literature:—Lessing, who first drew attention to Shakspeare, who was the master of the Schlegels, and may be called the father of philosophical criticism;—Klopstock, whose odes are as patriotic and national in character, as they are truly lyrical in tone:—the classical Wieland;—Herder, whom Jean Paul calls a Christian Plato;—and the greatest of all, Goethe, who, like Schiller, but ten years earlier than he, had swelled this grand concert of spirits with sounds of moan that went to the heart of Germany, and whose wild melody announced the master-spirit of the band.—We here beseech the reader not to impute to us a blind enthusiasm, because he has read a book entitled 'The Sorrows of Werther.' Goethe never wrote one with that title. He called his work, 'The sufferings of the young Werther:' the one known to the English reader, is a version of a French translation of that, and having undergone this double process of bad translation, (a good direct one, even, would be a difficult achievement,) is, we assure him, a very different thing from the original. Much it is to be regretted, that the opinion (if the vague idea excited by their names can be called such) entertained of these two great men by most readers in this country, should be drawn chiefly from the impression made by *The Robbers* and *Werther*, both produced when they were scarcely arrived at manhood, and both the result of that morbid, inflamed state of mind into which young genius will lash itself,—the wild cry of passion from deep souls full to suffocation, uttered without aim or knowledge, from the pressure of an inward burden.

Immediately after his settlement at Manheim, Schiller engaged actively in the discussions in which the awakened literary spirit of Germany was purifying and strengthening itself. He commenced the publication of a journal. In this, called the *Rheinische Thalia*, appeared the first three acts of Don Ca os, which added greatly to his reputation and gained for him the favor of the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, who afterwards proved so valuable a patron. Schiller soon grew dis-

contented with his situation at Manheim. The routine of theatrical supervision was not congenial to him. His salary was moderate; and his expanding mind longed for a wider field. At the expiration of eighteen months, he went to reside at Leipzig, and afterwards at Dresden. While at Manheim, he had formed an engagement with the daughter of one of his friends there, which was broken off by mutual consent. According to the account given in the 'Life,' this was a very unpoetical affair. He atoned for it, however, afterwards, and vindicated his claim to the poetic temperament, by going crazy for a while in consequence of the falsehood of a Dresden beauty. This form of homage to love seems to be a natural one for poets. Goethe, too, paid it, and his own sufferings supplied the materials for those of Werther. Byron's heart never healed of the wound inflicted by his first disappointment in love. Schiller's misery was, fortunately, confined to the poetry of courtship; the prose of matrimony was in his case smooth and bright.

While at Leipzig and Dresden, he continued the publication of the *Thalia;* wrote many of his smaller poems, the fragment of a novel called the *Geisterseher* (Ghostseer) and concluded *Don Carlos*, of which the writer of the 'Life' says:

'Schiller's *Carlos* is the first of his plays, that bears the stamp of any thing like full maturity. The opportunities he had enjoyed for extending his knowledge of men and things, the sedulous practice of the art of composition, the study of purer morals, had not been without their full effect. Increase of years had done something for him; diligence had done much more. The ebullience of youth is now chastened into the steadfast energy of manhood; the wild enthusiast, that spurned at the errors of the world, has now become the enlightened moralist, that laments their necessity, or endeavors to find out their remedy. A corresponding alteration is visible in the external form of the work, in its plot and diction. The plot is contrived with great ingenuity, embodying the result of much study, both dramatic and historical. The language is blank verse, not prose, as in the former works; it is more careful and regular, less ambitious in its object, but more certain of attaining it. Schiller's mind had now reached its full stature: he felt and thought more justly; he could better express what he felt and thought.'

The following extract presents to the reader a distinct picture of the state of Schiller's mind at this period.

'This tragedy of *Carlos* was received with immediate and universal approbation. In the closet and on the stage, it excited the warmest applauses equally among the learned and unlearned. Schiller's expectations had not been so high; he knew both the excellencies and the faults of his work: but he had not anticipated that the former would be recognised so instantaneously. The pleasure of this new celebrity came upon him, therefore, heightened by surprise. Had dramatic eminence been his sole object, he might now have slackened his exertions; the public had already ranked him as the first of their writers in that favorite department. But this limited ambition was not his moving principle; nor was his mind of that sort for which rest is provided in this world. The primary disposition of his nature urged him to perpetual toil: the great aim of his life, the unfolding of his mental powers, was one of those which admit but a relative, not an absolute progress. New ideas of perfection arise as the former have been reached; the student is always attaining, never has attained.

'Schiller's worldly circumstances, too, were of a kind well calculated to prevent excess of quietism. He was still drifting at large on the tide of life: he was crowned with laurels, but without a home. His heart, warm and affectionate, fitted to enjoy the domestic blessings which it longed for, was allowed to form no permanent attachment: he felt that he was unconnected, solitary in the world; cut off from the exercise of his kindlier sympathies; or if tasting such pleasures, it was "snatching them rather than partaking of them calmly.' The vulgar desire of wealth and station never entered his mind for an instant: but as years were added to his age, the delights of peace and continuous comfort were fast becoming more acceptable than any other; and he looked with anxiety to have a resting-place amid his wanderings, to be a man among his fellow men.

'For all these wishes, Schiller saw that the only chance of fulfilment depended on unwearied perseverance in his literary occupations. Yet though his activity was unabated, and the calls on it were increasing rather than diminished, its direction was gradually changing. The drama had long been stationary, and of late been falling in his estimation: the difficulties of the art, as he viewed it at present, had been overcome, and new conquests invited him in other quarters. The latter part of *Carlos* he had written as a task rather than a pleasure; he contemplated no farther undertaking connected with the Stage. For a time, indeed, he seems to have wavered among a multiplicity of enterprises; now solicited to this, and now to that, without being able to fix decidedly on any. The restless ardor of his mind is evinc-

ed by the number and variety of his attempts; its fluctuation by the circumstance that all of them are either short in extent, or left in a state of fragments. Of the former kind are his lyrical productions, many of which were composed about this period, during intervals from more serious labors. The character of these performances is such as his former writings gave us reason to expect. With a deep insight into life, and a keen and comprehensive sympathy with its sorrows and enjoyments, there is combined that impetuosity of feeling, that pomp of thought and imagery which belong peculiarly to Schiller. If he had now left the Drama, it was clear that his mind was still overflowing with the elements of poetry; dwelling among the grandest conceptions, and the boldest or finest emotions; thinking intensely and profoundly, but decorating its thoughts with those graces, which other faculties than the understanding are required to afford them. With these smaller pieces, Schiller occupied himself at intervals of leisure throughout the remainder of his life. Some of them are to be classed among the most finished efforts of his genius. The *Walk*, the *Song of the Bell*, contain exquisite delineations of the fortunes and history of man; his *Ritter von Toggenburg*, his *Cranes of Ibycus*, his *Hero and Leander*, are among the most poetical and moving ballads to be found in any language.'

He now turned his attention to history, and his aspiring mind formed several magnificent plans of historical works, too vast for execution. The results of his labor in this department of literature, although in extent falling far short of his original designs, are productions of the highest merit, combining with vivid gorgeous narrative, a deep philosophical spirit. *The Revolt of the Netherlands* (unfortunately a fragment) was the first. To this subject he was led by the investigations into the state of Spain under Philip II., which the composition of *Don Carlos* made necessary. We must here quote again from the eloquent writer of the 'Life.'

'Such were Schiller's occupations while at Dresden: their extent and variety are proof enough that idleness was not among his vices. It was, in truth, the opposite extreme, in which he erred. He wrote and thought with an impetuosity beyond what nature always could endure. His intolerance of interruptions first put him on the plan of studying by night; an alluring but pernicious practice, which began at Dresden, and was never afterwards forsaken. His recreations breathed a similar spirit: he loved to be much alone, and strongly moved. The banks of the

Elbe were the favorite resort of his mornings: here, wandering in solitude amid groves and lawns, and green and beautiful places, he abandoned his mind to delicious musings; watched the fitful current of his thoughts, as they came sweeping through his soul in their vague, fantastic, gorgeous forms; pleased himself with the transient images of memory and hope; or meditated on the cares and studies which had lately been employing, and were again soon to employ him. At times, he might be seen floating on the river in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky. He delighted most to be there, when tempests were abroad: his unquiet spirit found a solace in the expression of his own unrest on the face of Nature; danger lent a charm to his situation; he felt in harmony with the scene, when the rack was sweeping stormfully across the heavens, and the forests were sounding in the breeze, and the river was rolling its chafed waters into wild eddying heaps.

'Yet before the darkness summoned him exclusively to his tasks, Schiller commonly devoted a portion of his day to the pleasures of society. Could he have found enjoyment in the flatteries of admiring hospitality, his present fame would have procured them for him in abundance. But these things were not to Schiller's taste. His opinion of the "flesh-flies" of Leipzig we have already seen; he retained the same sentiments throughout all his life. The idea of being what we call a *lion* is offensive enough to any man, of not more than common vanity, or less than common understanding: it was doubly offensive to him. His pride and his modesty alike forbade it. The delicacy of his nature, aggravated into shyness by his education and his habits, rendered situations of display more than usually painful to him; the *digito prætereuntium* was a sort of celebration he was far from coveting. In the circles of fashion, he appeared unwillingly, and seldom to advantage: their glitter and parade were foreign to his disposition: their strict ceremonial cramped the play of his mind. Hemmed in, as by invisible fences, among the intricate barriers of etiquette, so feeble, so inviolable, he felt constrained and helpless; alternately chagrined and indignant. It was the giant among pigmies; Gulliver, in Lilliput, tied down by a thousand packthreads. But there were more congenial minds, with whom he could associate; more familiar scenes, in which he found the pleasures he was seeking. Here Schiller was himself; frank, unembarrassed, pliant to the humor of the hour. His conversation was delightful, abounding at once in rare and simple charms. Besides the intellectual riches which it carried with it, there was that flow of kindliness and unaffected good humor, which can render dulness itself agreea-

ble. Schiller had many friends in Dresden, who loved him as a man, while they admired him as a writer. Their intercourse was of the kind he liked, sober, as well as free and mirthful. It was the careless, calm, honest effusion of his feelings that he wanted, not the noisy tumults and coarse delirium of dissipation. For this, under any of its forms, he at no time showed the smallest relish.'

In 1787, Schiller paid a visit to Weimar, the capital of literary Germany, where he was cordially welcomed, particularly by Herder and Wieland. 'You know the men,' he writes, 'of whom Germany is proud; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall now encloses me and them. What excellencies are in Weimar! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean to settle for life, and at length once more to have a country.' While at Weimar, he received an invitation from his kind protectress, Madam von Wollzogen, to visit her. It was on occasion of this journey that he became acquainted, at Rudolstadt, with the Fräulein von Lengefeld, whose attractions brought him back to Rudolstadt the following spring. To this lady, who returned his love, and was worthy of it, he became engaged. His affectionate nature longed for domestic intercourse, and this union was destined to realize his anticipations of married life. He spent the summer at Rudolstadt, proceeding diligently and ardently in his literary labors. Here, for the first time, he met Goethe. The meeting, however, led to no intimacy. Soon after it, Schiller thus writes:

'"On the whole, this personal meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is, from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination, no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will shew."'

As little did Goethe feel attracted at that time towards Schiller. We refer the reader to the volume before us, for Goethe's interesting account of the state of his mind at that period. And yet, they did come together several years afterwards, and, contrary to Schiller's then anticipations, formed a 'secure and substantial intimacy,' which lasted and strengthened till the death of Schiller, which was, during ten years, the

chief source of pleasure and instruction to both, and which, in the annals of literature, exhibits a phenomenon as beautiful as it is rare. It was in 1787 that they first met, only, as it then seemed, to prove the impossibility of a close union between two such differently constituted natures; and in 1799 Goethe begins the six hundred and forty-fifth letter between them, in the following manner. He had just heard from Schiller of the illness of his wife. 'Your letter, my dear friend, has given me a most painful surprise. My friendship for you is so strong, that I feel whatever happens to you as if it happened to myself.' *

In 1789, being then in his thirtieth year, Schiller was appointed Professor of History at the University of Jena, in the Grand Duchy, and a few miles distant from the town of Weimar. Goethe, who appreciated Schiller's genius, notwithstanding the indisposition he then felt to a closer intercourse, used his influence in procuring this post for him. Upon this he married; and here and at Weimar he spent the rest of his too short life.

With additional zeal he now devoted himself to the study of history, and in 1791 published his *History of the thirty years' war.* Just at this time the philosophy of Kant spread itself over Germany like a thick vapor. In its course of mental purification, the universal German brain was undergoing the process of fumigation. Schiller, in whom the tendency to metaphysical abstraction was so strong, that, had he not been a poet, he probably would have been a metaphysician, became for a while a disciple of the Kantian doctrines. His was not a mind, however, to adopt a system; and he in a short time discovered, that he had not been so much enlightened as he at first supposed. The native soundness of his mind, supported by the influence of Goethe, soon dispelled this metaphysical illusion. The state of Germany, when the reign of Kant was at its height, is finely described by the anonymous author of the 'Life of Schiller.' We cannot resist the temptation to make a long extract.

'The transcendental system of the Königsberg Professor had, for the last ten years, been spreading over Germany, which it had

* 'Ihr Brief, werthester Freund, hat mich auf das unangenehmste überrascht. Unsere zustände sind so innig verwebt dass ich das was Ihnen begegnet an mir selbst fühle.'—*Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe in den Jahren* 1794 *bis* 1805.

now filled with the most violent contentions. The powers and accomplishments of Kant were universally acknowledged; the high pretensions of his system, pretensions, it is true, such as had been a thousand times put forth, and a thousand times found wanting, still excited notice, when so backed by ability and reputation. The air of mysticism, connected with these doctrines, was attractive to the German mind, with which the vague and the vast are always pleasing qualities. The dreadful array of first principles, the forest huge of terminology and definitions, where the panting intellect of weaker men wanders as in pathless thickets, and at length sinks powerless to the earth, oppressed with fatigue, and suffocated with scholastic miasma, seemed sublime rather than appalling to the Germans; men who shrink not at toil, and to whom a certain degree of darkness appears a native element, essential for giving play to that deep meditative enthusiasm, which forms so important a feature in their character. Kant's Philosophy, accordingly, found numerous disciples, and possessed them with a zeal unexampled since the days of Pythagoras. This, in fact, resembled spiritual fanaticism rather than a calm ardor in the cause of science; Kant's warmest admirers seemed to regard him more in the light of a prophet, than of a mere earthly sage. Such admiration was of course opposed by corresponding censure; the transcendental neophytes had to encounter skeptical gainsayers as determined as themselves. Of this latter class the most remarkable were Herder and Wieland. Herder, then a clergyman of Weimar, seems never to have comprehended what he fought against so keenly; he denounced and condemned the Kantian metaphysics, because he found them heterodox. The young divines came back from the university of Jena with their minds well nigh delirious; full of strange doctrines, which they explained to the examinators of the Weimar Consistorium, in phrases that excited no idea in the heads of these reverend persons, but much horror in their hearts. Hence reprimands, and objurgations, and excessive bitterness between the applicants for ordination and those appointed to confer it; one young clergyman at Weimar shot himself on this account; heresy, and jarring, and unprofitable logic, were universal. Hence Herder's vehement attacks on this "pernicious quackery;" this delusive and destructive "system of words." Wieland strove against it for another reason. He had, all his life, been laboring to give currency among his countrymen to a species of diluted epicurism: to erect a certain smooth, and elegant, and very slender scheme of taste and morals, borrowed from our Shaftsbury and the French. All this feeble edifice the new doctrine was sweeping before it to utter ruin, with the vio-

lence of a tornado. It grieved Wieland to see the work of half a century destroyed; he fondly imagined, that but for Kant's philosophy it might have been perennial. With skepticism quickened into action by such motives, Herder and he went forth as brother champions against the transcendental metaphysics; they were not long without a multitude of hot assailants. The uproar produced among thinking men by the conflict, has scarcely been equalled in Germany since the days of Luther. Fields were fought, and victories lost and won; nearly all the minds of the nation were, in secret or openly, arrayed on this side or on that. Goethe alone seemed altogether to retain his wonted composure; he was clear for allowing the Kantian scheme to "have its day, as all things have." Goethe had already lived to see the wisdom of this sentiment, so characteristic of his genius and turn of thought.

'In these controversies, soon pushed beyond the bounds of temperate or wholesome discussion, Schiller took no part; but the noise they made afforded him a fresh inducement to investigate a set of doctrines, so important in the general estimation. A system which promised, even with a very little plausibility, to accomplish all that Kant asserted his complete performance of; to explain the difference between Matter and Spirit, to unravel the perplexities of Necessity and Free-will; to show us the true grounds of our belief in God, and what hope nature gives us of the soul's immortality; and thus at length, after a thousand failures, to interpret the enigma of our being,—hardly needed that additional inducement, to make such a man as Schiller grasp at it with eager curiosity. His progress also was facilitated by his present circumstances; Jena had now become the chief well-spring of Kantian doctrine, a distinction or disgrace it has ever since continued to deserve. Reinhold, one of Kant's ablest followers, was at this time Schiller's fellow teacher and daily companion; he did not fail to encourage and assist his friend in a path of study, which, as he believed, conducted to such glorious results. Under this tuition, Schiller was not long in discovering, that at least the "new philosophy was more poetical than that of Leibnitz, and had a grander character;" persuasions, which of course, confirmed him in his resolution to examine it.

'How far Schiller penetrated into the arcana of transcendentalism, it is impossible for us to say. The metaphysical and logical branches of it seem to have afforded him no solid satisfaction, or taken no firm hold of his thoughts; their influence is scarcely to be traced in any of his subsequent writings. The only department, to which he attached himself with his ordinary zeal, was that which relates to the principles of the imitative arts,

with their moral influences, and which in the Kantian nomenclature has been designated by the term *Æsthetics*, or the doctrine of sentiments and emotions. On these subjects he already had amassed a multitude of thoughts; to see which expressed by new symbols, and arranged in systematic form, and held together by some common theory, would necessarily yield enjoyment to his intellect, and inspire him with fresh alacrity in prosecuting such researches. The new light which dawned, or seemed to dawn, upon him, in the course of these investigations, is reflected in various treatises, evincing, at least, the honest diligence with which he studied, and the fertility with which he could produce. Of these, the largest and most elaborate are the essays on *Grace and Dignity;* on *Naïve* and *Sentimental Poetry;* and the *Letters on the Æsthetic Culture of Man:* the other pieces are on *Tragic Art;* on the *Pathetic;* on the *Cause of our Delight in Tragic Objects;* on *Employing the Low and Common in Art.*

'Being cast in the mould of Kantism, or, at least, clothed in its garments, these productions, to readers unacquainted with that system, are encumbered here and there with difficulties greater than belong intrinsically to the subject. In perusing them, the uninitiated student is mortified at seeing so much powerful thought distorted, as he thinks, into such fantastic forms; the principles of reasoning, on which they rest, are apparently not those of common logic; dimness and doubt overhang their conclusions; scarcely any thing is proved in a convincing manner. But this is no strange quality in such writings. To an exoteric reader, the philosophy of Kant almost always appears to invert the common maxim: its end and aim seem not to be "to make abstruse things simple, but to make simple things abstruse." Often a proposition of inscrutable and dread aspect, when resolutely grappled with, and torn from its shady den, and its bristling entrenchments of uncouth terminology, and dragged forth into the open light of day, to be seen by the natural eye, and tried by merely human understanding, proves to be a very harmless truth, familiar to us from of old, sometimes so familiar as to be a truism. Too frequently, the anxious novice is reminded of Dryden in the *Battle of the Books:* there is a helmet of rusty iron, dark, grim, gigantic; and within it, at the farthest corner, is a head no bigger than a walnut. These are the general errors of Kantian criticism: in the present works, they are by no means of the worst or most pervading kind; and there is a fundamental merit which does more than counterbalance them. By the aid of study, the doctrine set before us can, in general, at length be comprehended; and Schiller's fine intellect, recognisa-

ble even in its masquerade, is ever and anon peering forth in its native form, which all may understand, which all must relish, and presenting us with passages, that show like bright verdant islands in the misty sea of metaphysics.

'We have been compelled to offer these remarks on Kant's Philosophy; but it is right to add that they are the result of only very limited acquaintance with the subject. We cannot wish that any influence of ours should add a note, however feeble, to the loud and not at all melodious cry, which has been raised against it. When a class of doctrines, so involved in difficulties, yet so sanctioned by illustrious names, is set before us, curiosity must have a theory respecting them, and indolence and other humbler feelings are too ready to afford her one. To call Kant's system a laborious dream, and its adherents, crazy mystics, is a brief method; brief but false. The critic, whose philosophy includes the *craziness* of men like these, so easily and smoothly in its formulas, should render thanks to Heaven for having gifted him with science and acumen, such as few in any age or country have been gifted with. Meaner men, however, ought to recollect, that where we do not understand, we should postpone deciding, or, at least, keep our decision for our own exclusive benefit. We of England may reject this Kantian system, perhaps with reason; but it ought to be on other grounds than are yet before us. Philosophy is science, and science, as Schiller has observed, cannot always be explained in "conversations by the parlor fire," or in written treatises that resemble them. The *cui bono* of these doctrines may not, it is true, be expressible by arithmetical computations; the subject also is perplexed with obscurities, and probably, with manifold delusions; and too often its interpreters with us have been like "tenebrific stars," that "did ray out darkness" on a matter itself sufficiently dark. But what then? Is the jewel always to be found among the common dust of the highway, and always to be estimated by its value in the common judgment? It lies embosomed in the depths of the mine; rocks must be rent before it can be reached; skilful eyes and hands must separate it from the rubbish where it lies concealed, and kingly purchasers alone can prize it and buy it. This law of *ostracism* is as dangerous in science as it was of old in politics. Let us not forget that many things are true which cannot be demonstrated by the rules of *Watts's Logic;* that many truths are valuable, for which no price is given in Paternoster Row, and no preferment offered at St. Stephen's. Whoever reads these treatises of Schiller with attention, will perceive that they depend on principles of an immensely higher and more complex character than our "Essays on Taste," and our "Inquiries con-

cerning the Freedom of the Will." The laws of criticism, which it is their purpose to establish, are derived from the inmost nature of man; the scheme of morality, which they inculcate, soars into a brighter region, very far beyond the ken of our "Utilities" and "Reflex-senses." They do not teach us "to judge of poetry and art as we judge of dinner," merely by observing the impressions it produced in us; and they *do* derive the duties and chief end of man from other grounds than the philosophy of Profit and Loss. These *Letters on Æsthetic Culture*, without the aid of any thing which the most skeptical could designate as superstition, trace out and attempt to sanction for us a system of morality, in which man, isolated on this fragment of the universe, encompassed with the boundless desolate Unknown, at war with Fate, without help or the hope of help, is confidently called upon to rise into a calm cloudless height of internal activity and peace, and *be*, what he has fondly named himself, the God of this lower world. When such are the results, who would not make an effort for the steps by which they are attained? In Schiller's treatises, it must be owned, the reader, after all exertions, will be fortunate if he can find them. Yet a second perusal will satisfy him better than the first; and among the shapeless immensities which fill the night of Kantism, and the meteoric coruscations, which perplex rather than enlighten him, he will fancy he descries some streaks of a serener radiance, which he will pray devoutly that time may purify and ripen into perfect day. The Philosophy of Kant is probably combined with errors to its very core; but perhaps also, this ponderous unmanageable dross may bear in it the everlasting gold of Truth! Mighty spirits have already labored in refining it: is it wise in us to take up with the base pewter of Utility, and renounce such projects altogether? We trust not.' *

A few years after his establishment at Jena Schiller relaxed in his professional duties, and applied himself exclusively to critical and poetical studies. He gave up the *Thalia*, and commenced, in 1795, a new journal called the *Horen*. This event made a crisis in his life, for it was the occasion of his entering into intimate association with Goethe. He sent to Goethe his Prospectus, accompanied with a letter, inviting him to contribute to the *Horen*. Goethe readily accepted the in-

* 'Are our hopes from Mr. Coleridge always to be fruitless? Sneers at the common-sense philosophy of the Scotch are of little use; it is a poor philosophy, perhaps; but not so poor as none at all, which seems to be the state of matters here at present.'

vitation in a warm and flattering answer. The correspondence, thus commenced, was continued with growing pleasure on both sides. An intimacy and friendship was formed, which ended only with Schiller's life. Often did the two friends pass weeks in each other's house. Their correspondence, comprising nearly a thousand letters, from 1794 to 1805, has recently been published in Germany, in six volumes, and is the most valuable contribution ever made in this shape to literature. It forms a counterpart, and at the same time a contrast, to the correspondence between Byron and Moore, published about the same time; and if the one is the most entertaining epistolary series ever written, the other is the most instructive. The opinions and feelings of these two extraordinary men, on all the subjects and occasions that interested them, are here exhibited with the frankness of the most confiding friendship, and the fullness of mutual sympathy. Dissertations on principles of composition and art; comments on contemporary writers and books; discussions of plans of works; notices of English, French, and Greek literature; business communications relating to negotiations with booksellers and directors of theatres, to contributions for the *Horen* and *Almanac*, &c.;—such are the materials of these precious letters.* We shall make a few extracts from them, translating as literally as we can. The following is from Schiller's first letter to Goethe, after reading the conclusion of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, which Goethe had just finished and sent to him in manuscript.

'*Jena, the 2d July*, 1796.

'I have now gone through again, though rapidly, all the eight books of the novel, whereof the quantity alone is so great that it occupied me two days. Properly, therefore, I ought not to write about it to-day; for the surprising and unparalleled variety that is, in the strictest sense, concealed in it, overwhelms me. I acknowledge that, as yet, although the *continuity* of it is clear to my mind, the *unity* is not: I doubt not, however, in the least, that it will be; and indeed, in works of this class, continuity constitutes more than half of the unity.

'As under these circumstances, you cannot expect from me any thing fully satisfactory, and yet desire to have something, you must be content with remarks put together without method, which, however, will not be entirely without value, inasmuch as

* As the Author of the 'Life of Schiller' makes no mention of them, we infer that they were published after his work was written.

they will give you my freshest impressions. A worthy and truly *æsthetic* estimate of the whole work, as a work of art, is a great undertaking. The coming four months I shall devote to it entirely, and with delight. Meanwhile, I account it the most fortunate incident of my existence that I have lived to see the completion of this work; that this has taken place while my faculties are yet capable of improvement; that I can yet draw from this pure spring: and the beautiful relation there is between us makes it a kind of religion with me, to feel towards what is yours as if it were my own, and so to purify and elevate my nature that my mind may be a clear mirror, and that I may thus deserve, in a higher sense, the name of your friend. How strongly have I felt on this occasion that the Excellent is a power; that by selfish natures it can be felt but as a power; and that only where there is disinterested love can it be enjoyed.

'I cannot describe to you how deeply the truth, the beautiful vitality, the simple fullness of this work has affected me. The excitement into which it has thrown my mind will subside when I shall have perfectly mastered it, and that will be an important crisis in my being. This excitement is the effect of the Beautiful, and only of the Beautiful, and proceeds thence, that my intellect is not yet entirely in accordance with my feelings. I understand now perfectly what you mean when you say that it is strictly the Beautiful, the True, that can move you even to tears. Tranquil and deep, clear, and yet like nature unintelligible, is this work; and all, even the most trivial collateral incident, shows the clearness, the equanimity, of the mind whence it flowed.

'But I cannot yet give fit expression to my impressions, and shall therefore confine myself to the eighth book. How did you succeed in drawing together again so closely the large and widely separated circle and scene of action of persons and events? The work is like a planetary system:—all is bound together, and the Italian personages,—like comets, and as fearfully as these,—unite the system to a more remote and a greater one. These personages too, as well as Marianna and Aurelia, run out of the system, and separate themselves from it as existences foreign to it, after they have served only to give to it a poetical movement. How beautifully conceived it is, to derive the *practically* monstrous, the fearfully pathetic, in the fate of Mignon and the Harper, from the *theoretically* monstrous, from the monstrous births of the understanding, so that nothing is thereby laid to the charge of pure and healthy Nature. Superstition alone gives birth to the horrid fates that pursue Mignon and the Harper. Even Aurelia is ruined only through her masculine character,—her unnaturalness.'

The rest of the letter consists of more detailed criticism. We add only the conclusion.

'And now adieu, my dear, my honored friend. How it moves me to think, that what we seek and scarcely find in the far distance of a favored antiquity, is to me present in you. Be surprised no longer that there are so few capable and worthy of understanding you. The wonderful naturalness, truth, and lightness of your descriptions precludes, in the herd of judges, all thought of the difficulty, the greatness of Art; and upon those who are able to understand the artist, who perceive the means with which he works, the genial power which they see in action operates with such a hostile, annihilating effect, compresses their barren self into so small a compass, that they angrily push the work from them,—yet in their hearts, though *de mauvaise grace* they are your worshippers. SCHILLER.'

What generous devotion! What noble enthusiasm! The rich intellect and pure heart of Schiller are here beautifully exhibited. Of the man and the critic, we learn much from this single letter. Something else may be learnt from it:—some worthy men may be led to doubt the soundness of the judgment of *Wilhelm Meister*, which is adverse to that of Schiller; others, who habitually mistake the diminutive image formed by a great whole upon their own brain, for its perfect figure and proportions, may be brought to the conclusion, that there is more than they have discovered in a production which Schiller's vast mind is thus stretched to compass and adequately admire, and if they cannot get insight, may learn modesty; and the literary prudes may take courage from the approbation of the lofty, pure-souled Schiller, and in reading certain portions of the work, be saved the effort of a blush.

The next extract we make, is a letter from Goethe, who was about to set out on a journey to Switzerland. Schiller had just left him, after a visit of a week.

'As a leave-taking, you could not have given me anything more agreeable and profitable than your visit of eight days. I am sure I do not deceive myself, when I look upon our being together as productive of good this time as it always is. So much has been developed for the present, and prepared for the future, that I shall set out with more contentment, inasmuch as I hope to do a good deal on the journey, and look forward on my return to your co-operation again. If we thus continue to execute different works simultaneously, and, while quietly pushing for-

ward the greater, entertain ourselves with the smaller, we shall be able to effect much.

'I send you back the Polycrates. On Sunday I shall write you when I shall set off. Adieu: greet your dear wife for me. I wrote to-day to Schlegel.

'*Weimar, the 19th July*, 1797. GOETHE.'

Two days afterwards Schiller thus writes in answer.

'*Jena, the 21 July*, 1797.

'I can never part from you without something having been planted in me, and I rejoice, if in return for the much you give me, I can set you and your inward wealth in motion. Such a relation as ours, built on mutual improvement, must ever remain fresh and animated, and even gain in variety, the more harmonious it becomes, and the more contrariety of opinion between us disappears, which, with so many other persons, is all that prevents monotony. I think that by degrees we shall come to agree on every thing that can be referred to principles, and in regard to that which from its nature cannot be accounted for, we shall be near each other through feeling.'

One point on which they agree perfectly, is admiration, we may say, adoration of Shakspeare. Of him they do not speak as of other writers, but seem to look upon him as the consummate master of art,---the infallible oracle of nature; his works, not as creations of a human mind, liable, as such, to error and exception, but as the direct products of nature, fantastic, it may be, even monstrous sometimes, but all instinct with the vital essence, which, itself inscrutable to man, places them beyond the reach of human condemnation. Schiller has translated Macbeth, and we can almost say, that the mighty original has lost nothing by putting on the garb of German words. In his dramas, the study of Shakspeare is often visible, though not in the shape of direct imitation, much less of plagiarism. In the following extract, we see the impression made on him by the historical plays. The letter is dated the 23th of November, 1797. We omit the first part of it.

'I have just been reading the plays of Shakspeare which treat of the war between the two roses; and now, after finishing *Richard the Third*, am filled with a real wonder. This is one of the sublimest of tragedies, and at this moment I cannot name even another of Shakspeare's that is superior to it. The great destinies prepared in the preceding pieces are here accomplished after a truly great fashion, and according to the most sublime concep-

tion. That the subject excludes all that is feminine, tender, sentimental, aids very much the high effect: all in it is energetic and grand: nothing common disturbs the *æsthetic* emotion: one enjoys, as it were, the pure form of the dread-tragic. A high Nemesis presides over the piece, the consciousness of which penetrates the mind from the beginning to the end. To be wondered at is it, how the poet always succeeds in forcing the unpoetic matter to render up poetic booty; and how skilfully he represents that which cannot be directly represented,—I refer to his art in using symbols where the reality cannot be exhibited. No play of Shakspeare reminds me so strongly of the Greek tragedy.

'It were really worth the trouble, to prepare this suite of eight pieces for our stage. An epoch might thereby be created. We must consult together about it.

'Adieu: my best wishes to our friend Meyer. My Wallenstein advances daily, and I am right well satisfied with it.

SCHILLER.'

Wallenstein was the beginning of a new series of dramas. Nearly ten years had elapsed since the publication of Don Carlos. Wallenstein, which consists of three parts, cost Schiller much labor, and two years of time. But the care and study bestowed on this work, besides making it his masterpiece, and the grandest poem of this age, facilitated greatly his subsequent dramatic labors. In quick succession followed *Mary Stuart*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *The Bride of Messina*, and his last, *William Tell*. For criticism on these beautiful dramas, we refer the reader to the work before us. Schiller died in the spring of 1805, being only forty-five years of age, in the vigor of his creative energies, his mind teeming with poetic plans. It is idle to regret his early death. Instead of thinking with disappointment on what he might yet have done, let us dwell on what he has done, and be joyful over the treasures which we through him possess. For himself, he died 'calmly'; for the world, he has produced works, that will live forever to instruct, delight, and elevate mankind.

In conclusion, we strongly recommend this volume to the American public. It is worthy of its great subject. The selection of it, as the first of a series which he proposes to publish, gives promise, that Mr. Benjamin's plan will be executed with a judgment proportioned to the enterprise with which it has been undertaken. This plan is, 'to present from time to time to the public a book, similar in size and appearance to

the present volume, which shall be either an original work, a translation, or a republication.' Mr. Benjamin thus explains, in his 'general preface,' his design more fully.

'The great object in the publication of this series shall be freely to remunerate authors. If this object be encouraged, some good may be done, and some good works may be produced. If the subscriber could be, however remotely and humbly, the cause of exalting, by one volume, the literature of the age, he would feel amply rewarded. There will be those, who, with sagacious disbelief, will shake their heads on reading this preface; but the Editor, having some experience in literary matters, believes that the popular rage for temporary publications is declining, and that, with the improvement of taste, a demand for good literature is rising. The vulgar prejudice against literary men is also going out. It is no longer thought, that the man of toil, with no capital but his strength, whose "employment increases his capacity of action," deserves higher remuneration than the man of letters, who, while his mind is stored with the learning of years, is weakened by his mental labor in those physical powers, on which others confidently depend for a subsistence. Furthermore, it is believed that authorship will soon become a distinct profession in this country as it is in Europe,—and that an author will be as readily paid for his book, as a physician for his advice, a lawyer for his pleading, or a clergyman for his sermon. Necessity should not be the plea of any author. Literary men should never write gratuitously; for, however well some can afford to give away their time and talents, they should reflect that by so doing they injure others, and depreciate the value of their labor. Should there be only two or three original works published in this series, for which the proprietor would be enabled to extend a liberal compensation to authors, the cause of good literature must be in some degree advanced. It affords me gratification to state the hopeful progress of a work, intended for this series, by an author, whose well-earned fame will, on its appearance, be greatly increased, and who will be the first to lift my project to an elevation on which it will be my pride to see it placed.

'When I cannot procure original pictures for my gallery, I must be content to display copies of the first masters. The republications and translations will be edited by men reported to be most capable of the task. If I meet with a tithe of the kindness hereafter, which it has been my good fortune to experience in connexion with the present volume, I shall apprehend no difficulty, but anticipate a pleasure in my applications. I may not add

my name, humble as it is, to these remarks, which, for their meritorious brevity and business-like style, should rather be called a Prospectus than a Preface, without fully expressing my sense of gratitude to the learned Professor, who so lately delighted a large audience by his lectures on the works of Schiller, and who has now adorned this best account of the great Poet's life, by observations not less interesting than the work itself.'

Here is a liberal estimate of what is due to literary labor. Highly gratifying must it be to all who appreciate the vocation of the man of letters, and desire to see it honored and rewarded among us, to witness such a spirit manifested in practice.

ART. II.—*The Philosophy of History.*

Cours d' Histoire Moderne, par M. GUIZOT, *Professeur d'Histoire à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris.* Paris. 1829.

WE propose in the present article to throw together some remarks upon the nature and importance of historical science, and also a few hints upon its study,—a subject which few deny to be of the last importance, but which has not always received the full attention that it deserves; so true is the observation, that we pass over many things, only because they are near and obvious and of especial moment, almost 'to fly to others which we know not of,' and which, when known, hardly reward us for our toil. We need offer no apology to our readers, for this recurrence to history; for whether we consider its great end,—the making us better and more valuable members of society,—or its particular excellence as a school of eloquence and philosophy, we shall not fail in either case to assign it a high and noble rank among the studies which influence the designs of men.

Lord Bacon admits three kinds in his classification of civil history; namely, civil proper, ecclesiastical and literary; the first of which he divides into pure and mixed. As a consideration of all these different branches and off-shoots would lead us far beyond the limits proper for an article of this kind, and that without being attended with any beneficial result, we shall confine ourselves to the subdivision which he styles

pure; observing, moreover, that we adopt his arrangement on account of its convenience to ourselves, and not because we deem it the most just or philosophical distribution which might be suggested.

Some conception of the extent of the study of history may be formed by a slight attention to the bulk of the materials. The single branch which we have selected is subdivided by Lord Bacon likewise into three kinds; the first, *memorials*, he makes to consist of two sorts, commentaries and registers, or collections of public acts; the second, which he styles *perfect histories*, he divides according as they represent a time, an action, or a person, or in other words, into chronicles, narrations or relations which are contemporaneous, as Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian war, and Lives. *Antiquities* constitute the third species, and comprehend whatever is recovered from monuments, traditions, private records and the like. To these he adds *annals*, which have reference to matters of state, and *journals*, which record facts of minor importance. We may receive this system with more confidence and consideration, perhaps, inasmuch as M. d'Alembert has adopted it in his *Système figuré des connoissances humaines*,* without the slightest variation.

It will be readily perceived that the bulk of historical materials must thus be immense, each of these distinct divisions containing a great number of works. In looking over an old established library, that of Paris for instance, or those of the older and even the more recent of the German universities, we are struck with the seeming disproportion between historical treatises and those in any other branch of knowledge. The former continue to increase, and in a geometrical ratio with time; the tendency to accumulation being such, undoubtedly, on account of the increase of subjects, in the multiplication of our race, in the progress of the arts of peace, and in the redemption of nations from ignorance. Every age superadds its Pelion upon the Ossa of the one preceding. The mass has thus become fearfully great, even to the most hardy and ambitious of the votaries of history. It becomes then an important question how we may render it available, and at the same time not fritter away its spirit and its utility, as has been the case with many of the methods which have been devised for the purpose

* *French Encyclopedia.* Vol. I.

of abridging labor, in the shape of partial histories, tables, epitomes and abridgements. We must, however, see the necessity first, before we set about to discover the remedy.

Facts are the first objects of attention in history, and this mainly for two reasons; in the first place, because they are of personal interest and come home to the bosom of every individual, and secondly, because they are more readily ascertained and understood than principles. That they are the first objects of attention is distinctly proved in the character of the effusions of the Grecian heroic bards, known as the cyclic poets, who sought to perpetuate in rude song the exploits of warriors and adventurers, as in the accounts of the Argonautic expedition and of the siege and conquest of Troy. Their subjects were invariably traditional or historical, a character which always more or less belonged to Greek poetry. On this fact we may be allowed further to remark, that we should not reject too hastily the accounts which are so received, as fabulous and purely poetical. The garb which they assumed was one of necessity, and the most appropriate for the age, as the only one calculated to ensure their preservation. History in later times has obtained a more exclusive and regular form, the result of the improvement among men and its own increased importance. For our purpose, however, it is sufficient that such was the fact; that truth, however much it might be mixed with fable, was the basis of their poetry.

As history, at least that branch of it which we are considering, relates to human conduct, it must begin to exist as soon as man begins to act or to extend his ideas beyond his mere animal existence. It is strictly personal, and we find accordingly that minstrelsy was invoked to lend its aid to immortalize, and to gratify the vanity of the strong and valiant.

So, on the other hand, their personal nature rendered the ascertainment of historical facts, in primitive times, comparatively easy. Whole tribes moved but as individuals; there were no superior private concerns to distract the attention of a part from the policy of the nation; for the abundance of the earth rendered an easy sustenance to the scattered clans of inhabitants. The facts of history were thus peculiarly liable to be known. In general, too, it treats of subjects, clear, public, and distinct, and not, like the natural sciences, of those operations which result from the occult laws of motion and matter;

where it is obscure, it is from the uncertainty of human motives, in regard to which every one can and will be his own interpreter, though all are not equally well qualified for the task. Then, in particular, it was simple, and not darkened by the intricacies and subtleties of refined legislation and Machiavelian arts. History is recognised by man in every condition; the other sciences require an advanced state of civilization, and presuppose a great progress in intellectual philosophy; we may safely conclude, then, that *history must necessarily be the earliest of the sciences;* and as such, its contributions to the stock of human knowledge must be the most copious.

On this point of the great abundance of historical materials, we may adduce the testimony and authority of a very learned writer: 'The universal progress of science during the two last centuries,' says Dr. Robertson, 'the art of printing and other obvious causes, have filled Europe with such a multiplicity of histories and with such vast collections of historical materials, that the term of human life is too short for the study or even the perusal of them.' 'It is necessary then,' he continues, 'not only for those who are called to conduct the affairs of nations, but for such as enquire and reason concerning them, to remain satisfied with a general knowledge of distant events, and to confine their study of history in detail chiefly to that period in which the several states of Europe having become intimately connected, the operations of one power are so felt by all as to influence their councils and to regulate their measures.'* The idea of such a limitation is a good one, though it will be seen that the same studies are not suitable for different generations, much less for different nations.

The years of an antediluvian would hardly be adequate to master this great bulk of fact, unless some system and order or principle of study be adopted, which may dispense with the greater part. We are far from flattering any one that a plan can be devised which will relieve him from labor, even severe labor,—for

> '——there are secrets which who knows not now,
> Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
> Of science; and devote seven years to toil.'

Yet we know that much can be accomplished in the saving of time, by keeping continually before us the nature, end, and im-

* Preface to Charles V.

portance of history, and by studying it in a proper spirit of improvement, and with some definite object in view, which shall fasten in the mind whatever it once admits and desires to retain.

Several works have been written professedly for the purpose of facilitating the study of history. The evil seems to have been first particularly noticed and sought to be corrected by John Bodin, who published his Introduction or *method* for the easy acquisition of history, at Paris, in 1569;* this was subsequently reprinted several times, both in Germany and Holland. His method has received the commendation of many eminent critics, though it has found a very stern and severe one in Lord Bolingbroke, who has condemned it as tedious, unphilosophical and useless. As to its utility, Bolingbroke's practical habits gave him the best means of judging, though upon the whole we think that he is unnecessarily caustic. Bodin's work at least opened the way, and as such publications do not always spring into existence, Minerva-like, perfect and complete, we may also look upon it with indulgence.

This essay was succeeded by many others, some of which occupied the same field; others deviated according to the opinions as to the want to be supplied; and not a few referred to particular tenets of philosophy or religion as especially worthy of consideration. Of this last kind is the work of Father Tomasini or Thomasini; and of a similar cast is 'The Spirit of Laws,' of Montesquieu. The title of Tomasin's book sufficiently shows its nature and its peculiar characteristic.†

A different device, and one which has been very extensively followed, was that of Reineccius and Samuel Puffendorf, whom we may esteem as the fathers of those equivocal works, historical abridgments or compends. Lord Bacon looked upon epitomes in no kind spirit, as being 'those that have fretted and corroded the sound bodies of many excellent histories, and wrought them into base and unprofitable dregs.' We have often regretted to see a valuable work rendered almost useless by those who, in the cant of the day, are styled diligent compilers. The spirit of the production is inevitably lost; if it deserve to be read it should not be cut down; if it do not,

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* *Joannis Bodini Methodus ad facilem Historiarum cognitionem.* Quarto. Paris, 1569.

† *Méthode pour étudier Chrétiennement les Historiens.*

then it should be suffered to rest in the neglect it merits. Do not give us the highly useful matter of another, not diluted to be sure, but, what is worse, robbed of its most essential ingredients. The work of Puffendorf, however, is similar in scope and design to the Universal History of Voltaire, and is very frequently referred to by French writers.

About a century afterwards, appeared the '*Praelectiones Hyemales*,' of Degory Wheare, Camden professor of history at Oxford, published first in Latin and subsequently in English. The introductory discourse is replete with good sense, and contains the results of extensive observation; the whole is far from being either tedious or useless. The work was several times reprinted in Germany, where it seems to have acquired a greater reputation than in England.

The first part of the eighteenth century produced the work of M. Fresnoy, Librarian to Prince Eugene. If the popularity of a work be any criterion of its value, this must be ranked very high indeed; for, besides numerous French, German and Dutch editions, it was also translated into Italian and English; into the former language by Sebastian Coleti, and into the latter by Richard Rawlinson. It may be consulted with advantage, though the method of historical study which it proposes is of little value.

The Introductions or Universal Histories of Rollin, Voltaire and others, and the Disquisitions of Bolingbroke, Volney, Morrel, and those of a similar character, are more familiar to our readers; all these aim at advancing the study of history, either by preparing the mind for greater exertions, or by providing it with the critical armor which shall defend it from the assaults of error.

Such are some of the *methods*, as they are (most improperly) styled, which are intended to obviate the difficulty which presents itself in historical study, from the immensity of the materials. Most of them are worthless, and it is only where the nature and importance of the science are insisted upon as necessary to be fully understood, in order to form a firm basis for subsequent study, that they become of any value. A correct and clear conception of what history is, we believe to be the great secret which is to open to us its stores, and we shall accordingly devote the greater part of the residue of this article to a brief prosecution of this enquiry. To undertake the acquisition of any science without some idea of its utility and

importance, we hold to be the act of no sane mind, or at least of none that is bent upon husbanding time with a view to self improvement; for the only proper inducement would be wanting, while the consequences would be of the most baleful nature. It is the intuitive power of properly cultivated minds, or of those denominated geniuses, to form at once a correct opinion of the usefulness of any subject of attention; which power constitutes one part of their superiority over ordinary minds; their landmarks are immediately fixed, their cynosure is clearly perceived, and they know, at every step which they take, the precise bearing in which they are placed. With minds of their mould and culture, it is easy to apprehend strongly the nature of their subject; those which are differently constituted are under a more imperative necessity to pursue a similar course. When we have a clear conception of the true nature and tests of historic truth, we feel in pursuing the study that we do not grope in the dark; our vision becomes distinct, and there is need of exertion only, to accomplish our purpose; the bandages which blinded us are removed by this simple operation, and we are no longer ignorant of the way or whither we are bound; we know what is our precise object and can best judge of the *means necessary to attain it.* Without such a conception the adventurer in history is at best but a sorry mariner, tossed upon a wide sea, from which the heavens have muffled the stars, and over which they have thrown the impenetrable mantle of darkness; he has no port to which he may steer his bark, no polar star by which he can guide it with certainty.

History may be defined to be the science of human nature, as shown in a full, correct, and philosophical account of the experiments which have been tried upon humanity ever since its first existence. We say a *science*, because it has principles of its own, evolved by a correct mode of reasoning from well determined facts. Modern history is particularly entitled to this character; it differs from the ancient in that it is more philosophical, that it looks into the constitution and very soul of society, that it regards man more as a social being than as a mere individual one, and that it examines the nature of commercial relations,---a vital subject concerning the improvement and well being of man, but which had no interest for the ancients. Besides, it acts upon the same subject indeed, but upon one whose interests and condition have been greatly

changed. We admire the simplicity of Herodotus, but that is all; we are far from transferring his spirit into modern history. The sagacity and bold views of human nature of Thucydides are but a part of the requisites in our historian, who, being a philosopher as well as a politician, contemplates man in a more important light, as a being of reason more than of impulsive feeling; as one whose relations are more multitudinous, more complicated, but more reducible to order. Yet how difficult is the task to arrange and to classify the numerous facts; to discover the springs of human action, to determine the proper influence of every event, and to state each principle in its proper terms; then to reduce the whole to one harmonious system of mutual dependencies, to infuse that philosophical alchymy, without which the product is no more history, than blank verse, 'without a certain poetical chemistry to concentrate, to fuse, to sublime the style and to separate its measures from the rhythm of periodical prose,' would be poetry. The principles of history are widely spread; its facts more so; no Newton has yet arisen who has traced them all to some one grand general law; the induction is incomplete, or the master spirit has not yet appeared. Still it is a prolific study; it teaches men to think more and to *memorize* less in modern times, by disburthening them of undigested facts, and presenting in their stead principles which are the elements of reflection; thus its truths become incorporated with their minds, and serve as monitors for the present and the future. The causes of this difference between ancient and modern history, the reader will find stated at large in a former volume.*

But the principles of history are certain, distinct and applicable, as well as those of other sciences, though not perhaps in the same particular degree; which is owing not to their vagueness and uncertainty, but to the mutability of the subject. Matter is always uniform, and therefore, similarly experimented upon, will always produce the same result. Men on the contrary change, not in themselves individually so much as in their relations to each other. How different is the construction of modern society from that even of civilized Greece and Italy; manners, occupations and sentiments, modes of thought, living, amusement, how changed! All this renders the principles of our science less extensive, yet they are nevertheless

* See Volume XXVIII. Art: Ancient and Modern History.

great and momentous. Look at some of them; those which by common consent are firmly established,—that we are improving beings, the noblest truth that science ever taught,—that society and the arts of peace foster this improvement,—that there is a necessity of positive regulations, voluntarily submitted to by each for the benefit of the whole, called *laws*, which especially regard the well being of society,---that the mutual wants of societies produce commerce, which reacts most beneficially in producing liberality of sentiment, correcting prejudices, and creating wealth and power,—that the fine arts flourish most among a wealthy people,—that luxury unrestrained is a curse to any nation, but considered as the grand stimulant to industry, and consequently modified thereby, becomes of great advantage,—that an enlightened liberty alone can preserve itself,—that the virtues of hospitality belong rather to an agricultural than a commercial people. We might continue the catalogue to a great length; but let us see what the brief chapter of our own history establishes. It settles that equality is a safe basis for government in this advanced state of the world,—that toleration in religious matters, and the absence of a church establishment, are not inconsistent with the success of religion or the stability of political society,—that the publicity of the operations of government tends in general to secure a just, economical and prudent administration of its affairs,—that the liberty of the press is a conservative principle in a republic,---that the licentiousness of the same engine is a proper subject for judicial animadversion, when ascertained by a full legal investigation.

We conceive then that history has sufficient claims to the title of a science,*—a science which has man for its subject.

* The tenacity with which some have denied these claims is unaccountable. The proposition seems to us so palpable, that we can hardly justify ourselves in dwelling so long upon it. Lord Brougham, in an article on the 'objects, advantages, and pleasures of science,' originally published in the English *Library of Useful Knowledge*, and republished in the American work of a similar title, has this remark, after making a general division of the sciences;—'connected with all the sciences and subservient to them, is history or the record of facts relating to all kinds of knowledge.' That history, considered in the limited sense of the word, as a bare recital of circumstances and events, may be restricted to this meaning, we do not deny; but it seems to us a 'fell swoop' to take that from the circle of the sciences, which has principles as determined and distinct as any of those which

As a science it is to him a sure guide; a remembrancer of things which happened before he was born; a faithful record of past wisdom.* How feeble and impotent would he be with nothing but personal experience, which comes too late to be taken advantage of; standing on a point in eternity, that point would become immeasurably less valuable. But with history,—the experience of ages past,—he has become a seer who can penetrate the dark future. Nestor lived three ages, and was considered the wisest of men; and so he was. We are now all Nestors; to be sure we have not antediluvian longevity, but we have in its stead postdiluvian knowledge; though our years be less, we may reasonably doubt whether our lives are shorter. This is the case not only with students of history but with the whole civilized world, who are enjoying the fruits of the experience of their predecessors, as it has been exhibited to them by the learned and wise. History is an

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are suffered to remain. The error can only be attributed to the fanciful division which he has adopted, that all science relates either to *quantity*, or to *matter*, or to *mind*, without regarding that branch which refers to *human nature* as displayed in human conduct. We cannot determine where the learned lord would place our modern science of political economy, which from the nature of the subject might be assigned to either of his divisions. Perhaps he may deem it all

> 'Cant,—heartless cant, and that Economy
> Cold, and miscalled "political!"'

This oversight is the more remarkable, because he himself states, but a page or two before, that science 'in its most comprehensive sense only means *knowledge*, and in its ordinary sense, means *knowledge reduced to a system*.' History has not assumed that regular and systematic order which would entitle it to a place among the *sciences* in the ordinary sense of the term, yet it is a branch of knowledge which may be *taught, remembered and applied*, and moreover, has principles of its own, which, though the result of the facts recorded, are independent of and separable from them. No one thinks of calling the history or account of the experiments in the science of chemistry, the science itself; so the history of the experiments upon man displays a science of human nature, independent of the account. The necessity of forming a clear idea of the term History, as we have used it, is rendered evident. Lord Bolingbroke styles History, the Science *of mankind*. This is not a mere dispute about words, for it is obvious from the exclusive division which Lord Brougham has adopted, that he understands the term history in the same *sense as ourselves*.

* Historia vero testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriae, magistra vitae, nuntia vetustatis. *Cic. de Orat.* C. 2. § 36.

universal science; its truths regard every human being; it is a mirror for all. Falsehood may often be its apparel, but truth is always its substance. The good, the bad, the wise and unwise are by it impartially judged, and their characters and actions put upon a faithful and unalterable record, to be preserved for the use of their successors; as we are told by the profound and elegant Roman historian, that the province of history is to establish a tribunal, where princes and private men may be tried and adjudged after death, like that which formerly existed among the Egyptians.

Unlike most other sciences, the principles of History are frequently applied without being separated from their subjects, or in other words we adopt them by imitation and the force of example. Worthy models are set before us to regulate our conduct; examples of the opposite character to be avoided. Lord Bolingbroke says of history, that it is 'philosophy teaching by example.' There is a vividness and personal applicability in this method which render it of the highest importance. These examples are neither more nor less than living instances, and make impressions of the strongest kind.* Dry precept has always been considered as inferior to them, so that the apophthegm of Seneca, *Longum iter est per praecepta, breve et efficax per exempla*,—has been admitted as correct in every language. There is much truth in Degory Wheare's quaint description of the end of history. 'This is the most healthful and profitable attendant of the knowledge of history, that you may contemplate the instructions of a variety of examples united in one illustrious monument, and from thence take such things as are useful to thee or to thy country, and that thou mayst wisely consider that which has an ill beginning will have an ill end, and so avoid it.'† The mind is flattered in catching the instruction which they communicate; it is left to judge for itself, to adopt, discriminate and reject. It receives a powerful ally in the feelings; the sympathies are awakened; the access to the reason is rendered more easy. We see the actual operation; become in a measure parties to it; and feel its completion. So easily do we lose sight of our own identity.

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* Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quae
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. *Horat. De Art. Poet.*

Praelectiones Hyemales. Introd.

We know that there is great danger in this submission as it were, to a foreign control, that we shall abandon ourselves entirely to the guidance of others, and those too of another age or people, very differently situated from ourselves. But this only evinces the necessity for a proper maturity of mind, that can wisely discriminate before we attempt the study; in the time of youth, we must have those who will select for us; this dependence human nature must always own in the spring-tide of existence. And were there some content to plod on forever in the track of others, without permitting an excursive thought to enter their minds, yet even this evil were a small one, compared with the benefit that is derived by the great majority in possessing the 'vantage ground' of past experience, from which they may direct their own conduct with a proper view of present circumstances. Besides, there are soaring principles enough in our nature to keep us from pausing in the path of improvement, and from these we have most to apprehend. The truth is yet to be learned and felt, as inculcated in the phrase of Milton;—

> '—who aspires must down as low
> As high he soared, obnoxious first or last
> To basest things.'

Let this wholesome principle of action be once fully recognised, and we shall have little to fear from the contracting influence of this study. The mind is apt to spurn particulars; but it should be *induced* from what is small to that which is great, and not let down from what is more general and comprehensive to that which is more particular.

History should be read in a proper spirit in order to reap its full fruits; not taken up as pastime 'to soothe our indolence or to gratify our vanity.' It must be *studied*, diligently conned over, its truths incorporated with our minds. Unless we do this, how shall we ever improve ourselves, and thus act beneficially upon society; or develope those germs of virtue and knowledge, which exist within us? There is a great error abroad in respect of this matter. The study of history is spoken of in the same light as the study of poetry, as if their values were at all comparable. We mean no disparagement to the latter, for we feel that we have derived from it the most substantial benefits, and the solace of many an hour; we know that it has laid before us the chart of the human heart. But history aims

at the noblest of purposes; it includes within its broad scope the progress of poetry, of the fine arts, and of all the sciences. It concerns the very existence of society, and of consequence every thing which depends upon the social system. The study of history aims at nothing less than the general advancement of mankind. How numerous and multifarious are the principles, how universally applicable are the examples afforded by it! The simplicity of its method of instruction presents a strong argument in favor of its utility. Example, addressing itself to the simplest faculties of the mind, requires no powers or habits of abstraction. The untutored reader, who has not looked into the depth of things, can understand its lessons as readily as the man of refinement, and as clearly; for this reason our Saviour disseminated his doctrines by the lively method of parables,* which are to be looked upon as similar, in their operation and effect, to historical exemplification. The fable of Menenius Agrippa, recorded by Livy, was on the same account so effectual in causing the Roman people to evacuate the Mons Sacer, when all the common means of persuasion and even force were unavailing. Another advantage springing from example is, that it presupposes experience at the expense of others; we act, but at another's cost.

In adopting the examples recorded in history, we only carry into the more momentous affairs of life, what we are in the daily practice of observing in our minor concerns. If we investigate, we shall discover that we act almost altogether by imitation; we naturally seek support, for we are weak and dependent creatures at the best. Authority is always admitted as a first argument; and it is highly proper that it is so; for, though deference for authority may occasionally support prejudice and error, it leads the mind to think, to examine, and to

* We have somewhere met with the following beautiful passage, stated to have been extracted from that charming and once exceedingly popular work, The Defence of Poesy, by Sir Philip Sydney. 'Even our Saviour could as well have given the moral common-places of uncharitableness and humbleness, as the divine narration of Lazarus and Dives; or of disobedience and mercy, as the heavenly discourse of the lost child and gracious father; but that his thorough-searching wisdom knew that the estate of Dives burning in hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, *would more constantly*, as it were, *inhabit both the memory and the judgment.*'

judge with caution and prudence. The evil which it may cause is nothing, compared to the injury which might be experienced from a heedless and unmindful self-confidence.

An important question, intimately connected with this enquiry into the nature of history, and on which Volney and others have laid great stress, here arises, relative to *historical credibility*. It will be readily perceived that, if we are to make the results of past experience and the examples of times gone by, principles and models for our own conduct, we should have every reasonable certainty of their truth.

A historian may be either a narrator of past occurrences or of those of his own time; and accordingly as he is the one or the other of these, will our confidence in his relation be materially affected. There is another contingency which makes a third species of historians; where individuals chronicle their own exploits or those transactions in which they may have borne a part. These three different kinds of historic writing were carried almost to perfection among the ancients. Here the Greeks were the predecessors and superiors of the rest of the world; their historians were deficient in but one thing,—they did not contemplate man in his social relations; commerce, manufactures, domestic society in all its variety, rarely exercised their pens; but wars and games, conquests and confederacies, individual patriotism and public disinterestedness, are their continual themes. Such are the masterpieces of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, the earliest writers in the three varieties of history which we have enumerated.

Each of these departments has its peculiar difficulties. The historian of a past age has the disadvantage of length of time; accounts reach him magnified by the obscurity of a dark age, or perverted by the prejudice of a superstitious one. They possess the true quality of fame as expressed by the poet;—

'Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.'

Minor events, of little consequence except to explain those of greater moment, are completely lost, so that the writer meets 'with many blanks and spaces, which he must be forced to fill up out of his own wit and conjecture.' On the other hand, the contemporary historian treats of events, perhaps incomplete. The sea may be calmed for a season, until

some powerful reaction again swells its surface, and overwhelms the voyager who may have too soon congratulated himself on an escape. He has other embarrassments of a powerful nature in a political bias of his own; in the secrecy with which men cloak their present intentions; in the jealousy of tyrannical power; in the strength of prejudice honestly maintained. Every one, especially in this reading and printing age, is a Zoilus, who has a critical taste to be pleased; and rare indeed is the occasion when men can speak what they believe, without meeting with some to condemn them.* The difficulty is much increased in the case of the writer, who gives us an account of transactions with which he has himself been connected. He will give us a more detailed account, but it will be tinctured with personal feeling; he must be something more than mortal to look upon his own acts, candidly, impartially, and with calmness. Thus do we find reason to receive every history with caution from its peculiar character; there are, moreover, difficulties common to all, which of course result from the various temperaments of writers. They may amuse us with speculation when they should inform us with fact; they may paint man as he ought to be, and forget to depict him as he was and is. The character given of Montesquieu, by one not less eminent, should be that of every historian.†

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* Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quae velis, et quae sentias dicere licet. *Tacit. Hist.* C. I. § 1.

† Dans cet important ouvrage (L'Esprit des Lois) M. de Montesquieu, sans s'appesantir, à l'exemple de ceux qui l'ont précédé, sur des discussions métaphysiques relatives à l'homme supposé dans un état d'abstraction; sans se borner comme d'autres, à considérer certains peuples dans quelques relations ou circonstances particulières; envisage les habitans de l'univers dans l'état réel où ils sont et dans tous les rapports qu'ils peuvent avoir entre eux. La plupart des autres écrivains en ce genre sont, presque toujours, ou de simples moralistes, ou de simples jurisconsultes, ou même quelquefois de simples théologiens. Pour lui, l'homme de tous les pays et de toutes les nations, il s'occupe moins de ce que le devoir exige de nous, que des moyens par lesquels on peut nous obliger de le remplir; de la perfection métaphysique des lois, que de celle dont la nature humaine les rend susceptibles; des lois qu'on a faites, que de celles qu'on a dû faire; des lois d'un peuple particulier, que de celles de tous les peuples. Ainsi, en se comparant luimême à ceux qui ont couru avant lui cette grande et noble carrière, il a pu dire, comme le Corrège, quand il eut vu les ouvrages de ses rivaux. *Et moi aussi, je suis peintre.*

Eloge de Montesquieu, par M. D'Alembert.

The first great step, then, in studying history, is to secure ourselves against the errors of the writer. Here all the faculties and powers of the mind are called into requisition; at the outset we have to canvass and decide upon a most material point; we begin immediately to feel one benefit in the study; we are induced to reflection; the mind is disciplined, it is prepared for the assaults of error, it is fortified in truth; we become judges, while the historian states the case, and we hear and determine, or should do so, impartially.

A further duty which we have to discharge, is to examine the strength of the evidence and the character of the witnesses. The rules of our courts of jurisprudence are generally applicable here, except that their strictness is somewhat softened in consequence of the nature of the tribunal; we judge and condemn men, but we cannot punish them. But the test is much nicer in history than in the natural sciences, where the experiment may be easily repeated, and the truth or error in the description immediately discovered. In the former, the operation is long, tedious and generally incapable of being repeated. We have, therefore, to sift the accounts most carefully in order to separate the extraneous matter, which a succession of ages, or the prejudice of party or sectional feeling, may have introduced; we have to go back to the fountain-head and ascertain the character of the witnesses, their opportunities to become acquainted with the subject, the degree of their intelligence, and a thousand other circumstances, which, taken collectively, have a material effect upon the faith to be accorded to the whole.

There is one other touchstone by which all history must be tried, nice in its management and generally certain in its tests; we mean its *strong intrinsic probability.* We say *strong*, because the end of history is too important to admit any thing equivocal; and *intrinsic*, meaning its agreeableness to the settled and well-determined laws of nature, and opportuneness to the time and other circumstances. Where these are strong and transcend a bare probability, we may place a great, if not an implicit reliance upon the particular accounts. It is a mode of reasoning which is admitted into our best systems of philosophy, and amounts to the argument of presumption, which

is a fundamental maxim in the common law.* Yet much circumspection is to be used in its application. Probability is judged of, according to the prevalence of certain doctrines, and the character of the age, and people; or in other words, it changes, and is not always identical in its nature. For instance, —we have just emerged from an age, when witchcraft and its kindred superstitions constituted articles in the creed of general belief; and consequently, when accounts of such transactions, creditable in their narrators, and veritable in the witnesses, were readily admitted as being in the highest degree probable and true. But the philosophy of the present day discourages all credence in the appearance and intervention of disembodied spirits; it discards all statements which aver the special interference of any order of beings, whether of supernal or infernal character, as improbable, though not impossible. Perhaps some future age may see cause to reverse the decision of this, when further facts shall have been elicited, and all more philosophically arranged. In every case, therefore, we should be careful to refer to the most indubitable and well ascertained principles, in order that we may judge upon the strongest intrinsic probability.

These few simple rules, which in practice should be carried out fully in their numerous ramifications, deserve the careful attention of every student of history, who may be anxious on the one side to admit that only which is true, and, on the other, to avoid the fatal skepticism in relation to this science, which has exerted so powerful an influence over many minds. By a careful observance of them, he will not fail to derive the full benefits of history, if it be combined with zeal and industry in the pursuit. On the nature of these benefits and the importance of the science, we shall now offer a few observations.

The great object of history is to teach us how we may become good citizens, not only as the ancients understood the word, but as its present broad and comprehensive meaning denotes,—considering every individual as a member of the great human family, and as such bound to acts of kindness and charity to every other. In the prosecution of this end, it informs

* See some excellent remarks in Whately's 'Elements of Rhetoric.' Third Edition. Page 45 et seq. et al.

us how we may enact our brief part on life's stage with decency and propriety and honor; it impresses upon us a broad principle of ethics as the foundation of our conduct,---that the improvement of our fellows no less than our own advancement is a bounden duty, the discharge of which will materially contribute to our happiness; it teaches us *how* we may fulfil our offices, as well as *what* they are; it provides the means by which error may be confounded, and truth vindicated,—means at once simple, clear and complete; it strengthens the love of virtue, and creates an abhorrence of vice; in a word, it inculcates a liberal philosophy, a piety known by its deeds, and a wide philanthropy, in every relation in which we may be placed, whether of a political nature or belonging to the gentler connexions of social life.

If we regard philosophy as that wisdom which opens to us the future, and presents us with the means by which we may pass through it with safety, then it must be admitted that history makes the true philosopher, the one whose knowledge is most practically useful. The success of some and the failure of others, are landmarks and beacons for our direction. We have the field notes of those who have gone before us, which, though generally hasty and incomplete, dispense with much trouble to ourselves, and teach us the true method and conduct of life.* The past is the archetype of the future; an imperfect edition, which is to serve as the basis for an improved one thereafter. It differs from that which succeeds, in that it contains more errors, which once known can be corrected, and in that it points out new occasions of improvement, which may be taken advantage of. Thus we become gifted with a second sight, about which there is no mystery, no sinful compact, no pretension to a partial providence; with it we are seers, entitled to the appellation of wise, and prepared to determine our own fate and that of others. No configuration of stars is to be sought; our own conduct is the only horoscope which needs be cast.

But we anticipate. There are those who deny the utility of history; nay more, who deprecate the study. And why? The sciolist will say, that it teaches only what has been, a tissue of errors and truths which has brought us to what we are, but can carry us no farther, inasmuch as we are improving

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* Ἐξ ὧν συνιδόντι καλλιστην παιδείαν ἡγητεον πρὸς ἀληθινὸν βιόν, τὴν ἐκ τῆς πραγματικῆς ἱστορίας περιγιγνομένην ἐμπειρίαν. *Polyb. Tom.* I., *p.* 60. *Ed. Ernesti.*

intelligences, whose second step should always be in advance of the first, not over the same ground. He will maintain that it tends to keep man stationary, by imposing upon him the rules of the past for his guidance; that it supersedes the use or exertion of the strong principles of invention and experiment, the true springs of improvement; that it degrades humanity by making man a mere imitative animal. Perhaps, he will add, being somewhat skeptical, that were the study on the most favorable supposition productive of advantage, all history is false; its writers, partisans, and witnesses suborned or interested. He may complain that it is even written for effect, with impure motive; that self-interest is always consulted, favorite theories sought to be established, tenets of particular faiths promulgated; society, law and government, philosophy, morals and religion, made to subserve private views, and sectarian partialities.

We have already spoken of the antidotes for such poison. The first part of this objection is sought to be established by referring to the state of Europe. The political condition of that fair portion of the globe, it is contended, is and has been for a long time stationary, and *that* on account of the study of history or an habitual reference to its principles. A little reflection will show the fallacy of this opinion. The great bulk of the people there, however much they may be enlightened in regard to the truths of physical science, know little of the principles of government. The progress of the nations of Europe in the natural sciences and in the fine arts has been rapid, steady and triumphant, but always at the expense of political truths. The policy of Lewis the Fourteenth has been that of every despot who has occupied a throne in modern Europe; namely, to draw off the attention of the people from their civil condition by diverting it to other objects, and especially to some of the sciences where the pursuit after new truths becomes an absorbing passion. This has succeeded thus far, and perhaps may succeed in future; but the prevalence of knowledge in the other branches of learning may, for a time at least, exist in connexion with complete ignorance of political science. Men engaged in other pursuits can feel no inclination to enter upon a new study which promises neither fame nor profit, and is environed with difficulties and dangers of the most embarrassing kind.

The administration of the government has thus been there

secured by a few to their own control and for their own advantage. They found it convenient to assert the divine right of kings, and to denounce the republican principle,—*salus populi, suprema lex*,—as impious. If a daring spirit proclaimed the great truth of equality, and attempted to rouse his fellows, he found chains already forged for him, a Bastile already gaping for a victim. Thus was the reformer treated; or perhaps the barking cur received a sop which, alas for human nature! bought him from his duty. Few have the moral courage to attempt reform; the path is beset with difficulties; no reliance can be placed upon assistance, even from those who are most concerned in the correction of abuse. They have their prejudices, which ignorance has fastened upon them; they have their fears, which their weakness but too well justifies. Great revolutions have always been effected either by the cooperation of some of the influential classes with the citizens, or else by some extraordinary violence which has roused the indignation of an united people,—like those which expelled the last of the regal dynasty from the Imperial city, and which forced Charles the Tenth to abdicate his throne. We may thank Heaven that the 'Rubicon of man's awakened rights' has been passed, and that despots have been taught the consequences. Men are no longer to be kept in ignorance by a few persons interested in the continuance of rotten institutions; they are not to be frightened from their rights, to be bought through their necessities, or to be diverted by the wily policy of those who would play upon their passions for their own benefit.

Thus have the people of Europe been kept from the proper study of history by deceit and fraud, by force and corruption, and by an artful policy under the guise of encouragement to literature and science. The great mass of the people have been led to believe, that they were but an insignificant part in the state; that the machinery of government, though working at their expense and for their good, was the exclusive right of a few. They have not been permitted to unfold the long scroll of the past, to learn their natural and inviolable rights; to be advised of the encroachments of power; to discover behind the scene the secrets of political management, and see, in the language of Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son, *quàm parva sapientia regitur mundus*. They have been

duped into an assent to the divine right, which has made them mere *automata*, to raise the note of triumph as the superior management of the wire-pullers has been successful. To pretend to intelligence on political matters, has been in them a crime, to claim sovereignty treason.

But though we would earnestly vindicate historical science from the charges thus preferred, we do not enrol ourselves among those who set up history as an infallible standard; as the guide in every emergency, and as giving us sure and unerring canons for our observance under all circumstances. It establishes many principles which are indisputable; but there are cases where their application must be modified, and where they will fail altogether. The opinion, therefore, so strenuously maintained by many distinguished writers in Germany on this point, seems to us to demand some limitations before we admit it as correct. Thucydides, in his work, intended to be, as it has become, a rich inheritance to posterity, speaking of the massacre made by the Corcyreans of their enemies within the city, and of the opposing factions of the democracy and the aristocracy, observes, that such things as had then happened *will continue to occur as long as human nature remains the same, with such variations in form as may result from the circumstances of each particular case.** This reveals to us the true secret of the use and application of historical principles. They require particular attention to be paid to the circumstances of each case; which circumstances regard as well the intellectual and moral character of the nation or people as their physical condition. The past only shadows forth the future; its lessons are of the first importance, but they are not and have no pretensions to be considered as absolutely binding.

It is the study of history that will ensure to man a political progress; by which we mean a continual adaptation of government to the new wants and new relations that may spring up in society, in consequence of the farther amelioration of our condition. It is a mere chimera to suppose that the acme of political benefits has been reached; as much so as the supposition, that the perfection of humanity has been attained. The

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* Καὶ ἐπέπεσε πολλὰ καὶ χαλεπὰ κατὰ στάσιν ταῖς πόλεσι, γιγνόμενα μὲν, καὶ ἀεὶ ἐσόμενα, ἕως ἂν ἡ αὐτὴ φύσις ἀνθρώπων ᾖ μᾶλλον δὲ καὶ ἡσυχαιτερα καὶ τοῖς εἰδισι διηλλαγμένα ὡς ἂν ἕκασται αἱ μεταβολαὶ τῶν ξυντυχιῶν ἐφιστῶνται. *Thucyd. Tom.* III., § 82.

two are far beyond *us*, and they will ever march hand in hand, yielding each other mutual support. Civil liberty is far from being an absolute idea; it is never precise; in one state of society it has one meaning, in another quite a different one. It is regulated by the intelligence, habits, and situations of those who enjoy it. If it mean any thing definite, it is in the abstract, and as such we may define it to be a *freedom adapted to the genius and character of a people;* not that one man possesses at any time a right over the person of another, but that it is necessary in all cases to yield to the force of circumstances, which may demand that some portion of personal rights be given up for the welfare of society, according as it is more or less intelligent. How frequently do we hear the phrase,—'a political servitude inconsistent with the present state of society, or of the world,' which plainly implies this mutation in political constitutions, which it must be recollected are expressions of political rights, only so far as it is expedient to adopt them. When the state of society demands a change, history teaches us how we may best effect it.

Let us look around and about us; and then ask the questions;—how has society become what it is?—how has government reached its present refinement?—how have the laws become so accurately adjusted to the tempers and wants of mankind?—how have morals assumed the rank of a comprehensive and all important science?—how have commerce, manufactures, and agriculture attained their improved state?—how have all the arts of peace flourished? All these results will be attributed to various concurring causes; but what means stand so eminent as the study of history? That civilized man is above the savage,—above the animal which Lord Monboddo has declared him once to have been,—is in consequence of the study of past experience. We advance, not by invention, but by reflection upon the knowledge derived from former perceptions. If this seem to coincide with the Leibnitzian dogma of *nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*, we can only say that the isthmus between the different opinions is to us sufficiently plain and safe.

Finally, we value history for the sublime truth it inculcates, of a wise and superintending Providence, whose care watches over the habitations of men, and whose benignity gladdens their path of duty. In the overthrow of haughty nations, in the demolition of castled cities, in the building up of poor and

weak nations, in the great mutations of power, wealth and glory, we see how little dependence can be placed upon human efforts, how the progress of events is governed entirely by the high designs of the Author and Ruler of the Universe. History utters but one sentiment on this point; it tells of the triumph of virtue and the misery of moral degradation. The cold skepticism of the author of the Decline and Fall of Rome, had chilled his heart long before he made history his business or his study. Gibbon had been led to the extreme of superstition; the rebound of a mind so original and profound threw him into the opposite state. The English historian began with doubting; in his own language, he was 'ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and could look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another.' History could not convert a Hume, for when—

> 'Obduracy takes place, callous and tough,
> The reprobated race grow judgment proof.'

Foreign causes, in spite of history, thus influenced the error of these distinguished writers. They were previously determined against Christianity, and were therefore inclined to contemplate its dark spots, which, like those upon the orb of day, only mitigate its overpowering splendor.

The method to be pursued in the practical study of history opens too wide a field for a full discussion in this place; especially as opinions have conflicted so much in relation to it. The age when history should be taken up has given rise to very discordant rules. One writer insists that it should precede all other studies, and cites the example of Cato the Censor, who, according to Plutarch, took such peculiar care in the instruction of his son as to draw up an historical work for his express use at a very tender age, that he might form himself upon the models of the great men of his own country, who were most renowned for their probity and virtue.* Such a course requires a careful discrimination on the part of the instructer, who has it thus in his power to instil almost any system of principles, and so completely, that years of subsequent study will be requisite to unlearn them if it be found necessary. Early associations cling to us with a remarkable tenacity, and

* Rollin. See his method of teaching and studying the belles-lettres. Vol. 3.

frequently defy the utmost exertion of reason, philosophy and length of time to loosen. For ourselves, we incline to the opinion of Degory Wheare and Volney, that history should be little studied till mature years and a previous acquaintance with many of the sciences,—geography, natural philosophy, mathematics, and so forth,—shall have prepared the mind to think for itself and to understand what is read.

Great danger is to be apprehended from indiscriminate reading. Those who devour with an anaconda voracity whatever falls in their way, will derive no advantage therefrom, but will acquire habits of inattention, such as will prevent them from ever using the rude mass of knowledge which they may accumulate. We admire the strain of the following remarks of St. John. 'Some,' says he, in speaking of histories, 'are to be read, some are to be studied; and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper object of one man's curiosity, some of another's and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite: the curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously and without distinction whatever falls in its way, but neither of them digests.'

There is a system and an order to be observed. More general histories are to be first taken up, and those especially which relate to one's own country, for in that the student feels most interest. The attention to others becomes a matter of course, and in degree according to their connexion and attitude as respects his own; the study of one begets a passion for another, and each step encourages to greater exertion and more daring enterprise. The intellectual appetite is to be dieted according to its strength and character; fare corresponding to the state of reading is to be set before it; it should be sometimes whetted by provocations, but never disgusted by that which is unseasonable or offensive.

But where shall we obtain proper histories for our youth? We have few or none of sterling merit written with a particular view to our institutions, religion and government. We put into the hands of the enquirer works for the most part inimical to our form of government, which embrace every opportunity to indulge in flings and sneers against it, and which never view its principles impartially. We cannot expect from them any

thing else, for their doctrines will be accommodated to that system in which their authors have been taught to repose belief; at least these will not write history in reference to other institutions than their own. This natural and we may add excusable prejudice belongs to every writer of annals; and, indeed, we should be exceeding loth to adopt the conclusions of any one so situated who should not be influenced by it. A deference is due to public opinion when it is fairly ascertained.

The deficiency of which we speak in our own country is becoming more and more evident. It has given birth to a trait in our national character, which is the most odious in the sight of foreigners; we mean, our vanity. Our system works well, and, contrasted with the despotisms of Europe, it is a source of continued satisfaction; but we have no work which has fully developed its admirable qualities, and we therefore become, each and all, expounders of them. The habit is growing upon us and has already taken deep root. In the absence of such a history, it may be pardonable indeed, but our notions are likely to be crude and extravagant and capable of much injury to us, in the estimation of those even who have sufficient liberality of feeling to trace them to their right source.

It is not our own history only, but that of the whole human race, which is to be written in accordance with the principles here unfolded and established. The accomplishment of such a great work would be most propitious. It would be the nucleus of a distinct national literature. It would at once give us an original national character. The successful completion of such an universal history, would place us on equal terms with our opponents; we should have it in our power to dispute every inch of ground, for in it would be marked the true effect of every event, wherein it was adverse, and wherein auspicious to the great cause of political rights; we should no longer see through a glass darkly. The existence of such a work would materially assist in improving our system and in correcting the faults of our age. *Nulla aetas vacavit à culpa.* Democracies must not be hid under a bushel; they require the broad light of day. They are perfectible inasmuch as they contemplate the well-being of the people, who will discover their interest, and exercise their power accordingly. Our history would give us a starting point, and, founded in the broad principle that 'all men are born free and equal,' would present our past experience with its errors on this subject, so that we might avoid them.

Such a work was projected, and we believe in part completed by Dr. Ramsay, but his tragical death put an end to all his designs. No one else to our knowledge has undertaken the task; and a fearful and responsible one it is. The individual who engages in it must have an intimate acquaintance with the genius and economy of our institutions, a sagacity to detect their influence upon the social, moral, and political condition of man, a profound and extensive erudition, and talents of the first order. He must be deeply imbued with the spirit of the age,—rather in advance than behind it; yet he must admit no fact on doubtful authority nor make any fact bend to his theories. He must have every quality required in the best historians, and some in addition; he must be not only an enquirer after truth, an efficient advocate in vindicating it, an artist and a man, but he must be practically a republican. His work too must be different from anything that has yet been written.

The value of such a work to the student of history would be incalculable. The observation of Cicero,—*nescire quod antea quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum*,—is most true; but past experience may be improperly studied; it may be connected with much that is poisonous, which the unskilled cannot detect. An especial duty devolves upon us, as members of a free state; we require a correct knowledge of the past as to the great political and civil rights of man. The decline into despotism is insensible and rapid; the ascent to freedom, when once lost, is on the other hand slow, difficult and costly. Corrupt ambition is indigenous under all forms of government, but grows perhaps most luxuriantly in democracies. It is a rank weed, to be kept down by unremitted care and exertion. How strong, then, the necessity that proper histories should be placed in the hands of the student, whether boy or adult! Besides, how proper it is that we should understand ourselves, when our example is felt in almost every quarter of the globe! France is regenerated, England is shaking off hoary abuse, Spain and Portugal are struggling with an apparent probability of success for improved political institutions:—who can doubt that the successful experiment here has produced these efforts for freedom?

The selection of proper works is the more important, in that the time which can be allotted to the study of history is very short compared with the immensity of the materials, and

that we have little opportunity to unlearn what is improper, and to supply its place by new studies. In the few hints which we have ventured to offer on this subject, we have had it in view to aid the student in so directing his researches that he may acquire, with the least possible labor, a valuable store of historical information:—the value being determined in this case, not so much by the bulk and extension as by the capacity of being applied to the existing state of things. History is a practical science, and of importance only so far as it can be used. It takes cognizance of the highest privileges of civilized beings, and so far as it assists us in defining them, is of the greatest value. We must then calculate its worth according to its practical application.

The preceding remarks have been partly induced by the conviction, that the taste of the age is undergoing a salutary change in regard to reading. The prevailing disposition to consult *utility* has been long and widely insisted upon, but we doubt if it has ever been so strongly marked as at present. The public have been so long deluged with a flood of worthless trash in the shape of novels, that they begin at last to look upon them with nausea and disgust. The preëminent talents of Sir Walter Scott redeemed this species of writing from the insipidity into which it had fallen. His example has excited a host of imitators, who have followed him,—with few exceptions and these *longo intervallo*,—with very indifferent success. The load has now become intolerable. We hail the appearance of 'Family Libraries,' 'Cyclopedias,' and 'Cabinets' of knowledge, with the highest gratification, as evidences of a more healthy state of the public mind. The degree of patronage which these collections are receiving, warrants us in the belief that the principle of improvement is universally active.

We are pleased to see that historical works constitute so large a portion of these publications. It is a bright and encouraging omen; it manifests an increasing solicitude for political knowledge and an anxious regard for political rights and privileges. It is a heart-stirring prospect for the lover of humanity;—for all who desire the well-being of man. We are to study diligently how this spirit may be best directed, and its effects rendered lasting. We have contributed our mite fearfully; for we are aware that it may often require the labor of several generations to eradicate a single well-established error.

ART III.—*Roman Literature.*

1. *Bibliotheca Classica Latina, sive Collectio Auctorum Classicorum Latinorum, cum Notis et Indicibus.* Paris. 1832.
2. *Family Classical Library*, No. 47. London. 1833.

THE age in which we live is often described as an age of intellect; nor is this a misapplied denomination:—it is one which is forcibly borne out by the signs of the times. Among the most prominent and convincing of these signs, may be mentioned the extraordinary and resistless impulse given to the human mind by the diffusion of education.

In these latter days, we defer not to our brother man because he possesses title or territorial influence; we defer to his reason alone, and on this exclusive ground, that his reason is cultivated. This is indeed a proud distinction, and without any prejudice to other operative sources, we may fairly trace one of its principal causes to the daily extending progress of sound classical information.

The era is for ever gone by, when a taste for ancient literature,—the fount from which so much instruction and delight circulate throughout the world,—was to be imbibed only in the purlieus of monastic seclusion, or in the society of wrangling gownsmen. Classical knowledge generally, and particularly Latin classical knowledge, the subject with which we are now more especially concerned, is not only widely scattered abroad, but is also preëminently influential. This is a fact which we regard with peculiar complacency, since it so happily solves the long contested point, as to the practical tendency and use of classical learning in the common intercourse of life.

We rejoice that this question, so variously and keenly discussed, admits of such full and satisfactory demonstration.

The great and justly earned popularity of the works mentioned at the head of this article, may be referred to in support of the conclusion, that classical literature has become an object of current and unlimited favor. The abundance and undisputed success of similar labors, impart still further weight to this inference.

In directing our notice to the voluminous but judiciously

selected compilation of Lemaire, we cannot forbear bestowing upon it a hearty tribute of eulogy. It was certainly a prodigious enterprise, and now that, after a careful editorial superintendence of fourteen years, it has come to a termination, we may safely pronounce it a performance in every respect creditable both to the spirit, learning and perseverance of the individuals in immediate connexion with it, and also to the genius and reputation of the nation at large. The editions of the different Roman authors selected, are those of the most approved classical scholars in France, Germany, and Holland. The type is in the very best mould of the widely celebrated Didot Press.

With regard to the Family Classical Library, our readers are aware of the flattering encouragment it receives in England, and, we may add, in this country. Its propitious association with the erudite name of Valpy may be one powerful cause of its popularity, but another still more cogent is doubtless to be found in the intrinsic value of the work itself.

The humblest citizen, who wishes to keep pace with the prevailing spirit of the age, can now gratify this noble ambition, without any serious inconvenience to his purse or his time. A university education is no longer indispensable to him, for an acquaintance with the exploits and revolutions of bygone days. He may, in his own vernacular language, at a moderate expense, and in a comparatively very brief period, familiarize himself with the character and prowess of that extraordinary people, among whom the high attributes of honor and patriotism were so ardently cherished.

It is from a deliberate conviction of the beneficial result attending the perusal and study of the venerable memorials of antiquity, in exalting and perpetuating the generous sympathies of our nature, that we so cordially hail the publication of authentic editions of the Latin classics, whether in an original or a translated form. Persuaded of the salutary effects resulting to a community from such a direction of the mind, we have embraced all fitting occasions for turning the public attention to this interesting subject.

In repeating our recommendation of the study of the Latin classics, we would not simply base it on their importance as exhaustless sources of taste,—as finished models of all that is elegant in expression and lofty in sentiment. We maintain,

that in studying the Roman authors a still nobler end is proposed, the practical exercise of the moral powers.

In this faithful mirror of so many busy and changeful ages, we may perceive the salutary fact, strikingly elucidated, of the intimate analogy between the destiny of a single individual and that of a whole nation. As the habitual sway of virtuous and honorable principles forms the happiness of the one, so does it in like manner form that of the other. We may moreover observe, in closely viewing this subject, the designs of a wise and beneficent Providence, beautifully evolved in the instrumentality of the Roman people for the progressive intellectual improvement of less enlightened nations, preparatory to the more complete introduction and establishment of moral and religious truth. Such are the enlarged and ameliorating conceptions, presented to our minds by the perusal of Roman Literature. And it is only when we correctly and profitably apply such conceptions, that one leading object of our education can be substantially prosecuted.

Let us be distinctly understood. What is meant by education? Properly speaking, education is the formation of elevated moral and religious principles, and the training of the mind to the practical application of those principles in society. Now, as conduct emanates from principles, it is evident that future usefulness and comfort depend on the early and enlightened direction of the understanding. 'I call,' says Milton, 'a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war.' *

On this ground, then, as constituting one of the most useful sources of mental exercise for the conscientious discharge of duty, the study of the Roman classics must hold a prominent rank. How very favorable would be the effect upon the intellectual aspect of numbers of both sexes, if they devoted to those instructive authors, but a small portion of the many hours they devote to the ephemeral and inane productions which constantly stream from the public press. While we maintain that the general tendency of the Roman writers is to invigorate the mind by the infusion of energetic ideas,

* Prose Works, Vol. I. page 277.

and an unsophisticated masculine taste, such reading on the contrary as that now reprehended, is 'a degrading waste of precious time, and has even a bad effect on the feelings and the judgment.'*

But it is utterly improbable that mere sentimentalism and its tinsel offspring can ever seriously engage the attention of minds, accustomed to the vigorous and fervid delineations of Cæsar, Livy, and Tacitus,† to the manly and overpowering eloquence of Cicero, to the harmonious strains of Virgil,‡ and to the nice and graceful touches of Horace.§

How preëminently worthy these and many other distinguished authors of antiquity are of being consulted and perused for the mature and exalted formation of character, is, beyond all contradiction, obvious.

We deny not, indeed, that with respect to the matter discussed by those ancient writers, and in a review of the constitution, government and current usages of the ancient republics, and more especially that of Rome, there is much to condemn; but in our retrospect of bygone times and practices, it is neither accordant with philosophy nor with fairness, to dwell on the exceptionable parts exclusively. Blemishes there are, some of them attributable to accidental circumstances, and others to the original weakness of our nature. The purest political constitutions have their dark side, and there is no country without its factious and ungrateful citizens. A Petilius, a Clodius, and a Mark Antony, are to be found in all large communities.

But we are to extend our view, and chiefly repose our contemplations on that sublime and disinterested tone of national character, with which the Romans, more than any other people upon earth, were imbued. Is there, in fact, any one hallowed and generous emotion that vibrates through the heart of man, which we may not, among them, discover in the most fascinating form? Are they not unrivalled among the nations of the world, for that profusion of truly estimable qualities, which

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* Introductory Essay to the Library of Useful Knowledge, page 36.

† 'In these three authors, the language of Rome is displayed in its utmost purity and perfection.' *Schlegel's History of Literature.* Vol. 1. page 155.

‡ 'Degli altri poëti onore e lume.' *Dante*, Tom. I. page 17.

§ 'Plenus est jucunditatis et gratiæ.' *Quintil.* Orat. lib. 10. C. 1.

have secured for them the admiration of the latest posterity? In the attractive exhibition of Roman deportment, shone forth with conspicuous lustre grandeur of soul in adversity,* moderation and clemency in victory,† aggrandizing sagacity based on liberal policy,‡ deep respect for the sanctions of religion,§ enthusiastic devotedness to country,‖ valor, perseverance, wisdom, justice, modesty, incorruptible integrity and inextinguishable love of liberty. This love of liberty was not confined to the few, it was national; and as a dearly cherished principle, it became perhaps the more widely spread and firmly settled, inasmuch as its original production and final triumph were inseparably connected with disaster, agony and death.**

To all this we may add the self-denial of the Romans, and their severe adherence to the strictest rules of discipline and personal restraint. So intimately were their amusements even blended with their future character and renown, that 'their exercises comprehended whatever could add strength to the body, activity to the limbs, or grace to the motions.'†† The toil to which a Roman soldier was obliged to submit seems, in modern times, absolutely incredible.‡‡ It was all borne cheerfully, however, and amid every extreme of privation, because his country demanded his services.

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* Tit. Liv. lib. 23. C. 13.

† Tit. Liv. lib. 45.

‡ 'Ils favorisèrent les villes qui faisoient le commerce, quoiqu'elles ne fussent pas sujettes; ainsi ils augmentèrent, par la cession de plusieurs pays, la puissance de Marseille.' *Oeuvres de Montesquieu.* Tom. II. p. 137.

§ This was nobly illustrated in their treatment of the prisoners who escaped from the camp of Hannibal after the fatal battle of Cannae, *τὸν δὲ σοφισάμενον πρὸς τὸ λῦσαι τὸν ὅρκον, δήσαντες ἀποκατέζησαν πρὸς τοὺς πολεμίους.* —*Polyb.* Tom. II., p. 83.

‖ 'Il y avoit ceci de particulier chez les Romains, qu'ils mêloient quelque sentiment religieux à l'amour qu'ils avoient pour leur patrie.' *Montesquieu.* Tom. IV. p. 74.

** 'Scevola, Curzio, i tre Decij avidi della gloria, la cercano ne' tormenti e nella morte per la pubblica salute. Il popolo non vede la causa, ma osserva gli effetti. La virtù sola apparisce, la passione si nasconde. L'entusiasmo dell'individuo si comunica alla moltitudine; l'energia d'una passione si comunica all'altra; il popolo corre ove l'eroe lo chiama.' *Filangieri,—Scienza Della Legislazione.* Tom. V. p. 42.

†† Gibbon's Rome. Vol. I. p. 18.

‡‡ Cicero Tuscul. Disput. lib. 2. p. 70.

In the whole annals of mankind, there is not to be found a more convincing instance of the advantages which accrue to a people from temperance, bravery, order, equity and emulation.* And in the perusal of the Roman history, we have fully unfolded to us those great springs of character, which led to events so important and extraordinary. To the principles of conduct which the Romans professed to entertain, they were ever steady in practice. And if it be true, that there is no effectual method of repressing vice of all kinds, but by eagerly and unceasingly inculcating the ennobling maxims of uprightness, honor and religion, we may then, as a luminous example of this fact, safely refer to the pure and uncorrupted era of the commonwealth of Rome.

Another great advantage attending the study of the Latin classics, results from the mutual and indivisible connexion between purity and dignity of national character, and the ascending progress of masculine literary refinement. We would not be understood to insinuate that this mutual relation between vigorous intellectual taste, and high moral probity, is, in all cases, a proper standard of decision in forming an estimate of character. By no means. It is always possible that individuals, and even a considerable proportion of a community, may be referred to, who are in possession of the former, but are destitute of the latter. Yet in alluding to the general and prevailing tone of national sentiment, particularly during the brightest period of the Roman republic, the affirmation now made appears to be well grounded. Of its correctness, a reference to the history and authors of Rome will constitute the best proof.

Before the Roman mind was contaminated by foreign relations, a national sensitiveness to unsullied honor, justice and patriotism throbbed in the bosom of every citizen,—and when occasions were displayed for the performance of heroic deeds, the test was never evaded.

To the existence of this principle, universally dominant during the primitive times of the Republic, all their historians bear witness. And the great medium for unfolding those ruling sentiments of public taste, which involved national worth and national prosperity, was eloquence.

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* Priestley's Lectures on History. p. 215.

A talent for eloquence arose from the very nature and elements of a republican constitution ; in its exercise it exhibited a just and impressive representation of contemporaneous feeling :—the more so, as it was often required for the discharge of important functions and responsibilities.*

The early orators of Rome were straight forward, high minded men, whose civic rank frequently combined the vocations of magistrate, priest, and general, and as the criterion of their personal accomplishments was singularly elevated, their eloquence was the artless impassioned outpouring of the heart, while their language was consistently substantiated in hardy and marvellous achievements.

The ancient Greeks and Romans are indeed peculiar among all the nations on the globe, for the solid and momentous application which they made of eloquence. And the results arising from the impulse thus communicated to the mind, sufficiently attest the depth of that prospective sagacity, which among them rendered skill in oratory so necessary a branch of intellectual education.† But with the cultivation of their language, they also cultivated their taste and reason. The opportunities constantly recurring of addressing large assemblies of their countrymen, concerning the most important state transactions, exceedingly strengthened this bias. Hence it was that the Greek and Latin languages attained an accuracy, a beauty, a majesty and a moral influence, which enabled them to produce in the forum and the battle-field, the wonderful effects described in history.

Sentiments were then as much prized as actions. The former were regarded as the unequivocal pledges of the latter, and were appreciated accordingly. The great motive of discourse was to instruct, to convince, to persuade. For this paramount end, all the resources and energies of the mind were

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* ' Atque ego illum, quem instituo, Romanum quemdam velim esse sapientem, qui non secretis disputationibus, sed rerum experimentis atque operibus, veré civilem virum exhibeat.' *Quintil. Lib.* 12. C. 2.

† Il faut se souvenir que Crassus, Antoine, Hortensius, Cicéron, furent élevés aux premières dignités de la république, parcequ'ils étoient éloquens. On en trouve la raison dans la nature même du gouvernement. Quand un talent est d'un usage necessaire et habituel pour quiconque se mêle de l' administration, il faut absolument, que ceux qui le possèdent dans un degré supérieur, soient honorés et revérés.' *Laharpe, Cours de Littérature.* Tome II. p. 346.

necessarily called into active play. The ear, the heart, the imagination and the judgment, were powerfully assailed. To accomplish such objects, gigantic labor was of course indispensable,—and this labor was stimulated by the most active competition. It was often bestowed from early youth upwards, with a degree of unyielding, indefatigable diligence that seems past all belief.

It was in this career of hardy intellectual emulation, that Cicero, for example, habitually trod, and it was thus that he was enabled to achieve those astonishing feats of literary effort, which appear almost beyond the grasp of human industry.

Almost extemporaneously he delivered his incomparable oration for Roscius. In less than two months, he wrote his three books on the Nature of the Gods, two on Divination, and his Laelius and Cato. Within the brief period of three years, he composed all his Philosophical Works, and his Treatises on Rhetoric, not merely those which are in our possession, but many besides, which are irrecoverably lost.

All this he accomplished, let us remember, not during a course of uninterrupted leisure, but in the very whirl of high and responsible public functions.

Whoever, then, expects to approach the fame and perfection of the Roman orator, must likewise possess his soul, his language, his experience, his ready and assiduous habits of active business. The youth who profitably peruses the imperishable volumes of Cicero, cannot fail to have his feelings elevated, and his understanding enlightened. And in calling to mind what is recorded of St. Augustine, namely, that his three leading wishes, in reference to the past, were to see Solomon on the throne of Israel, St. Paul in the pulpit, and ancient Rome in its glory, the young student, whose bosom beats high with dignified aspirations, will consider as one of the highest sources of gratification, that would have resulted from the accomplishment of the third of these wishes, the opportunity which it would have afforded of being present in the Forum at the moment when the thrilling tones of the great Orator were blighting his enemies, and infusing the healing balm of consolation into the hearts of his friends and fellow-citizens.

In examining the history of the life of Cicero, the student will, for his encouragement, perceive that sooner or later the

honorable toil of early application and self-improvement, is noticed and rewarded. Thus it was in ancient Rome, where men, who had no other recommendation than their personal merits, reached those eminent dignities at which long descended birth did not always arrive. We see this in the case of Cicero himself, who, though born in an obscure town of Italy, obtained the consulship, which was refused to Catiline, to Cethegus, and to Lentulus, all of them belonging to the most illustrious families in Rome.

But in the path to honorable distinction, so open and so anxiously pursued in ancient Rome, were to be found not only those who spoke well and emphatically, but also those who wrote and composed for posterity. And the secret, why the early Roman authors have retained an undying popularity in after ages, is the successful transfusion of national portraiture into their pages. Display, or the mere ostentation of eloquence, was with them a very subordinate end, and this is precisely the reason why the noble simplicity of their delineations is rendered so profoundly interesting. In their descriptions, there reign a freshness, an originality, a force and a decorum, which entirely baffle all merely imitative exertion. And wherefore was it so? Because the early historians of Rome had to commemorate civil, family and individual acts of unwonted intrepidity and self-devotedness. Their writings teemed with chivalrous deeds. Ancestral renown, and the proud recollection of the past, animated every page. This was the root of Roman character, and from this root did the transcendent power of Rome grow up. The Scipios and the Catos, Sylla, Crassus, Lucullus, Brutus, Pompey, Cæsar, and Cicero, were either orators and historians themselves, or the friends and patrons of eloquence and history.

But no sooner was imperial rule substituted for the free institutions of a republic, than the decline of Roman grandeur became perceptible. Neither the authority of Augustus, nor the favor of Mæcenas, could healthfully reinvigorate the public taste. The body politic was marked in all its parts with symptoms of decay. The will of the many was now represented by the will of the sovereign. That sovereign was frequently a tyrant or a buffoon, from whose polluting contact the pure spirit of liberty indignantly recoiled. In such disastrous circumstances, free agency was extinguished, and

imperial satellites reared up their ignominious influence on the ruin of once unfettered Rome. Personal worth and national weal were weighed in the balance against the voluptuous and degrading enjoyments of sense, and found wanting. Even the highest earthly trust that can devolve on human beings,—that of educating their children, of ameliorating the hearts, and regulating the principles and affections of the young,—was consigned to the care of slaves. The touching eloquence of their forefathers degenerated into the pedantry of unmeaning declamation, and their historical compositions into records of error and adulation.

By none is this wide spread national corruption more unfeignedly lamented, than by the Romans themselves. The works of Persius, Martial, Juvenal and Seneca abound in such regrets, and the amiable and learned Quinctilian, perhaps more than any other Latin author, makes us feel the truth of these remarks.

Yet notwithstanding so melancholy a retrogradation of character among the Romans, the genius of their departed fame long continued to exhibit some glimpses of its former energy. Even the imperial purple was occasionally discovered in the arena of literary glory.

We know that Augustus extended his especial countenance to Virgil and Horace.* Tiberius maintained a seminary, exclusively appropriated for grammarians. Claudius composed various works, and re-established the Museum of Alexandria.

Nero caused some of the finest monuments of Grecian ingenuity to be removed to Rome. He too was a poet, a musician, both instrumental and vocal,† a critic, an orator, and was from early youth initiated in the fine arts.‡

Vespasian, though proverbially parsimonious, settled annuities on many learned men.§ Domitian revered Quinctilian as his bosom friend. Trajan corresponded with the younger

* Virg.—'in quo non apud divum Augustum gratiâ caruit.'—*De Oratoribus Dialogus*, p. 8.

† 'Ne' Giuochi Istmici un Tragico, miglior musico che Politico, perchè non ebbe l'avvertenza di desistere dal canto, per lasciar comparir quel di Nerone, che dovea certamente essere più mirabile del suo, fu strangolato sul Teatro, in faccia di tutta la Grecia.'—*Muratori, Annali D'Italia*, Tom. I. p. 156.

‡ 'Liberales disciplinas omnes ferè puer attigit.'—*Sueton. in vita Neron.*

§ Tiraboschi, Storia Della Letteratura Italiana.—Tom. II. p. 220.

Pliny in terms of the most affectionate intimacy. Adrian, whose experience had been so fully ripened by foreign travel,* was not only a learned prince, but in founding the first public University in Rome, gave a more signal proof of his personal attachment to the interests of literature, than any of his predecessors.†

But after all, the eclipse of Roman splendor had set in. The body politic was diseased, and both the intellectual and moral faculties suffered in consequence. The change from a republican to a military government, was decisive of the greatness and even of the existence of Rome. And it is no less curious than instructive, to remark how distinctly the decline of character is perceptible in literature.

Not all the influence of the Emperors could prevent the downward progress. The evil was beyond all remedy. Pliny and Tacitus made a noble effort to retrieve the decayed fame of their country, but with all their literary championship, they are far inferior to their ancestors in the union of vigor and simplicity. The former, in his justly celebrated letters, exhibits an ambitious straining after ornament, totally at variance with the flowing ease required for familiar epistolary intercourse. The latter paints dark and troublous times with the hand of a master indeed,‡ but in the gloomy and ambiguous coloring of philosophical bitterness.

Quinctilian helped to cast a literary irradiation across the thickening darkness of his age, but who would think of comparing his works, valuable as they certainly are, with those of Tully? Seneca too, with all his acknowledged excellence, failed by moral invective to reclaim the bad taste or the vicious habits of his countrymen. Even in *his* writings, philosophical and dramatic, we discover indications of the progressive decline of the national literature.

Of Lucan (to say nothing respecting his glaring inconsistencies of sentiment,)§ it may be remarked that his poem, though vivid and stirring,‖ is destitute of real epic grandeur.

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* Gibbon, Vol. I. p. 122.

† Giannone, Istoria civile di Napoli. Tom. I. p. 53.

‡ 'As long as it shall be thought "that the proper study of mankind is man," so long the Annals of Tacitus will be the school of moral as well as political knowledge.'--*Murphy's Essay on the Life and Genius of Tacitus.* Page 76.

§ Schlegel's History of Literature. Vol. I. page 152.

‖ Lucanus, ardens et concitatus, et sententiis clarissimus, et, ut di-

In the Satires of Juvenal, we have a keen, unsparing attack on the flagitious practices of his time, but we seek in vain for the graceful poetic drapery, which is every where discoverable in those of Horace. In fine, Suetonius, Florus, Quintus Curtius, Justin, Silius Italicus, and Claudian, with all their undenied abilities, furnish,—both in the matter and style of their writings,—still further proofs of the truth of the position advanced,—that the shades of a dark and ominous eclipse were gradually mantling over the moral character and literary fame of ancient Rome.

But in order to benefit effectually by the experience of the past, we must decide for ourselves, by personal study and research. That these observations may in some measure contribute to this beneficial end, is our sincere desire. Certain it is, that, in what has been said above, we have by no means overrated the incalculable importance of the end. In support of this opinion, we refer to the following recorded attestation of one of the ablest scholars and most distinguished men of modern times. 'Study, I beseech you, (says he) so to store your minds with the exquisite learning of former ages, that you may always possess within yourselves sources of rational and refined enjoyment, which will enable you to set at nought the grosser pleasures of sense, whereof other men are slaves.'*

ART. IV.—*Usury, and the Usury Laws.*

Report of a Committee of the General Court of Massachusetts upon the Petition of W. Tuckerman and Others for the Repeal of the Laws against Usury. Boston. 1834.

AT the last session of the General Court of this Commonwealth, a petition was presented on behalf of a large number of the most intelligent and respectable citizens of Boston, engaged in active business, for a repeal of the laws against

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cam quod sentio, magis oratoribus quam poetis adnumerandus. *Quinctil. Institut. Orator.* lib. 10. cap. 1.

* Brougham's Inaugural Discourse before the University of Glasgow. Page 6.

usury. The petition was committed to a Committee of the two branches, which had been raised for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the banks, and probably gave the greater part of its attention to that subject, which was thought at the time to be of more urgent importance. In their Report, which accompanied the Bill, prohibiting certain supposed abuses in the administration of the Banks, the Committee alluded briefly to the Usury Laws, and while they expressed their approbation of the mitigation effected by the statutes of 1825 and 1826, and intimated the opinion that a further change, or perhaps a total repeal of those laws might be ultimately beneficial, considered it inexpedient to do any thing about the matter in the present unsettled state of the financial concerns of the country.

The petition was afterwards taken from the files of the Senate, and committed to another joint select Committee, raised for this special purpose. This Committee made a brief report against the principle of the Usury Laws, accompanied by a bill providing for the repeal of all acts, and parts of acts, which restrain or prohibit the taking of more than six per cent. interest, so far as they apply to bills of exchange and promissory notes, payable in three months from the day of their date; but expressly excepting from the operation of the proposed law notes of hand secured by a mortgage of real estate, or payable on demand, and bills of exchange payable at sight. The provisions of this Bill were nearly the same with those of a section, intended to effect the same general object, which was introduced into the late act of the British Parliament, for renewing the charter of the Bank of England.

The course of the proceedings on this subject, to which we have briefly adverted, necessarily delayed very much the consideration of it by the General Court upon its merits. The Bill came up in the Senate, on one of the last days of the session, and being thought of too much consequence to be decided upon with precipitation, was referred, after a short debate, to the next General Court. It was, in fact, hardly to be expected or desired, that so important a change in the laws should be carried through on its first proposition, and without mature and repeated discussion. The subject will undoubtedly be resumed at the next, or some subsequent session of the Legislature: and in the mean time, we have thought that a somewhat more extended and detailed expo-

sition of the facts and principles relating to it, than could conveniently be introduced into any Legislative Report, might not be without its use in furnishing the public in general, and particularly the citizens who may be called to act upon it, with materials upon which to form an opinion.*

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* As the proceedings of the Legislature were not published in the newspapers, and are of course not generally known, it may be proper to insert here, for the further elucidation of the subject, the petition of the citizens of Boston and the Report of the Committee, which consisted of Messrs. Everett of Suffolk and Shattuck of Middlesex for the Senate, and Messrs. White of Boston, Greene of New-Bedford, and Warner of Northampton, for the House of Representatives.

PETITION FOR THE REPEAL OF THE USURY LAWS.

'The undersigned, citizens of Boston, having long experienced the inconveniences arising from the existing Usury Laws of Massachusetts, and being persuaded that the Honorable Legislature will, whenever the subject is properly brought before them, provide an adequate remedy for the evils complained of, have deemed it suitable and proper to appear as petitioners before that honorable body, setting forth in their petition the inconveniences to which the present laws give rise, and praying such a modification of those laws as will, in their opinion, remove the evil.

'We, your petitioners, would therefore respectfully represent,—that, in our judgment, the existing Usury Laws, so far as they limit the rate of interest, are founded on erroneous principles, and are at variance with the commercial spirit of the age. We think that every article of human traffic, whether money or any other thing, is alike subject to fluctuation of *value*, and that consequently the market *price* of them all is constantly liable to change. We think that the price of money, or, more properly speaking, the price of its use, not less than the price of lumber, corn, tobacco, cotton, or any other great commercial staple, is, and must be regulated by the extent of the demand in the market, and that every attempt to fix the value and render the price of any of these articles invariable, is not only vain, but wholly unjust; and that it is, in the case of all these commodities, an equal infringement of private rights.

'We are of opinion that *six per cent. per annum* is not the highest value to which money rises in the course of business, any more than it is the limit of profits made by traffic in any other commodity. But, on the contrary, that whenever the use of money, in the regular course of business, produces a large amount of profit, the value of that use is proportionately increased; and that at such times, and at all others when money is scarce and the demand for it great, as well as in cases where the risk of lending is very much increased, the real value of monied capital is, and the market price ought to be, vastly more than six per cent., being always in the exact compound proportion of the demand and risk.

Before we proceed to this inquiry, we cannot refuse ourselves the satisfaction of congratulating our readers upon the successful termination of the efforts which have been made by the friends of humanity, for several years past, in this Common-

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'We think that the law is wrong in imposing any restraint upon the absolute freedom of commercial transactions,—which, in order to be successful, must be left unfettered. In the case of money, which represents every other commodity, the evil is far greater than it could be in the case of any other article of traffic. We know that, in former ages, when the laws, by a mistaken policy, forbade the receiving of any interest, condemning it as morally wrong, commerce and the arts were almost completely destroyed; and that, as the opinion of mankind changed on this subject, and the laws became more liberal, commerce revived and extended its transactions, and scattered wider and wider its blessings. And we are firmly persuaded that neither this nor any other department of human industry will attain its perfection, until men of business are as unrestrained in buying and selling the media of exchange, as in buying and selling any other merchandise whatsoever.

'We are also of opinion, that while the present restrictions were intended to favor the interest of borrowers, they are even more injurious to borrowers than to lenders. But before demonstrating this proposition, we beg leave respectfully to express our conviction, that any attempt of the law to favor one particular class of citizens to the injury of any other class, is unjust, unconstitutional, and contrary to the spirit of freedom and equal rights; and although in this case the attempt is wholly unsuccessful, yet we cannot regard it, on that account, as less contrary to sound principles; and, both as borrowers and as lenders, we are equally hostile to the laws which sustain the attempt.

'We will now endeavor to show that, in their practical effect, these laws are injurious to borrowers of money. Whenever the demand for money is such in the market as to render it worth more than the established rate of interest, the borrower, however pressing his want, however strong his necessity, cannot raise the requisite loan; for the money owner is not compelled to part with his money at less than its worth; and he will not be so foolish as to lend, when he can find more profitable modes of investment; and the borrower, although willing to pay any premium for relief, must suffer all the pressure of his emergency without the possibility of obtaining assistance. Cases of this sort we have all experienced and observed very frequently; and we know them to form the most serious obstructions to successful enterprise. So also we are aware that many instances occur, in which the personal character of the borrower is such as to render the owner of money reluctant to venture on his credit, at the usual rate;—while, did the law allow, the applicant would be glad to pay a premium proportioned to the risk. In this manner borrowers experience a compound evil, being unable to pay for the desired article according to its market value or their own necessities; and many a man is ruined, who, if he could have been allowed to offer seven or eight, or more per

wealth, upon a subject nearly connected with the one now before us. The almost unanimous adoption, by the last General Court, of the act abolishing *Imprisonment for Debt*, furnishes a signal proof that in this country no abuse, however

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cent., would have realized a fortune. Can any reason be assigned why the privilege of charging interest proportionate to the risk, allowed on bottomry loans, should not be extended to every other species of loan?

'The inconvenience experienced by money lenders, under the laws, though great, is yet less than that felt by borrowers, although these laws were intended for the borrowers' advantage. For, if the holders of money cannot lend at an interest equivalent to the value of the capital, they can invest that capital in those more profitable modes of traffic, which create the money demand. Thus to them only one avenue of business is closed, while to the borrower, *every resource* is cut off. But it is certainly worthy of legislative attention, that even in a single particular, the process of business is impeded; and legislators, as such, in our opinion, are to be held responsible for the losses that the community may suffer in the persons of its citizens, from this impediment.

'The law is manifestly wrong in supposing that, if left unrestricted, money lenders would acquire an overgrown influence, and exercise an oppressive power. Nothing of this sort can be reasonably feared, while we have such a host of banks, and other monied corporations, in addition to individual lenders, all in the market, and all engaged in active competition. No inconvenience of this kind is ever complained of in the case of bottomry loans, where the lenders are not restricted by any statute. No evil is found to exist in the matter of insurance premiums, where the risk is uniformly the measure of the rate. Competition, as much in the pecuniary facilities required by business men, as in the facilities of travel by land and sea, determines the price of those facilities. And is there not as much probability that the public will be burthened with exorbitant stage and steamboat fares, as with extortious charges for the use of money? We are firm in the opinion that all money transactions should be regulated, like those in other articles of trade, only by this spirit of competition; and that no greater evils would or could, in the present age, arise from the traffic in money being thus unrestricted, than are now felt from the perfect freedom allowed to traffic in other commodities. And it passes our understanding to see why that, whether money or goods, which is made the instrument of profit to him who uses it, should not, in all cases, be sold at its real value.

'The evils that grow out of our laws are enhanced by the fact, that the rate of interest in a neighboring State is one per cent. per annum higher than in Massachusetts. In consequence of this difference, by which a constant drain is produced from our market, a vast amount of capital, which, if they were fettered by no law, would remain in circulation amongst our fellow citizens, is drawn into the New York market, and totally lost to our borrowers, whose embarrassments are thereby increased. This evil is constantly and severely felt. But at

sanctified by long usage and inveterate prejudice, and even though sustained by the supposed interest of certain very active classes of the community, can ultimately resist the current of enlightened public opinion. Among the circum-

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particular times, as in the present pressure on the money market, its burden is especially heavy, and causes the greatest distress, particularly to those who are least able to sustain it, viz., business young men, whose capital is small, and of whom credit is the support. Were the present laws repealed, our own capital would remain in our own use, and the capital of the neighboring States would flow in upon us in such a manner that our business would be greatly extended and increased.

'We would respectfully direct the attention of the Legislature to the numerous modes that have been devised for evading the laws; modes of transacting business, which, besides being circuitous and inconvenient, and besides taking away the sanction and protection of the law from those who engage in them, leaving no security but what is termed *honor*, thus increasing the risk, and of course the premium paid,—besides these evils, which are loss of time, money, comfort and security, ---produce a fearful disregard of the laws, and establish a precedent of the utmost danger, while they tend to throw pecuniary negotiations into the hands of unprincipled and dangerous men. We need not specify the various methods by which the law is now evaded, and by which interest above six per cent. is taken, in defiance of law, under the various names of "premium," "exchange," and "commission;" for these are matters of notoriety, and need only be alluded to in order to secure the attention of the Legislature. So long as our laws remain unchanged, it is in vain to hope for a better state of things.

'Such being the opinion of your petitioners, they respectfully pray that the Usury Laws may be so modified, as to leave the rate of interest, like the rate of premiums on insurances, perfectly open to contract,---providing, however, that in all cases where interest accrues, and the particular rate has not been expressly agreed upon between the parties, the present shall remain the legal rate.

'And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

Wm. Tuckerman, G. Tuckerman, Joseph Balch, Joseph Blake, Charles Tappan, E. Bartlett, James Patten, Jabez Fisher, Job Tower, Bodwell Sargent, Wm. H. Delano, George W. Lewis, Enoch Train, Samuel Train, E. N. Train, Ezra C. Hutchins, Robert M. Morse, Joseph Breck, Pickens & Littlehale, Chamberlin & Kendrick, John A. M'Gaw, John Kendrick, Isaac Danforth, Silas Pierce, R. W. Bayley, J. A. Lowell, Levi Bartlett, John D. Bridge, Isaac Leonard, Prince Hawes, Jed'h Blanchard, M. Bolles, Jr., Butler & Coffin, Thomas Dana, William Frost, Stephen White, N. F. Cunningham & Co., E. A. Raymond, Wm. Fenno, L. T. Stoddard, Daniel Patterson, William Lincoln, Julius A. Palmer, Otis Norcross & Co., Nath. Hobart & Co., George B. Blake, Samuel Philbrick, Marshall P. Wilder, John M. Whidden, Charles Torrey, Wm. W. Stone, George H. Kuhn, William G. Lambert, Henry Willis, R. D. C. Merry, George Bond, Robert Ap-

stances which tended most powerfully to bring about this signal triumph of the cause of humanity, may be mentioned the powerful and eloquent language in which the Governor,—pursuing the example of his eminent predecessor in the same

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pleton, James Blake, Jr., G. C. Perkins, Robert Farley, Wilder S. Thurston, J. S. Hastings, William T. Andrews, John L. Cabot, Richard Warren, S. R. Putnam, Silas Bullard, J. W. Harris, L. A. Cazenove, H. Rogers Kendall, Charles A. White, Charles J. Cazenove, S. G. Williams, Samuel Cabot, Henry P. Freeman, James Cushing, Eben. Chadwick, Arthur French, George W. Pratt, Hartshorn & Homer, Henry Gasset, N. Appleton, Robert Hugenon, Abraham Howard, Benj. Humphrey, Wm. Appleton, E. W. Robbins, William Reynolds, Ozias Goodwin, Samuel Swett, Benj. Seaver, Joel Thayer, Samuel Dorr, A. Townsend, B. Dana, Henry Edwards, Benj. Loring, Benj. P. Homer, Benj. Willis, Francis Coffin, Thomas B. Wales, Moses Grant, Joshua Chamberlin, William Jackson, Emerson, Lamb & Harvey, James Fullerton & Co., Otis Norcross & Co., George W. Torrey, Hastings, Marsh & Co., Emmons & Weld, Moses Williams, Viles & Atkins, Isaiah Atkins, Samuel Downer, Jr., R. Richards, Jr., Trott & Bumstead, Calvin Washburn, R. C. Hooper, D. Hammond, George H. Gray, G. J. Sprague, Crockett, Seaver & Co., Henry Cutter, C. F. Adams, Arthur Scholfield, Henry W. Russell, S. Whitwell, Jr., B. C. Harris, W. C. Stimpson, Samuel B. Doane, Daniel Noyes, Henry G. Rice, Gardner Brewer, Joseph Mariner, S. S. Lynde, Henry Dennie, Jer. Fitch, Isaac Davis, William Stearns, E. Copeland, Jr., James W. Gates & Co., George L. Stearns, John O. Fairfield, Jabez Fisher, 2d, Sumner Hudson, Charles J. Fowle, A. W. Grant, Eugene A. Homer, R. E. Little, Thomas P. Cushing, George W. Bond, Zeb. Cook, C. Wilkins, F. W. Dana, Wm. Eager, W. Farnsworth, E. Tucker Osborn, Wm. Fowle, Luther Parks, John Henshaw, William S. Wait, John W. Chickering, James T. Hobart, Amasa Walker, Newell Withington, Nath. R. Cobb, William Capen, M. T. Lincoln & Co., J. C. Converse, Michael Mellen & Co., George Denny, Wm. B. Swett, John Skinner, Henry Hall, E. A. Bourne, N. G. Snelling, John S. Wright, Parker H. Pierce, A. Weston, B. L. Thompson, Nath. Curtis, Alfred Richardson, Benj. V. French, Elijah Vose, Larkin Turner, E. Silsby, Stephen Glover, Wm. J. Loring.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

In Senate, March 19, 1834.

The Joint Select Committee, to whom was referred the petition of William Tuckerman and others, for a repeal of the Usury Laws, have considered the same, and respectfully REPORT;——That the petitioners, a large number of the most intelligent and respectable citizens of Boston, set forth in a concise, but distinct form, two principal reasons why the Usury Laws ought to be repealed. The first is, that they are,

office,—denounced the absurdity and cruelty of the then existing system. Much credit is also due to Mr. Robinson of Marblehead, who introduced the bill in the House of Representatives, and Mr. Blake of Boston, who took the lead in

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in themselves, inexpedient and impolitic: the second, that they cannot be carried into effect, and by occasioning shifts and evasions of a more or less fraudulent character, create a great positive evil.

1. The value of money, like that of every other article, naturally regulates itself. If the rate of interest upon it, as fixed by law, coincide with the real market value, the law has no operation whatever. If, on the other hand, the rate of interest, as fixed by law, be lower than the real market value of money, then the effect of the law is to check the circulation of money, and thus impede and embarrass the natural course of trade. Thus, in the only case in which it can operate at all, the operation of the law is directly injurious.

2. Were it even admitted that Usury Laws are, in themselves, expedient and politic, experience shows that they cannot be carried into effect. The most general and pointed provisions that can be devised, are easily eluded by slight changes in the form of the transaction, and the law is accordingly, in practice, constantly evaded. But such evasions are, when strictly considered, of a fraudulent character, and tend to diminish the respect that ought to be entertained by the community for the laws under which they live.

Such are the principal reasons that are urged by the petitioners as motives for the repeal of the Usury Laws. The Committee have no hesitation in saying that they entirely concur in these views of the subject. They might easily be sustained by strong arguments, and names of the highest authority, but at this late period of the session the Committee have thought it inexpedient to submit a long report. It is believed that the general considerations connected with the question are familiar to the public mind, and would gain nothing in force by being recapitulated in detail upon the present occasion.

These considerations apply equally to every branch of this subject, and would lead to a total repeal of the Laws against Usury. Believing, however, that any sudden and extensive changes in the laws are generally inexpedient, the Committee have preferred to recommend, at present, a repeal of the Usury Laws only so far as they apply to Promissory Notes and Bills of Exchange, payable not less than —— months after date, and during the time for which they were originally made payable. The evils of the existing system are felt more strongly in reference to this class of contracts, than to any other, and it is therefore with them, that it appears expedient to begin the reform. The Committee accordingly report a Bill to that effect.

Which is respectfully submitted.

For the Committee,

A. H. EVERETT.

support of it in the Senate, as well as to the indefatigable and truly meritorious Secretary of the Prison Discipline Society, Mr. Dwight, and the other distinguished citizens of all classes, who gave the weight of their names, and the sanction of their opinions in favor of the measure. Inconsiderable as may have been the effect of our own feeble efforts in producing the result, we can truly say that there is no part of our labors to which we now recur with higher satisfaction. We entertain no doubt, that the act abolishing Imprisonment for Debt in this Commonwealth,—although from its being unconnected with the party controversies of the day, it may excite less attention than some other proceedings of the State or General Governments,—will really exercise a more beneficial influence upon the well-being of the body of the people, than any legislative measure since the adoption of the Constitution. Although many very plausible considerations were urged in favor of the old system, it was in fact sustained by the mere force of *habit:* and this is also the only real support of the Usury Laws, the injurious operation of which is, in like manner, chiefly felt by the middling and poorer classes of the community. We indulge a confident hope, that a temperate but vigorous and persevering course of exertion on the part of the intelligent friends of improvement among us, will meet in due time with the same success, in regard to this abuse, which attended their efforts for the removal of the other. We are no friends of indiscriminate, wanton and violent changes

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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-Four.

An Act concerning Usury.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, That from and after the passing of this Act, all Acts and parts of Acts heretofore passed, which restrain or prohibit the taking of interest or discount at a higher rate than six per cent. per annum, be, and they hereby are repealed, so far as said Acts and parts of Acts apply to Bills of Exchange, or Promissory Notes, payable at any time not longer than months from the day of their date respectively, and during the time only for which they were originally made payable. *Provided however,* That the provisions of this Act shall not be construed to extend to any note of hand, the payment of which is secured by a mortgage of real estate, or to notes of hand payable on demand, or to bills of exchange payable at sight.

in the laws:—we are free to say, on the contrary, that we consider an existing, and especially a long established system, as preferable, *ceteris paribus*, to any one that can be substituted for it: but when a law is notoriously and almost confessedly absurd, cruel and useless,—when nothing can be urged in favor of it but its antiquity,—we shall always be ready to concur, as far as our influence may extend, in removing it from the statute book. Such was the case with the late law authorizing Imprisonment for Debt, and such is substantially the case with the existing laws prohibiting usury, or in other words prohibiting the owner of capital, invested in money, from making the same use of it which he is allowed to make of it when invested in lands, houses, or any other article. We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a rapid historical sketch of the usages on this subject, in some of the most distinguished countries of ancient and modern times, and shall then briefly examine the actual operation of the laws now existing in this Commonwealth.

I. Amongst ancient nations, the Jews are the first to claim our attention. Until their departure from the land of Egypt, under Moses, they had never acted as a nation;—although for several hundred years they had preserved themselves an unmixed race in their state of bondage. Long before this time, money had been used as an agent of commerce; and the letting of money to hire was a perfectly familiar thing. Of course, we should expect to find mention made of this practice in the Mosaic law. Nor, on inspection, are we disappointed. The practice of taking interest for the loan of money, or any other commodity, is mentioned in the books of Exodus and Leviticus, wherein is recorded the revelation to Moses; and also in the book of Deuteronomy, in which are written the same commandments, as Moses communicated them to the people. The passage in Exodus (xxii. 25.) is in these words:—'If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him as a usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury.'

The passage in Leviticus (xxv. 35–37.) is as follows: 'And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, though he may be a stranger or sojourner; that he may live with thee. Take thou *no usury* of him, or increase: but fear thy God: that thy brother may live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money upon

usury, nor lend him thy victuals for increase; I am the Lord your God.'

The passage in Deuteronomy (xiii. 19, 20.) is in these words:—'Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of any thing that is lent upon usury. Unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury, but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury, that the Lord thy God may bless thee.'

These laws having been once promulgated, bound the Jews to obedience, as firmly as we should be bound by a commandment addressed directly to us by the Almighty. It is apparent, however, that they did not condemn the practice *in the whole*, but only *in part;* that they allowed the taking of interest, but forbade the taking it by one Jew of another. Accordingly, that singular race never hesitated to lend or hire money upon interest, in their business transactions with foreign nations.

We wish to fix the attention of our readers, particularly, upon the distinction made by this law between interest amongst the Jews, and interest between them and other nations; for on a singular misinterpretation of the Mosaic rule, has been founded the most violent and long continued warfare, by religious men against all kinds of interest. It is only within a century or less, that the question has not been argued solely as a question of religion.

It is quite clear, that the intention of the Mosaic law was, not to declare the practice of taking interest an offence against the principles of morality,—but to make the Jews consider each other as members of one family,—all equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of the property of the nation. In other words, the law was not in its nature *moral*, but *political;* although when it was once enacted, its violation was morally wrong. It furnished an exemplification of a distinction made by our common law, between acts *mala in se*, wrong in themselves, or morally wrong, and *mala prohibita*, or acts wrong, because the law forbids them. Had the taking of interest been declared to be in itself an immoral act, the prohibition laid upon the Jews would extend to all mankind; but otherwise it cannot be considered of universal obligation, any more than is the Jewish celebration of the Passover. Neglecting this distinction, and disregarding the fact that the taking of interest

is not censured except between Jew and Jew, the ancient Christian fathers considered the practice as an abomination in the sight of God. It was not only condemned in their writings, but denounced as sinful by many a solemn council of the church. The Canon law, or law of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, repeated the sentence of condemnation, and went so far as to declare those heretics who by argument defended it. We know not whether any person was ever led to the stake for taking interest or for defending the practice; but we think such a thing very probable; for we find the learned Doctor Willson recommending the punishment of this offence by death in the following terms: 'For my part, I will wish some *penall lawe of death* to be made against those usurers, as well as against theeves or murtherers, for that they deserve death much more than such men doe; for these usurers destroye and devour up not onlie whole families, but also whole countries, and bring all folke to beggary that have to doe with them.' History tells us, also, that the inquisitors were very industrious in enforcing the canon.

We shall again, and more particularly, examine the value of this doctrine of the church. At present we confine ourselves to history.

From Judea let us pass over to Greece. It is a glorious monument of the enlightened and commercial character of that country that she had no laws on the subject; that her trade in money, like the trade in every thing else, was left wholly without legal restriction. (*Boeck. Econ. of Athens.*) The law declared (*Potter's Antiq. c.* 26) that a banker should not demand or recover a higher rate than that fixed by the original contract between himself and the borrower. It also contained the following reasonable enactment, 'Let the interest on money be moderate.' But farther than this, it never interfered with the private rights of borrowers and lenders. One per cent. a month was the most common rate of interest; but on some species of loans a premium was charged, equal to sixty per cent. a year. Thus money lent on a voyage to the Euxine Sea, which generally required six months for its completion, was charged with an interest of thirty per cent.

While such was the liberal policy of the state, there existed, at various times, individuals who were as violently hostile to the taking of interest as were the Popish councils of the Middle Ages.

Amongst these may be found Aristotle; a man whose name is illustrious in the departments of natural and moral science; but whose notions on politics are entitled to small respect. His reputation is dimmed by his enmity to commerce; and his works are, we must say, disgraced by the following passage. 'Of all modes of accumulation, the worst and most *unnatural* is interest. This is the utmost corruption of artificial degeneracy, standing in the same relation to commerce that commerce does to economy. By commerce money is *perverted* from the purpose of exchange to that of gain; still however, this gain is occasioned by the mutual transfer of different objects; but interest, by transferring merely the same object, from one hand to another, *generates* money from money; and the product thus generated is therefore called *offspring*, (τοκος), as being of precisely the same nature with that from which it proceeds.'

The worthy philosopher's indignation at the idea of offspring being produced by money, is not a little amusing. He had studied all the secrets of the natural world, animate and inanimate; he had been abundantly furnished, by the generosity of Alexander, with gold and silver coins, to an amount not less than $720,000; he had discovered, to a certainty, that these coins, though shut up together in his pocket and chest, never multiplied, nor gave any signs of fruitfulness; he had, moreover, found out,—perhaps by planting money, as the North American Indians did gunpowder,—that gold and silver would not *vegetate*, a whit more than they would *generate*,—and on the strength of this valuable knowledge, he denounced interest as unnatural and abominable.

This absurd reasoning of the Stagyrite was adopted by the logicians of after times, as sound and just; and by a singular fate, although in Greece it never gained any influence, yet in many other countries, and in ages long subsequent to his, it has set its stamp upon morals and legislation.

The same objection would lie against taking rent for houses, or hire for any other inanimate article of use; for neither do houses beget houses, nor did we ever hear of any other inanimate article of property vegetating or multiplying.

In the earliest ages of Rome, there were no laws on the subject of letting money; but the practice was perfectly well known there, and formed one of the most frequent subjects of popular complaint. In the celebrated secession

of the lower classes of the people to the Mons Sacer, when for several days there was throughout the streets of the Eternal City the most painful expectation of impending civil war and fraternal bloodshed, the seditious multitude complained of nothing more strongly than the pressure of the exorbitant interest demanded of them by the wealthy citizens, of whom they were obliged to borrow.

In these early periods the common rate of interest seems to have been twelve per cent.;—or one per cent. a month. This is to be inferred from the fact, that six per cent. per annum is spoken of by the old writers as half interest, and three per cent. as one fourth interest.

Until the 299th year after the building of Rome, i. e. about 454 years before Christ, there was no such thing, in fact, as law, properly so called. The edicts of the kings, aided sometimes by the will of the Senate, and sometimes by that of the people, and made known by placards pasted up at the corners of the streets, hardly deserve the name of laws.*

In that year measures were commenced that soon resulted in the collection of the code of laws, which, under the name of the Twelve Tables, is celebrated in Roman history. They contained the elements of Roman Jurisprudence; were collected from the laws of Greece and other foreign countries; and, being written on tables of brass, became the statutes of the Republic.

One of these laws, according to Tacitus, fixed the rate of interest at one per cent. per annum. Some modern critics doubt the genuineness of the law quoted by Tacitus, and affirm that the first law, by which the rate of interest was fixed at Rome, was passed by the Tribunes, nearly a hundred years later. The question is unimportant; for either way the law has not much to boast of. If it be found in the Twelve Tables, so is another law, granting the creditors of an insolvent debtor

* The learned dispute with regard to the *Jus Civile Papirianum*, or collection of *leges regiae*, made by Papirius, about the time of the expulsion of Tarquin, need not be noticed here. Pomponius, Bynkershoeck, Heineccius and Niebuhr are arrayed on one side, while on the other appears a single name, which well nigh outweighs them all,—that of Gibbon. (*See* I *Kent's Comm. Sect.* xxiii.)

For twenty years after the expulsion of Tarquin, in the language of the Digest, the Romans were governed less by law than by uncertain custom and usage. 'Incerto magis jure et consuetudine, quam per latam legem.' (*Dig. s.* 2. 3.)

the power of cutting his body into pieces; and another, giving parents the power of killing, or selling into slavery their children; and another, commanding the father to murder his child at its birth, if diseased and deformed.* If, on the other hand, the first law fixing the rate of interest was of a more recent date, it was passed by the influence of certain public officers, (the Tribunes,) whose greatest delight was, at all times, to oppose the regular operations of government, and stir up sedition among the people; and it was enacted after a long conflict between the higher and lower classes of the citizens, conducted with such fury, that not even the popularity of the great Camillus, by whom the Gauls had been driven from the Roman territory, armed, as he was, with dictatorial authority, and sustained by undoubted justice, was sufficient to stem its headlong impulse.

The early records of Rome are marked by numerous contests of this description, and by constant proofs of the popular odium belonging to money-lenders. Cato, in his Treatise on Agriculture, informs us that the taking of illegal interest was an offence punished with more severity than theft;—the usurer forfeiting fourfold,—the thief only double,—the amount of property taken. Next in order after the Twelve Tables, at an interval of eighty-five years, came the Licinian Law, which temporarily forbade all interest. Ten years later the rate was fixed at ½ per cent, and afterwards again abolished. The rate of interest was always highest at Rome, as everywhere else, when the laws on the subject were most severe; because of the increased risks, the diminished competition, and the aversion of honorable men to engage in any illegal trade.

Under the dictatorship of Sylla, towards the close of the Republic, the law fixed the rate of interest at 3 per cent; but we are informed that 12 was the customary and common rate. Cicero, at a still later period, speaks in his letters, of money hired in Rome at 34 per cent., and in the provinces at 48. This was a period of universal confusion, turmoil, and insecurity. At the death of Antony and Cleopatra, interest is said to have fallen to 4 per cent. At that time the genius of Octavius Cæsar had gained the last grand triumph over op-

* Fragments of the Twelve Tables, as collected by Fathers Catron and Rouillé.

position, and the world lay prostrate at his feet;—peace being universally welcomed as a relief, though it placed upon the neck of subject nations the yoke of a tyrant. Horace, in his Satires, speaks of a person who lent money at 60 per cent. In the reign of Tiberius, whom the retributive pen of Tacitus has delineated for immortal detestation, Rome was again convulsed with a usury sedition. The celebrated Pandects and Code of Justinian, finally settled the law on this subject. By their provisions, in the language of Gibbon, 'persons of illustrious rank were confined to the moderate profit of four per cent.: six was pronounced to be the ordinary and legal standard of interest: eight was allowed for the convenience of manufacturers and merchants: twelve was granted to nautical insurance, which the wiser ancients had not attempted to define; but, except in this perilous adventure, exorbitant interest was severely restrained.'

Rome, in her turn, like all preceding empires, declined and fell; and upon the various hordes of Northern barbarians by which she was over-run her civilization and laws for many centuries exerted but a feeble influence. We will not attempt to trace, through the darkness of those centuries, the course of custom and legislation respecting the loan of money, but will pass immediately to the most commercial nation of modern times,—England.

In the earliest periods of which we have authentic records of this land of our forefathers, we find that the Romish doctrine of the sinfulness of letting money to hire, had been universally spread over the island of Great Britain. It was the prevailing sentiment, that interest, or, as it was then called, usury, was an unholy gain, such as no good Christian could conscientiously receive.

Hence the common law, or, in other words, universal consent, placed the practice of taking interest amongst those crimes against public morals and convenience, the catalogue of which it would be difficult to complete. Whether it was prohibited amongst Jewish residents only, or the whole body of the people, is a vexed question with lawyers. It is however certain that the prohibition existed, and that its operation was such that the practice of lending money on interest was confined almost wholly to the Jews, who had in England, and in nearly every other European country, become

the leaders of commerce, and the chief bankers. Money lenders have always been unpopular, even under the most favorable circumstances, and in the most enlightened and civilized ages. Of course, therefore, the Jews in England were most cordially hated, and, both on account of their religion, and their money, subjected to fiery persecutions.

The laws of king Alfred, about A.D. 900, ordained that the personal effects of money lenders should be forfeited to the King, their lands and inheritances to the lord under whom they were held, and that they should not be buried in consecrated ground.

By the laws of Edward the Confessor, passed about the year of our Lord 1050, the money lender forfeited all his substance, and was outlawed. Sir Robert Filmer, in a treatise published in 1678, erroneously states, that, with the exception of a clause in the Council of Calcluith, about the year 787, interest had not been prohibited in England, until the reign of Edward the Confessor, A.D. 1045:—and that this monarch, having been educated in France, and been 'seasoned with the principles of the kingdom,' banished money lenders from England. Alfred's law was of course earlier than Edward's.

Charlemagne, king of France, had in the 8th century prohibited the taking of interest, not only by the clergy, according to the seventeenth Canon of the Council of Nice, but by the laity; which prohibition was thenceforward supported by the whole ecclesiastical power.

Notwithstanding that such were the doctrines of the continental clergy, and although the laws of Edward partook of their spirit, we find the English clergy less illiberal. At a Council held in the year 1126 at Westminster, and at another twelve years later, the clergy alone were, by the decree of council, prohibited from the taking of money; degradation being the penalty for the offence.

In the reign of the second Henry, from A.D. 1154 to 1189, the estate of money lenders on their death was forfeited, and their heirs disinherited.

At the death of this king, and on the accession of his son Richard I., A.D. 1189, as we are told by the historian of England,* 'the prejudices of the age had made the lending of money on interest pass by the invidious name of usury; yet

* Hume, Chap. x.

the necessity of the practice had still continued it, and the greater part of that kind of dealing fell every where into the hands of the Jews, who, being already infamous on account of their religion, had no honor to lose, and were apt to exercise a profession, odious in itself, by every kind of rigor, and even sometimes by rapine and extortion. The industry and frugality of this people had put them in possession of all the ready money, which the idleness and profusion, common to the English with other European nations, enabled them to lend at exorbitant and unequal interest.' The old historians of England, who were mostly monks, had censured Henry for his wise and equitable protection of the Jews; of course they exult in the cruelties inflicted upon them by Richard. 'The king had issued an edict, forbidding their appearance at his coronation; but some of them, bringing large presents from their nation, presumed, in confidence of that merit, to approach the hall in which he dined.' Being discovered and driven with insult from the palace, they fled. The people pursued them, and a rumor being immediately circulated that the king had given orders that all the Jews should be slain, such of them as appeared in public were slaughtered, while the houses of those who remained at home were broken open, plundered, and their inmates murdered, or else they were set on fire and made the funeral piles of men and women and children, without any emotion, on the part of the mob, of remorse or mercy.

'The disorder was not confined to London. Other cities followed the bloody example. In York, five hundred Jews, who had retired for safety to the castle, and found themselves unable to defend the place, murdered their own wives and children, threw the dead bodies over the walls upon the populace, and then, setting fire to the houses, perished in the flames.

'The neighboring gentry, who were all indebted to the Jews, ran to the Cathedral, where their bonds were kept, and made a solemn bonfire of the papers before the altar. A contemporary Roman Catholic author, after relating these horrible events, blesses the Almighty for thus delivering over this impious race to destruction.'

Under this same king Richard, a law was enacted, which required that every contract with a Jew should be made in writ-

ing, one copy of which was to remain with the Jew, one with a magistrate, and a third with some good citizen. At this time money was sometimes procured at 10 per cent., but generally the rate was much higher. The common rate in Italy and other countries about this time was 20 per cent. The countess of Flanders, for the money raised to pay her husband's ransom, was obliged to pay enormous interest. The lowest rate was more than 20 per cent.,—and some of her creditors exacted 30.—*(Robertson's Charles V. Vol. 3. Note* xxx.*)* James 1st. of Arragon (1242) fixed the rate in that kingdom at 18 per cent.—*(Ib.)*

A curious document is presented in *Madox's Formulare Anglicanum*, bearing date the tenth and last year of the reign of Richard, in the nature of a mortgage of land for the security of a loan at 10 per cent. interest. Its words are, 'for which I, Richard of Sandford, will pay to him, the said Benedict Pernaz, interest at the rate of 10 marks per annum, for the aforesaid hundred marks.'

Under the succeeding reigns of John and Henry III., which extended to A.D. 1272, although the Jews were violently persecuted, they still remained in England, and still acted as money lenders. The rate of interest rose to an enormous height both in France and England. Instances occur in which fifty per cent. was paid; and there is an edict of Philip Augustus, the French king, limiting interest to 48 per cent.

The Jews, during this period, were subject to the most ruinous and despotic extortion by government; to ensure themselves against which, they were, of course, obliged to raise their rate of interest still higher. King John, whose grasping disposition and prodigal habits are so finely delineated in Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe, on one occasion demanded of a single Jew in Bristol, the sum of 10,000 marks, which was more than equal to a sixth part of the revenue of all England. When the Jew refused to pay that sum, John ordered one of his teeth to be drawn daily, until he should comply. The Jew endured the tearing out of seven, and then paid the unjust demand. Henry was equally unjust and unmerciful, adopting the most outrageous measures to fill his purse from the pockets of the Jews; and when his ingenuity failed, he turned them over to his brother, the Earl of Cornwall; in the language of an ancient author, 'that those whom one brother had flayed, the other might embowel.'

In the year 1311, Philip IV. of France fixed the rate of interest allowed to be taken in the fairs of Champagne, at 20 per cent.—(*Ordon.* I. 484.) In Arragon it was somewhat lower.

In this same year, (1311) a Papal council, held at Vienna, renewed the anathemas of the Church upon the practice of taking interest, and passed that furious canon to which we have before alluded, that 'if any shall obstinately persist in the error of presuming to affirm that the taking of interest is not sin, we decree that he shall be punished as a heretic.'

This was under the administration of Pope Clement V., who had before rendered himself infamous by combining with Philip the Fair, of France, in the 'cruel butchery' of the Knights Templars, for the purpose of seizing to his own use their vast estates.

The taking of interest was an indictable offence under the reigns of the three Edwards, who succeeded Henry, and who held the crown of England from the year 1272 to the year 1377. But it seems that the common law courts were not then considered the proper tribunals, in which to punish this offence. The ecclesiastical courts, claiming jurisdiction of the crime as an offence against the Church, were deemed the proper judges. In compliance with the urgent request of the clergy, Edward III. sanctioned a statute making the practice penal. But he had in a manner been forced into this measure, and speedily procured its repeal. This statute betrays a very singular ignorance of the real character and influence of the practice of loaning upon interest; for it declares it to be 'the *Bane of Commerce.*' This ignorance of the Legislature will excite less wonder, when we learn that such was the prevailing ignorance of geography, that the English Ambassador at Rome hastened home in disgust on the Pope's making Lewis of Spain Prince of the Canary Isles, (then called Fortunate Islands,) firmly believing that they were the islands of Great Britain.

The burden of the law did not now, however, fall most heavily upon the Jews. They had been driven from all England by the tyranny of Edward I. in the early part of his reign; 15,000 of them being at one time robbed of their whole property, and banished. After that period, the lending of money passed into other hands, and the rate of interest rose in consequence.

During this period, about the year 1360, king John, of

France, by his letters patent, permitted the Jews within his realm to take at least 86 per cent. per annum, on loans. But, as a specimen of royal honesty at that time, we may mention that in the following year he debased the coin, and obliged the lenders to receive it as of full value.

From a consideration of these facts, we may see the justice of a remark made by the celebrated Bentham, in his 'Defence of Usury;' 'Christians were too intent upon plaguing Jews, to listen to the suggestion of doing as Jews did, even though money were to be got by it. Indeed, the easier method, and a method pretty much in vogue, was, to let the Jews get the money any how they could, and then squeeze it out of them as it was wanted.'

Early in the reign of Henry VII., which began in the year 1485, a very severe statute was enacted, for the purpose of suppressing the taking of interest. The penalty of the offence was fixed at one hundred pounds, besides which the church was empowered to deal according to its will with the soul of the money lender. The same statute subjects him to a forfeiture of the principal, and disables the brokers from further business in their profession, besides subjecting them to a penalty of £20, and a half year's imprisonment.

By a statute passed eight years subsequently, the above penalties are somewhat mitigated. Certain rates of interest had been by law established in other European countries. As lately as 1490, the rate in Placentia, an Italian city of considerable commerce, was 40 per cent. Charles V. of Spain and Germany, had fixed the rate in the Low Countries at 12 per cent. Lewis, Count of Provence, had, in 1406, allowed the merchants of Marseilles to lend and borrow at 10 per cent.

Thus far we have seen that the laws of England regarded all interest on loans as criminal. In the succeeding reign we shall find a very decided change in the laws.

In the 37th year of the reign of Henry VIII., 1546, a statute was enacted declaring all rates of interest *above* 10 *per cent.*, to be usurious and unlawful; thus tacitly, though not declaratively, pronouncing ten per cent. and all inferior rates lawful. From this time forward, the laws have, with one brief exception, made a distinction between interest and usury.

Although this legal revolution was a great improvement, yet we cannot but wonder that it did not extend so far, as to leave money contracts perfectly unfettered by law. Our surprise

will vanish, however, on looking over the records of Parliament during the reign of Henry, and there finding, that not only was a price fixed upon the use of money, but also upon poultry, cheese, butter, beef, pork, mutton, veal, and the labor of artisans. Beef and pork were ordered to be sold at a half-penny a pound, while mutton and veal were fixed a half-farthing higher. These wise statutes inform us that poor people alone ate the four kinds of meat last mentioned.

Henry VIII. was succeeded by a boy-king, Edward VI., by whom the old laws, condemning all rates of interest, were revived. This was done in consequence of his superstition. But the laws were rendered wholly ineffectual by the wants of the community, and the customary rate was about 14 per cent.

Edward's superstition was equalled by the bigotry of his sister and successor, Mary, whose name is a blot alike upon the history of her country and of her sex, and by whom, of course, as she was a firm Catholic, the laws against interest were still maintained in all their ancient severity. And yet, in the last year of her reign, she borrowed £20,000, at 12 per cent. interest, of the citizens of London, for the payment of which she pledged certain lands. (*Stowe's Chron.* 632.)

Under the next English sovereign, however, the illustrious Elizabeth, a more liberal spirit prevailed, and the commercial wants of her subjects were treated with greater respect. The statute of Henry VIII., legalizing interest at 10 per cent., was revived; and since that period, all that has been attempted by the laws has been the restraint of interest within certain limits, which limits have been gradually contracted by successive statutes from 10 per cent. to 8, in the reign of James 1st.; to 6 per cent. by the Rump Parliament, in 1654, whose action thereon was confirmed in the reign of Charles II.; and finally to 5 per cent. in the reign of queen Anne, whose statute remains in force to this day. In the quaint language of a writer of the last century, (speaking of the statute of Henry VIII.) 'the *good* folks, in the 5th and 6th of king Edward VI., repealed *this* law; but the *wiser* folks of the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth repealed *that* law.' (*And. Hist. of Commerce*, I. 375.)

Although the rate of interest in England during the days of Elizabeth was 10 per cent., it was then as low as 6½ per cent. in France, in consequence, unquestionably, of the superiority of the latter country over England in point of money capital; by the abundance of which commercial prosperity

may in general be measured. When the rate in England has been reduced to 6 per cent., the following were the rates in other countries, according to an author, (Sir Josiah Child) who wrote in 1688:—In Scotland and Ireland 10 and 12 per cent.: in France 7: in Italy 3: in Turkey 20: in Spain 10 and 12.

The statute of Henry VIII., with the exception of the rate of interest therein limited, having remained, to the present time, the law of England, we will quote its general prohibition.—'No person, by way of corrupt bargain, loan, exchange, cherisance, shift, interest of any wares, merchandises, or other thing whatsoever, shall take, in lucre or gains, or for the forbearing, or giving day of payment, for a year, above the rate of 10 pounds per centum per annum.'

When this statute was revived by the statute of Elizabeth, a further clause was inserted, to this effect, 'that in the interpretation of the law it was to be most largely and strongly construed for the repressing of usury, and against all persons that should offend against the true meaning of that statute, by any way or device, directly or indirectly.'

In this careful language may be detected an acknowledgment of the fact, that money lenders had resorted to a great variety of expedients by which to evade the operation of law. It *had* been ever so. The lenders and brokers of old times and of old England, were as shrewd and crafty, and as well acquainted with the slippery tricks of evasion, as any of their descendants of our own times. Our readers will not infer, from this remark, that we are very violent enemies of such infractions of what we consider unjust laws. On the contrary, we are ready to say, in the language of Bentham, 'if this page suggest an expedient, and that a safe and commodious one, for evading the laws against usury, *it will not lie very heavy on our consciences.*'

The inference to be drawn from the language of the statute is just. There had been long kept up 'a running fight,' between the usurers and the Parliaments; and Parliament found, at last, that new modes of evasion sprung up more rapidly than they could legislate against old ones;—and, in despair of suppressing usury by a specification of all its possible forms, they took refuge in the general prohibition of exorbitant interest, '*either directly or indirectly, or by any shift, or by any deceitful way or means.*'

We may perhaps, with advantage, point out some of the modes resorted to by lenders in England for the purpose of evading the law.

But first, for the benefit of the unlearned, we will mention that there are certain species of loan upon which the laws allow an indefinite rate of interest to be charged.

Among these may be named loans on *Bottomry* and *Respondentia*, or *maritime loans*,—where the money is borrowed with reference to a particular voyage, and is to be refunded only if the voyage be performed. The ship itself, or the cargo, is pledged for the principal and the interest, neither of which is to be paid if the vessel or cargo, as the case may be, be lost on the voyage contemplated in the loan. In these cases interest is, not unfrequently, charged as high as 30 or 50 per cent.

One evasive expedient of usurers was loaning on fictitious risks, so as to give to the transaction the appearance of bottomry, or some other legal contract; as for example, where the contingency in the bond was, that one, out of certain twenty ships from Newcastle to London, arrived in safety.

Another expedient, frequently used, was a pretended sale of goods :—the purchaser paying an exorbitant price for them, and then re-selling them to the lender at a less price, so as to give him the difference as interest.

Another usurious device was called *dry exchange*. If any of our readers have been obliged, during the last few months, to go on 'Change as borrowers, they may, in this same expedient, recognise the friend that helped them out of trouble. In this mode of lending, the borrower drew a fictitious bill of exchange on some person supposed to be abroad; the bill was never negotiated, but passed through the process of protesting, and was thus made to charge the borrower with exchange, re-exchange, and other incidentals, over and above legal interest.

A fourth plan was the lending of *stock* instead of *money*, on interest, at a nominal value higher than its market price.

The advance of money on a pretended partnership, and the receipt of interest as the profits of the concern, was still another device.

The same object was sometimes effected by the means of a lease on an enormous rent :—or by receiving a lease instead of

interest;—or by the purchase of annuities at low prices of the annuitant, and so converting the dividends into interest; and by a thousand other methods, all of which, by their trouble and risk, rendered it necessary for the lender to raise still higher his rate, in order to insure himself; and all of which may be set down as the inevitable mischiefs of usury laws.

The ordinary rate of interest in Great-Britain is now less than five per cent., in consequence of the excess of monied capital above the calls for profitable investment. To this fact as a cause, we may ascribe the circumstance that many wealthy foreigners have purchased the stock of our National Bank, which yields a much higher interest.*

II. Having thus completed a brief history of usury and usury laws in the principal ancient states and in England, let us do the same by our own Commonwealth. Our Pilgrim forefathers, who in 1620 landed at Plymouth, and began the settlement of New England, were imbued with a deep veneration for all the rules and precepts of the Old Testament; which is apparent in their early laws. Thus, amongst their capital offences, were reckoned idolatry, blasphemy, witchcraft, and cursing or smiting one's father. We might expect, therefore, to find some provision against usury derived from the same source; and we find, accordingly, on examining their colonial statutes, that the very law of the Jews is there re-enacted.

The colonial government was in the hands of the whole body of freemen, who were church-members, until the year 1634. It was then deemed expedient, as the number of settlements had considerably increased, to elect a House of Representatives, who from that time forth became legislators. This legislative body adopted the Common Law of England as the basis of their jurisprudence; but, as Judge Story remarks, 'varying it from time to time by municipal regulations better adapted to their situation, or conforming more exactly to their stern notions of the absolute authority and universal obligation of the Mosaic Institutions.'

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* In France, interest was reduced in 1720 from 5 to 2 per cent.: in 1724 it was raised to 3½ per cent.: and in 1725 to 5 per cent.: in 1756 it was reduced to 4 per cent.: and afterwards raised again to 5. *Smith's Wealth of Nations. B. I. c.* 9.

In Bengal, money is frequently lent to the farmers at 40, 50, and 60 per cent.; the next crop being mortgaged for the payment. Twelve per cent. is said to be the common rate in China.

By this Legislature, in 1641, in the seventh year of their organization, about twenty years from their landing at Plymouth, and in the reign of Charles I., was enacted the following statute:

'It is ordered, decreed, and by this court declared; that no man shall be adjudged for the mere forbearance of any debt, above eight pound in the hundred, for one year, and not above that rate proportionably, for all sums whatsoever, bills of exchange excepted; *neither shall this be a color or countenance to allow any usury amongst us, contrary to the Law of God.*'

This law was re-enacted in 1643. Its meaning appears to be that amongst church-members, (who were styled brethren) there should be no interest charged, although it might be taken of others. This is our interpretation of the law. We have never seen any contemporaneous exposition or application of it.

The rate of interest, thereby fixed, was the legal rate of England at that time, under the statute of James I.

The construction which we have put upon this law will appear the more probable, when we remember that no person could, at that time, hold any office or even vote, except he were a member of the church; and that, of course, the Legislature was composed wholly of communicants. The word *us*, in the last clause, we suppose refers to the people, as one great church.

Perhaps, however, the law intended to say that 8 per cent. interest was not contrary to the law of God,—but that all above this was. If so, it would have enlightened their posterity, had the Legislature of that day seen fit to inform us where they found the distinction made.

No penalty is provided for the violation of the statute, nor are we able to say whether delinquents were dealt with by Court or Church.

It is amusing to notice that next in order on the statute book, after the law respecting usury, comes a law regulating the value of wampum, as an article of currency. It is called 'an Act fixing the value of wampumpeag,' making it a lawful tender in all debts of a less amount than 40 shillings, and declaring that the white shells shall rate at half a farthing each, and the black at twice as much, if without spot or flaw.

This first usury law of Massachusetts remained in force until the year 1693, the 5th year of the reign of William and

Mary, when a new statute was passed, commencing with the following preamble:

'Forasmuch as the abatement of interest hath always been found beneficial to the advancement of trade, and improvement of lands by good husbandry,—and whereas the taking of eight in the hundred for the interest of money, tends to the great discouragement of ingenuity and industry in the husbandry, trade, and commerce of this Province, Be it,' &c.

This second law fixes the rate of interest at six per cent., and imposes on every violation of the law the penalty of a forfeiture of the full value of the money or other commodity lent. It also excepts from its operation the maritime contracts before named, and certain customs of farmers with regard to the letting of cattle and other things. Its terms are as general and sweeping as those of the statute of Anne in England. But the preamble is its most remarkable feature, containing a strange mixture of truth and falsehood. It very justly declares a low rate of interest to be advantageous to both agriculture and commerce; but very erroneously attributes to the law a controlling power over this rate, and consequently over the prosperity of the community. The truth is, that law can no more regulate the value of the use of money, than it can regulate the price of labor or of provisions; and so far as general prosperity is affected by the terms on which money can be hired, it is beyond the reach of legislation.

In 1750, the twenty-third year of George II., an additional act was thought necessary to the full success of former laws. A new statute was therefore passed, making it lawful for the borrower to come into court, as a witness in his own case, and swear to the usury; and permitting the lender, also, to appear in his own behalf, and swear the other way. The old penalty was retained.

Such was the law until the year 1783. America had now become an independent nation, and Massachusetts had taken her place amongst the confederated republics. A new act of legislation on the subject of usury was deemed essential. But the old prohibition, mode of proof, and penalty, were retained; nothing was added except that the penalty might be recovered either by indictment, or by an action of the case: and with this alteration the law remained unchanged till 1825, when it was totally repealed.

The statutes of 1825 and 1826, which together are the ex-

isting law of the land on the subject of usurious contracts, limit the rate of interest to six per cent. per annum. They provide that no contract shall be made void by reason of stipulating for a higher rate. They provide that, if in any action on a contract for the payment of money, it shall appear by the pleadings and on application of the defendant, that illegal interest has been directly or indirectly taken or reserved, the defendant shall recover full costs, and the plaintiff forfeit three times the whole amount of interest taken or reserved, and shall have judgment and execution for the balance only.

So also the borrower on such usurious contract may, in law or chancery, recover back three-fold the amount of the interest by him so paid. By these statutes the parties are allowed to be witnesses in their own behalf.

If any citizen of Massachusetts wishes to make his fortune, *according to law*, let him go into State Street and borrow money at 18 per cent., *a rate at which* $90,000 *has been recently borrowed in one sum;* let him take, say $20,000, for ten years. The interest on this sum will be $3,600 per annum. In ten years it will amount to $36,000. At the expiration of that time let him sue the lender, and he will recover back under the law $108,000, from which he may pay the original debt and retire to his *otium cum dignitate* with a clever property of $88,000, lawyers' fees always excepted.

Such is the dazzling bribe held out to the dishonest by our wise and conscientious Legislature. It rivals in merit the tooth-drawing edict of King John, already described.

We have now completed our historical survey of the subject of usury.

Our readers have perceived that, almost ever since the introduction of money, and in almost every prominent nation, there have existed usury laws: that wherever and whenever these laws have been the most severe, then and there have usurious practices most abounded and been most abused; that originally these laws have been based on the principle that all rates of interest are wrong; that, as men have become more enlightened and more commercial, that principle has been abandoned as absurd; that in later times the laws against usury have assumed as their basis, what is not true, that the law can regulate the value of the use of money, and of course that the fixing of a low legal rate of interest may be made the cause of national wealth and prosperity.

From the facts thus laid open, the most eminent political economists of the last half century have deduced the principle, that legislation should no more interfere with money contracts than with contracts of any other description, but that the appearance of fraud and injustice therein should, as in all other cases, be within the reach of legal redress.

It is matter of surprise that Legislatures have not made and acted upon the same discovery. Perhaps in our Commonwealth the maxim, that 'great bodies move slowly,' may explain this phenomenon. Hoping to help onward in some small degree that progress of public sentiment which ultimately compels all legislatures into obedience, we shall now proceed to examine some of the various arguments by which the proposition, that the law ought not to interfere with the rate of interest on money lent, is supported.

III. The first question to be answered is, 'Whether the law ought to permit the giving or receiving of interest at any rate or in any case.'

This question may be said to depend on the morality or immorality of taking interest. No person is so ignorant of the principles of political economy as to doubt, that lending and borrowing on interest are of great practical convenience and utility. The dispute must turn, then, upon the question of morals. For if borrowing and lending on interest be immoral, no matter what may be the convenience or pecuniary benefit of these reciprocal sins, they should, of course, be strictly forbidden.

We pray our readers to bear constantly in mind the fact, that if either borrowing or lending on interest be morally wrong, both are wrong, and the one is as great a sin as the other. Such is the fact with relation to any act which requires the concurrence of several individuals. Thus the victim, who casts himself to be crushed beneath the ponderous wheels of the car of Juggernaut, is not less guilty of idolatry, than is the priest who guides the course of the murderous vehicle. The recollection of this principle may materially aid us in deciding the question at issue.

It may, at first sight, seem needless to argue this question of morals. But when it is recollected that far better, as well as far more numerous reasons can be adduced to prove that all interest is immoral, than to prove that the law ought to interfere with the rate: that until recently, the subject of

usury, as before remarked, has been considered and debated as one of mere morals,—and that important conclusions for future application will be drawn from the manner in which this question may now be decided,—its discussion will not be considered unnecessary.

Let us inquire, then, whether it be morally wrong to pay or to receive interest.

The question, as we have already hinted, has been argued in the negative by Aristotle and other Greek, as well as Latin authors:—by the early Christian Fathers, amongst whom appear the names of Cyprian, Lactantius, Basil, Chrysostom, Gregory, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustin; by the decrees of Roman Catholic councils; by papal bulls; by the statutes of most European nations of the middle ages, and by 'a cloud of witnesses,' who, as writers on morals and politics, have lifted up their voices against the abominable practice of letting money to hire.

To the fallacious reasoning of the heathen philosopher, we have already replied. He was the declared enemy of commerce, and of course would denounce a practice which has ever been the main-spring of commercial prosperity. The argument by which he endeavors to show that the taking of interest is wrong, seems to be based on the name given to it by his countrymen. They called it '*τοκος*,'—offspring,—and the philosopher denounces this unnatural generation of money from money, as zealously as though he supposed the Greeks really imagined that interest was begotten of principal. It is unnecessary to spend time in replying to such arguments. The strange fact that this reasoning has, in modern days, found disciples, must be ascribed to that principle of human weakness, which induces us, in our admiration of the splendor of genius, to receive with respect even its errors.

Christian hostility to the practice of lending and borrowing on interest, originated in a misinterpretation of the Mosaic law. The passages on which the error was founded, have been quoted already at length. In the opinion of the Fathers, they contain an unqualified declaration that all interest is sinful, and a prohibition of that sin as obligatory upon us as it was upon the Jews: but it is difficult to conceive how they could have deduced such an opinion from such a text. Had Moses intended to declare interest sinful, he would not have allowed it to be taken of a stranger, or to be paid to a stranger. Un-

less he meant to declare it sinful in itself, his command to the Jews has no application to any other people, but should be regarded as an exception from a general rule, applicable to the Israelites only, to whose character as a people we must look for the intention of the law. Unless we mean to assume the burden of the whole Mosaic dispensation, we must beware of taking any part thereof, except it be clearly intended for universal application.

A celebrated writer, in defending this doctrine of the Councils, finding it rather difficult to deal with the objection drawn from the discrimination which Moses makes between usury amongst the Jews, and usury between Jews and strangers, very ingeniously remarks that the Israelites were commanded to exterminate the Gentile nations of Judea, and that this permission to charge them usury was a part of the apparatus of destruction.

Unfortunately for the soundness of this argument, he does not explain in what manner the Gentiles were to suffer by lending on usury, even if they would be injured by borrowing. The intention of the law must have failed, in consequence of its not prohibiting the Jews from paying usury to their neighbors,—who were thus equally furnished with the engine of destruction.

The argument is rendered not merely null, but even ridiculous, by the light of modern intelligence. We now know that the practice in question, so far from being calculated to exterminate or injure either borrowers or lenders, is the very soul of commercial prosperity. We now feel that a conscience so tender as to condemn it, would, on principle, condemn every other business transaction, and drive mankind back again to the caves for a habitation, and for sustenance to their primitive diet on acorns.

The Mosaic law, therefore, furnishes no proof that it is morally wrong to let or hire money upon interest. But the enemies of this practice have drawn arguments from natural as well as revealed religion. We will now take some notice of the former, as they are summed up in the work of Monsieur Domat, a French civilian of the seventeenth century.

After declaring the taking of interest to be a sin most strongly condemned in the Scriptures, he thus proceeds ;—'If therefore we would discover what is the character of the iniquity which renders interest so criminal before God, and which ought

to make it so to us, both in our hearts and minds, we have only to consider what the nature of this contract of loan is, in order to judge whether it be just to take interest for it or not: and we shall easily perceive, by the natural principles of the use which God has given to this contract in the society of men, that taking interest is a crime which violates these principles, and undermines the very foundations of the order of society.'

He then goes on to declare, as a general fundamental principle, that the very essence of a loan of any thing to be returned in kind, (as money,) is, that it be gratuitous and charitable: thus furnishing a singular example of what logicians call a *petitio principii*,—a taking for granted the very substance of the proposition in controversy.

If loans were indeed gratuitous, the only inference that could be drawn from this fact would seem to be,—that letting money to hire is not a loan; but if letting money to hire be a loan, then loans are not in their nature gratuitous. Either way, we see that the civilian's argument is unsatisfactory.

Having presented this elementary principle as the basis of his reasoning, he next arrays a company of arguments to prove the taking of interest to be a violation of the order of society.

The first is, that money lent, returnable in kind, is not exposed to insensible diminution, or wear and tear, and that therefore nothing should be paid for the use of it. Had he said that nothing should be paid for wear and tear, the proposition would have been true. But it no more proves that the borrower ought not to pay for the use of money, than the fact, that the lessee of a farm cannot use that farm like negotiable paper, proves that he ought to pay no rent.

The second argument against interest is, that if the borrower by accident lose the use of the money, he is still bound to pay the interest, as though he had used it.

The same objection would lie against paying house rent, in case the house be destroyed by fire, so that the use of it is lost. But the law very properly requires the borrower in the one case, and the tenant in the other, to provide against loss.

The third argument is, that if the borrower accidentally lose the principal, the lender nevertheless requires him to repay the sum borrowed, with interest according to the contract. Is this a hardship? So would the loss be a hardship to the lender, who perhaps is the least able to bear it. The law attributes gross negligence to a person who is so careless as to

lose borrowed money; and in every instance of gross negligence, the faulty person is justly made the loser.

But the fourth argument is, of all, the most remarkable. It is this,—the borrower of money becomes, on its delivery to him, the owner thereof, with absolute right to dispose of it at his will, and ought not therefore to be obliged to pay for the use of that which is his own. This argument supposes interest to be paid for the identical piece of coin or slip of paper transferred by the lender to the borrower,—instead of for the value which the coin or paper represents. Of the external sign of the value the borrower becomes absolute master,—but of the value itself he is only the purchaser for a specified time.

The whole of these arguments against interest are founded on the false assumption already named,—that the essential character of a loan is charitable and gratuitous. When we remember that borrowing and lending are as purely business transactions as are buying and selling, or the letting to hire of land, houses, ships, or merchandise, we shall perceive the entire inapplicability of all arguments drawn from a contrary supposition.

The weakness of these arguments will farther appear from the fact, that they do not approach the real substantial reasons for paying and receiving interest. The enquiry may now be made, therefore, why should interest be paid? The answer is that A, by borrowing, has deprived B, perhaps greatly to his injury, of the power of employing such other profitable modes of investment, as he would otherwise have enjoyed;—because A has procured of B an instrument by means of which he can benefit himself, either by the payment of former debts, the purchase of desired articles, or any other investment;—because B has assumed the risks of never being paid, arising from the manner in which A shall employ the money, from his personal character and credit, and from every other circumstance by which the recovery of the loan is rendered doubtful or difficult;—and, finally, because he voluntarily undertook, after mature deliberation, with a full understanding of the contract, and on what he deemed ample consideration, to make such payment.

If these reasons be not sufficient to prove that nothing in the law of nature forbids either the payment or the receipt of interest, then is there no contract, whatsoever, amongst business men, which is consistent with the law of nature.

We think it quite clear, therefore, that neither revelation nor natural religion pronounce, the taking or the giving of interest to be morally wrong. We now come to the second question :—ought the Legislature to interfere with the private rights of borrowers and lenders, and attempt to fix the rate of interest by any limitation?

To us it seems perfectly manifest that the laws should no more interfere with money contracts, than with contracts of any other kind. In the one, as in the other, provision should always be made against fraud; but the rules of the law should be of general, instead of specific application.

The laws ought not to interfere with the rate of interest, because *such an interference is an infringement of private rights, unwarranted by any circumstance of public benefit or convenience*, and therefore wholly at war with the spirit of our government.

It is a truth familiar to us all,—felt by us all,—that that government is the best, which, by the smallest machinery, and the simplest process, and the least infringement of individual liberty, effects the purpose for which government was intended, —the general welfare.

Guided by this proposition, and knowing that a part of our individual liberty is the liberty of making such contracts as we deem best for our own interest,—the liberty of managing our property in our own way,—we cannot but feel assured that unless the laws for the prevention of hiring and letting money, above or below certain rates, be called for by the public good, —be demanded for the purpose of preventing or removing great and general mischiefs,—they are, on principle, to be condemned as unnecessary, and therefore tyrannical.*

We proceed to inquire whether there be evils, and what those evils are, which demand for their cure or prevention the existence of usury laws.

One of the most illustrious of the English Political Economists of the last century, remarks in his work on the Wealth of Nations, 'that if the laws tolerated the giving and taking of

* 'The most effectual plan,' says Dr. Smith, 'for advancing a people to greatness, is to maintain that order of things which Nature pointed out; by allowing every man, as long as he observes the rules of justice, to pursue his interest in his own way, and to bring both his industry and his capital into the freest competition with those of his fellow citizens.'

a rate of interest much above the lowest market rate, the greater part of the money lent would be lent to prodigals and projectors, who alone would give more than that rate.'

But is it true, that if money contracts were left unfettered by law, none but prodigals and imprudent speculators would borrow?

Go into State Street, and ask any money lending corporation or individual, whether, in case our usury laws were repealed, they would select the spendthrift and the visionary schemer as their best borrowing friends;—whether they would lend to the gamester in lotteries or at billiards, and to the dreamy trifler in hazardous experiments, instead of the discreet and sober merchant, whose modes of business and whose personal character give promise of prompt and honest payments. The answer, we presume, would be in the negative.

Nor can we justly fear that any class of borrowers, so long as they can offer the best security, will be subjected to exorbitant demands. Competition amongst lenders will always bring security and rates of interest to their proper level. No one will contend that money should be lent on bad credit and doubtful security, at a rate as low as that commanded by the best credit and the most unquestionable security.

That prodigals and projectors would ever monopolize the borrowing market, no one, who knows how few they are in any community, and how seldom they are found amongst us, can believe.

The supposition involved in Smith's argument is, therefore, false. Nor is that all. Were it true, the argument would nevertheless fail, inasmuch as the bare fact that the two classes of men therein named might become large borrowers, and be exposed to extortion, is no justification of the law. The law has no more right to prevent such persons from forming money contracts, than it has to prevent them from purchasing or selling every species of property at ruinous prices.

The laws may, and very properly do, provide for the appointment of guardians over those whose conduct shows them incapable of self-direction. They provide, with equal propriety, that the designing and fraudulent shall not be allowed to harm these helpless creatures in person or property. Beyond this they have no right to go,—and every step beyond is to be repelled as a trespass upon the sacred precincts of man's inalienable rights.

It has been very truly remarked, that he must be poorly supplied with discretion, who cannot make his own bargains more judiciously than any legislature can make them for him.

We come to the conclusion, then, that neither the prevention of prodigality or imprudent speculation, nor the protection of folly, is a sufficient cause for legal interference with the rate of interest. It may be further remarked, that if the law can be justified in this interference, under pretext of protecting simplicity, it ought to go farther than it ever has done, and forbid the *lending* of money *under a certain rate* per cent.; for surely the simplicity of a money lender is as proper a subject of legislation, as the folly of a borrower; and we know not which, in a business point of view, would be deemed the greater simpleton,—he who lets money at six per cent. when it is really worth eighteen,—or he who borrows it at eighteen per cent. when it is worth only six.

It cannot be doubted that, if the usury laws were repealed, there would be occasional instances of fraud and extortion; but neither can it be doubted that there are such instances now.

It cannot be questioned that an occasional prodigal or simpleton, or other person in pressing want of money, would, in case there were no laws against usury, be obliged to pay a much higher rate of interest than is now the legal rate. But under the laws themselves, many an honest and prudent man is forced, nay more, is willing and anxious, to pay the same excess. Let it also be remembered that the laws of Massachusetts are not made for any one man, or class of men, nor even for a bare majority of citizens,—but for the whole population.

The second argument against usury laws is '*that, so far as concerns their declared intention, they are absolute nullities; in other words, that they are always evaded and violated.*

It is so now: it always has been so: and it always will be so, while such laws exist.

We have perceived that the practice of usury was always abused in exact proportion to the severity of the laws against it. When the laws amounted to prohibition, then interest was highest: as they relaxed in severity, it grew moderate in its rate. Thus in Greece, where there was no legal interference, money could be procured on the most hazardous voyages, at a rate far below that paid by the farmers of Cyprus on common loans in the days of Cicero. So now in Constantinople, where

usury is wholly forbidden, the customary rate of interest on ordinary loans is 30 per cent.;—a price for which some of our offices would almost insure a voyage to the inner circle of the Maelstrom.

Let us now translate the lessons of experience and observation into common language, and we shall learn from them that borrowing and lending will exist in defiance of law, in every commercial community; that money will always command its full market value; that if the laws fix a rate much below the average market price, they will be subject to constant direct and indirect violation; and that, if the laws fix a rate differing but little from the average market price, they will be infringed only when the market price is above that rate; we have before seen that the market price of money, like that of all other things, is ever changing; from all which follows inevitably the conclusion, that the laws must always be subject to evasion and infraction.

From this inability of the laws to curb the course of business, arise certain consequences, the nature of which furnishes a *third* argument against usury laws;—to wit, that *they are a serious evil to both borrowers and lenders.*

Probably all of us have felt this fact;—perhaps some have misunderstood it: we shall endeavor so far as we can, to give an explanation of it.

The rate of interest at which any person can borrow, depends chiefly on the general relation at that time existing between the supply of money in the market and the demand for its use. It is also affected by the character and credit of the borrower,—the nature of the use to which the principal will be applied, if that can be known,—and a multitude of other circumstances, which vary the probability of repayment:—or in other words, by the security offered by the borrower, and by the circumstances attending the loan.

Interest is therefore of a mixed character;—it partakes of the nature of insurance as well as of rent.

When the market rate is highest, when it rises above the law's allowance, then is money invariably most wanted. At such times what is the effect of the law?

Ostensibly it wholly prevents both borrowing and lending. It says to the money-owner, who, of course, will not lend below the market rate, 'You shall not lend at all.' It says to the would-be borrower, whose prospect of profit, or whose fear

of loss, prompts him to hire at the market value, 'No matter what are your wishes, no matter what your necessities, no matter how excellent your judgment, you shall not borrow above the legal rate. I know that you cannot get the money at that rate; I know that you could vastly increase your property, or escape destruction, by borrowing at almost any interest; but you had better by far stop business than procure your facilities at seven per cent.'

To the man of small capital, whose rich neighbors are borrowing with difficulty at full legal interest, but who is himself unable to offer the best security, and of course cannot borrow quite so low, the law exclaims, 'I pray you be easy; you must not think of over-bidding the law; you cannot borrow in these days; leave that to your wealthier neighbors, and wait patiently until money is worth less. They may be amassing still larger fortunes meanwhile, and you may be ruined,—but there is some comfort in being ruined according to law.'

Such are the principles of the law. A more odious monopoly than this,—a more hateful distinction in favor of the rich and against the poor, could not well be made.

Such are not, however, the *real effects* of the law, as a general rule; borrowers, at such times, laugh at the law and offer the highest price demanded for money. But instead of paying what would be its price were there no usury laws, they are obliged to pay, as an insurance against the laws, at least 33 per cent. above that price.

In the first place, the laws hold out a bribe to dishonest borrowers sufficiently large to tempt almost any man in his hour of weakness to resist the payment of the debt, and recover back from the lender that triple interest which the statutes impose upon him. Against this risk, created by legal operation, must the borrower insure the lender,—must the lender insure himself, by an enhanced rate of interest; on the same principle that the lender on Bottomry bonds increases his rate in the storm-season of the year, or on a perilous voyage.

A second way in which the laws are an injury to borrowers by advancing interest is, by diminishing the number of lenders, and consequently the amount of that competition by which prices are kept down. Many a man will refuse to lend at any rate, when the market price of money exceeds the legal per centage. Respecting the laws, even when manifestly wrong, they retire from the market. Thus is competition dimin-

ished. By the same process the quantity of capital in the market is also reduced, and that which remains commands, of course, an increased price.

Besides these unfavorable circumstances, there is another. Many persons, refusing to lend above the legal rate, prefer to lend at that rate to such borrowers as can give the best security. Such men, therefore, become the creditors of banks and other monied corporations, which, having themselves no such scruples, do not hesitate to lend at the top of the market.

This diminution of capital and of competition, as we before said, elevates the price of money: for money lending is like stage driving,—the more the opposition the lower the fare: it is like every other kind of business, the smaller the quantity in the market while the demand continues, the higher is the price.

But the evils of the law are yet more extensive. Those men, who retire from the market rather than violate the law, are the very men with whom borrowers should prefer to deal. They are the most generous, the most conscientious, the most honorable. These who remain as lenders, are in general less generous, if not less honorable and conscientious. What is the consequence? Is it not a more rigid exaction of the highest price for money?—a more unyielding and unmerciful spirit of money making? This last evil effect of the laws would be less sensibly felt, were those who remain in the market as lenders, merely individuals,—were there no corporations standing in the capacity of lenders. But these corporations are by far the greatest lenders at such times.

Philosophy would teach us, even had the lessons of a bitter experience never been learned, that where a body of men associate together in order to act as an individual, that feeling of responsibility to conscience and to public opinion, by which every person is in some degree influenced, is almost wholly unfelt; being divided amongst so many it becomes insensible. The persons composing such corporations stand in the same relation to each other, with reference to a loss of honor, or of reputation, as do the members of a Mutual Insurance Company one towards another in reference to losses of property;—the fraction of loss belonging to each individual is so minute as to be scarcely felt. Such has been the conduct of these institutions, that public odium everywhere rests upon them. Their agency in times of pecuniary difficulty is never so generous

and upright as that of individuals, and of course they considerably augment the burden of the usury laws.

In view of all these facts, can it be doubted that usury laws are an injury to borrowers? Could this be made the general opinion, those laws would speedily fall before the voice of public dislike; for borrowers form an immense majority in the community, and it is their mistaken trust in the beneficial effect of the laws which has so long preserved them.

The injuries inflicted upon lenders by legal operation, are equal in number and severity. They increase the risks upon which money is lent. It ought to be known and felt, that no part of what is charged upon the borrower in the nature of insurance is justly called profit. It is not profit: it is indemnity,—indemnity for the loss of security. That part of the rate of interest, which is properly called profit, is the small fraction which the lender would charge were the repayment of the sum lent positively certain. That this is very small, may be seen in the fact, that a very low rate of interest is charged on money lent upon the security of real estate,—and a still smaller rate on that lent upon government security. When money is worth more than the legal rate, the perils of lending hold a much larger proportion to the profit than on ordinary occasions. That this is an injury no one can doubt.

A *fourth* argument against these laws is, that *they are based on erroneous principles of political economy.*

The first of these principles is, that a low rate of interest is a sign of general wealth and prosperity. This may perhaps be true in old countries, like Holland, France and England, where every mode and form of human enterprise is occupied and crowded,—where wealth is vastly accumulated in the form of floating capital, and where there is always a supply of money vastly above the demand for profitable investment. Under such circumstances the rate of interest must be low,—and low in exact proportion to such excess of monied capital, or national wealth.

But, in this country, we have around us ten thousand untried paths of profit and modes of successful enterprise. Here there is not that vast surplus of capital, which tells of national old age; none of that aggregation of wealth in particular hands, which is justly regarded as the morbid secretion of political systems in decay. All is activity and freshness, and health and youth. We cannot find enough money to meet our de-

mands for its profitable investment, and when the course of business is most successful, then does money command the highest rates of interest.

For hundreds of years to come it will be so. When, at last, our land, like England, shall groan under the burden of a crowded population,—when every acre shall be tilled,—when the sky shall be curtained with the smoke of our countless manufactories, and every one of our seas and lakes and rivers shall be vexed with our commerce;—when every device and expedient by which money can be gathered together, shall for a long succession of years have been discovered and employed, —and when wealth shall have far outgrown the demand for its employment,—then will this golden consummation be indicated by diminished rates of interest; but even then, we should be slow to consider these diminished rates as proofs of national prosperity. Till that time shall arrive, let it be remembered by every American legislator, that, as a general rule, with us public prosperity is at its highest pitch when money commands the highest price.

Even during the late crisis, when other causes of an extraordinary character lent their aid to raise the price of money, any merchant of Boston will probably be ready to say, that the first cause of the unusual rates of interest was a previous unexampled increase of profitable business, by which hundreds had been induced to extend their credits far beyond the bounds of prudence.

So much for the first principle of political economy assumed by our laws.

The second principle assumed by the law is, that the rate of interest, and consequently (on the European notion) the degree of public prosperity, can be fixed by the Legislature.

This idea carries upon the very face of it the impress of absurdity. It has already been shown that the price of money is determined, like the price of every thing else, by the relation existing between the demand and the supply. It is obvious that the law cannot affect either of these elements. They depend upon the vicissitudes of trade,—which, in turn, depend upon the operation of causes as numerous and as widely spread, as are the efforts of human enterprise and ingenuity. Every change of the breeze wafts to our ears the knowledge of facts which affect the market;—from every quarter of the globe, and from every kingdom of nature, and from every department

of mortal toil, comes that information to our merchants and manufacturers, and farmers, by which their investments and expenditures are regulated. How vain, therefore, is every law which attempts to control that which is the effect of causes so various, so numerous, and so perfectly beyond the reach of legislation!

A *fifth* argument against Usury Laws is *their inconsistency.*

Are they intended to prevent prodigality? They tolerate it in every form but that of borrowing.

Are they intended to protect the simple? They allow him to lend his money at any rate, however low, and even to throw it away unrebuked.

Are they intended to shield the poor? They do not allow him to lend his money at its full value;—they drive him as a borrower from the market when money cannot be procured at the legal rate,—or else, by the perils of law, force him to pay enormous usury. All this we have proved. But this is not the inconsistency at present complained of. Besides this, *the laws allow an indefinite rate of interest to be charged and paid on certain sorts of loans, which cannot, in principle, be distinguished from loans on which the rate is by law limited to six per cent.*

Thus on Bottomry bonds the lender may charge what *he* pleases, and the borrower may pay what *he* chooses.

Is there any peculiarity in this kind of loan, or in the circumstances attending it, to justify the distinction made by the law?

Before investigating this question, our readers will allow us to remind them of two facts, the importance of which, in any discussion of the usury laws, is very considerable. The *first* is, that no person in business complains of the liberty given by law to this maritime contract; but on the contrary it is universally confessed to be just and proper. The *second* fact is, that, in the practice of lending and borrowing on Bottomry, although there is no legal restriction, no law of maritime usury, yet no evils arise from this freedom,—no abuses or extortious exactions are complained of;—all parties feel that they are even benefited by the absence of legislative interference. One would imagine that such facts might shake the belief of those who advocate usury laws.

Now let us see what entitles Bottomry to such legal exemption.

Sir Wm. Blackstone says, that trade carried on by sea is of such value and importance, that it ought to be allowed perfect freedom of all such contracts as are needful to its existence or convenience. His remark is very true: but it is as true of business carried on by land:—it proves as much in relation to the common terra-firma contract of hiring and letting money, as it does with regard to maritime contracts. We confess that if, during a voyage, a ship's company are brought into want of money, and money cannot be hired at the common rate of interest, the captain ought to have the power and the right of borrowing at such other rate as he can. But so, also, do we affirm that if, in his ordinary business upon land, a merchant finds himself in want of money,—without which he must suffer,—he ought to have, and to exercise, the same right of borrowing at the best possible rate. Both captain and merchant are entitled to be the sole judges of their own respective wants and ability.

The law therefore makes a distinction where, in this particular respect at least, there is no difference.

But, says Mr. Ord, in his Treatise on Usury, Bottomry is not a *loan*, as other kinds of borrowing and lending are,—because the money lent is put at hazard; whereas in a loan the sum lent is not at risk. We do not insist on calling Bottomry a *loan*;—'A rose by any other name will smell as sweet:' but we do insist upon truth in the statement of facts. When it is affirmed that the sum lent is not, in the case of ordinary loans, put at risk, we must deny the assertion.

The money lent upon Bottomry is put at the hazard of sea perils,—of the winds and waves and rocks of the great highway of nations. In common loans it is put at the risk of every breath of fortune,—of every conceivable form of the many-shaped monster, *Danger*,—of every circumstance by which may be affected the inclination or ability of the borrower to fulfil his contract.

No such distinction can, therefore, be justly claimed in favor of Bottomry; but he who reasons justly and candidly must confess, that if in the one case exemption from legal restraint is called for by the necessity or nature of the contract, the same reasons demand an equal exemption for the other.

But we need not confine the illustration of legal inconsistency to a comparison between the different sorts of loans. Truth and justice sustain us in saying that there is not, in the

whole circle of human affairs, any species of contract whatsoever, voluntarily formed by and between persons of sound mind, whether it be purchase or sale, or lease, or charter-party, or any other mode of traffic devised by human ingenuity, ever prompt to relieve its own necessities,—which the law, if consistent with itself, ought not to restrict by the same regulations which now encumber the letting to hire of money ; and we need not fear to defy the most subtle intellect, to point out a solid reason for the invidious distinction which now exists. Time was when the legislature extended its interference with private rights to almost every act of private life. But that was a day of political darkness. The wisdom of the people has ever since been increasing ; one after another of these legal abuses has been removed by more intelligent legislatures, until no relic remains of the old regime of error, excepting the laws against usury. A still farther reform will follow that increase of knowledge which is now enlightening the community, —and we trust that the time is not very distant when these will disappear.

Such are some of the arguments which seem to us to prove that usury laws ought not to exist. It would be easy to multiply them,—but we trust that we have said enough to satisfy any reasonable man of the truth of the proposition which we have endeavored to prove. We have seen that usury laws are needless infringements of individual liberty, called for by no public necessity and producing no beneficial effect. We have seen that they are a dead letter, always violated and evaded. We have seen that they are productive of enormous evils to both borrowers and lenders, the largest share of the evils being inflicted on those who borrow. We have seen that they are founded upon false notions of political economy ; and finally that they are inconsistent in principle, and partial in their operation. In view of all these arguments, and remembering that in strict justice it is incumbent upon the advocates of such laws to prove their claims upon our favorable regard, we feel ourselves authorized to conclude that they ought to be abolished.

ART. V.—*The Free Cities of Flanders.*

1. *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne de la Maison de Valois.* Par M. de BARANTE. 11 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1825.
2. *Histoire de la Flandre depuis le Comte Gui de Dampierre jusqu' aux Ducs de Bourgogne.* Par JULES VAN PRAET. 2 tom. 8vo. Bruxelles. 1828.
3. *Notice Historique sur la Ville de Gand.* Par A. VOISIN. 12mo. Gand. 1826.

THE history of a community, which has run its career of public freedom, is fraught with peculiar interest to those of later times, who are still engaged in trying a similar great experiment on the capacity of man for self-government. Its example addresses instruction and admonition to them, equally as to the rest of the world. And they can enter, with all the sympathy of perfect fellow-feeling, into the triumphs which honored, or the reverses and errors which saddened, the sojourn of liberty in the bosom of a people which has now ceased to be free. The commonwealths of Greece and Rome, by reason of their long-continued power and classic celebrity,—the Italian republics of the middle age, by their conspicuous position in the very front of modern European refinement,—have attracted, as they ought, the larger share of study and admiration. There is another class of communities, in many respects resembling those of Greece and Italy, which, with less of external splendor to fix regard, are yet entitled to a careful examination on the part of us, the immediate descendants of the northern nations of Europe,—namely, the great cities of England, the Netherlands, France, Germany, and the Baltic. Whilst, in the rural districts of these countries, the feudal system struck deep root, and the great baronial aristocracy were exclusively possessed of power,—in the large cities, on the contrary, with their dense population, there was a spirit of liberty at work from the beginning; and out of them issued forth the power and influence of the *commons*, and *tiers-état*, to change the face of all Europe.

We propose, in illustration of this important subject, after saying a few words on the political organization of the communities in question, to run over the leading incidents in the history of one of them, Ghent, the chief among the Flemish free

cities, and for a while the turning point in the politics of Western Europe.

Rome, it is familiarly known, was in the outset a mere municipality, not a nation, in the sense which this word bears at the present day. The population of Greece and Italy was in the old time distributed in cities, not in states; and the government of Rome, like that of Athens, was a civic, not a national organization. As the conquests of Rome proceeded, she made war upon cities, she contracted alliances with cities, she established colonies in the form of cities; and when the power of the Republic was at length supreme, it consisted of a great multitude of municipalities stripped of their proper independence, that is, of the powers of sovereignty, of the right of peace and war, but in every other particular retaining a civic constitution analogous to that of Rome. When the Roman Empire fell into pieces, the great cities composing it naturally and readily resumed the sovereignty which they had anciently possessed, or took it upon them for the first time in the mere exercise of the duty of self-defence. In Italy, where the municipal organization was more firmly established than in Gaul or Britain, and where the Barbarians were less entirely victorious, the cities speedily rose again to opulence and power. But the Franks, Saxons, and Goths, who gained the western provinces of the Empire, were more successful in the work of destruction than the Lombards and other invaders of Italy. Hence, the municipal organization, which balanced the feudal system in Italy, became quite subordinate to it in the dominions of the Franks and Saxons. In Modern Italy, the feudal nobility left their mountain fastnesses and isolated strongholds, to enter into the great cities as citizens, not as masters; and they severally gained the control of Milan, Florence, and so forth, by usurpation, not by conquest. But in the north of France and in the Netherlands, the cities were compelled to enter unreservedly into the system of feudality, and wear the yoke of the great barons, upon whom the soil, and with it the rights of sovereignty, devolved. In process of time, as the inhabitants of the cities acquired riches, strength, and a sense of the oppression of their feudal superiors, they began to take up arms against the barons on whom they depended, and extorted from the latter various concessions in charters of immunity, which constitute the legal origin of popular rights in modern Europe.

Bearing in mind these preliminary remarks, let us now approach to an individual case, to witness the development of the germ of liberty under the auspices of civic intelligence and patriotism, and trace the vicissitudes of a long contest between feudal power and popular right;—for doing which, the works at the head of this article supply us with abundant materials of the highest authority.

It is one of the foibles of antiquaries to carry back the origin of states and cities to a far distant period, and to find some splendid name in the obscurity of traditionary lore as the imaginary founder of communities, which probably owed their beginnings to the chance association of humble individuals. Hercules is the putative father of many a city along the shores of the Mediterranean. Æneas proved a ready resource for less presuming fabulists. The conquests of Julius Cæsar in Gaul and Britain have rendered it convenient for the chroniclers of the middle ages to ascribe to him the honor of numerous establishments, which rose to rank in modern times. Ghent, among the rest, has her legend on this subject, which supposes that the name she originally bore was Gaia or Caia, after the prenomen of the Dictator. Another tradition traces the foundation of the city to the Vandals, who, it is thought, gave it the name of Vanda, which afterwards became corrupted into Ganda, the Latin name equivalent to Ghent. Each of these theories has more of fancy than of fact in its composition.

Ghent does not make its appearance in history until the seventh century, when Dagobert despatched Saint Amand thither to convert the Pagan inhabitants to Christianity. It seems to have struggled along in common with the other towns under the sway of the Merovingian Franks, amid the barbarism of those times, without being the scene of any remarkable occurrence, until the ninth century, the disastrous epoch of the incursions of the Normans. Ghent was too near to the sea-coast not to suffer greatly from the merciless inroads of those licentious pirates, who were so long the scourge and terror of Western Europe. In 811 we find Charlemagne constructing a fleet of boats at Ghent for the purpose of opposing the Normans. In 868 Baldwin, first Count of Flanders, surnamed Bras-de-Fer, or Iron-Arm, a quality that seems to have been very desirable in that age, raised fortifications professedly to protect Ghent from the same robbers, which fortifications afterwards became the means of overawing the citizens themselves.

They began, about this time, to exhibit wealth and numbers, and in the year 960 gave the first signal example of the spirit of independence, for which they subsequently became remarkable. The story is, that Ghent was besieged in that year by the Kings of France, England, and Scotland, who made a vow that if the city were not speedily surrendered, they would raze it to its foundations and sow the ruins with corn. Nothing daunted by the menace, the inhabitants made so brave a defence that the siege was abandoned by their enemies, the King of England being permitted to enter the city and scatter a handful of grain in the market place, to comply with his rash vow.

Indeed, the characteristic traits of courage, industry, enterprise, and love of liberty, which so long distinguished the people of Ghent, had ere now become fully developed. Europe was recovering slowly from the terrible ravages of the Normans, and the patient Flemings being among the first to avail themselves of returning tranquillity, Count Baldwin the younger introduced the manufacture of cloths at Ghent. The inhabitants devoted themselves successfully to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, chiefly of woollen goods, for which the raw material was obtained in England. Under these circumstances, notwithstanding the occurrence of the customary calamities of the middle ages, namely, occasional pestilence and conflagration, and continual war, Ghent had acquired great comparative prosperity towards the close of the twelfth century, when the mania of the Crusades seized on the nobles and proved so useful to the humbler *bourgeois*, peasantry, and serfs, who were enabled to purchase numerous privileges from the necessities of their feudal lords.

The inhabitants of Ghent profited largely by the circumstances of the time, which gave dignity and strength to the municipalities of the Low Countries. Under Philip of Alsace, in the year 1178, they were released from all the incidents of villenage, gained territorial rights, the privilege of assembling to deliberate on their public affairs, of being governed by *échevins*, or municipal magistrates, elected by themselves, and of possessing a public seal, a *beffroi* or watch tower, and judicial authority. At this period, many of the citizens of Ghent had accumulated riches, and they began to build those fortified dwellings, flanked with turrets, which are still seen in some parts of the city. They obtained, at the same time,

numerous privileges for their trade and manufactures, which stimulated the natural proneness of the inhabitants of the Netherlands for cultivating the useful arts. Their commerce was greatly extended by the institution of the Hanseatic League. From the Emperor Frederic they received a concession of the free navigation of the Rhine. In the year 1191, Ghent was made the capital of Flanders. Soon afterwards Baldwin of Hainault, the successor of Philip, granted them many additional immunities, such as that no edict of the Count should have the force of law without being confirmed by the citizens, and that they might construct fortifications for the protection of the city or of individuals. The next Count, Baldwin IX., who became Emperor of Constantinople at the time of the Crusades, also liberally encouraged the industry of Ghent.

Under Ferrand and Jeanne, in the year 1228, the *thirty-nine* were established as the depositaries of the municipal powers, a body which afterwards became famous in the Flemish annals. Many cessions of land were also made to the city during the thirteenth century; and by its gradual but rapid increase of territory, wealth and inhabitants, it had now become more extensive and populous than the capital of France. It was visited by Petrarch at this period, who spoke with admiration of the industrious population, which he found superior to any he had seen since his departure from Italy. And it was not long before Ghent, having prospered so wonderfully under the judicious policy of its Counts, who easily saw that they could in no way derive so much revenue from its inhabitants as by fostering their enterprise and industry, rose to possess political importance, and to be capable of exercising a marked influence in the affairs of Europe.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, Gui de Dampierre, Count of Flanders, was holden prisoner in France, while Charles de Valois took possession of Ghent in the name of Philippe le Bel. This prince suppressed the *thirty-nine*, and substituted a different body for the government of the city, which was placed in charge of one of his favorites called Jacques de Chatillon. The Flemings rose in arms in behalf of their native sovereign, and encountering a numerous army under Robert of Artois, at Courtrai, in the year 1302, gained the splendid victory of Courtrai, in which the flower of the French nobility fell before the brave burghers of Bruges and Ghent. On this memorable day, 8000 gilt spurs adorned the

triumph of the Flemings, from which circumstance this engagement was called the Battle of the Spurs; and the result was the re-establishment of Gui de Dampierre in his authority. This was among the earliest occasions, in which the inhabitants of Ghent distinguished themselves in the great contests of that age; but others followed in quick succession, in consequence of the troubles which broke out in Flanders under Count Louis de Crécy.

The people of Ghent supported their Count against the revolted inhabitants of Bruges on various occasions, and finally at the battle of Cassel in the year 1328, which proved so fatal to the insurgent Flemings. But afterwards the intrigues of Edward III., of England, who threatened to deprive them of the supply of wool so indispensably necessary to the subsistence of their manufactures, induced them to take part against Count Louis. They made choice of the famous James van Artevelde, a man of distinguished birth as well as talents, to be *Ruwaert* or Protector of Ghent. His relative Siger of Courtrai had been executed in the year 1337, for opposition to Count Louis; but this example did not deter Artevelde from entering on the same career of patriotism, in defence of the rights of his fellow citizens, against the authority and influence of France. In the year 1338, he led the people of Ghent against Bruges, Ypres, and other towns, and conquered the whole of Flanders. At the seige of Tournai in the year 1340, he commanded the Flemish contingent of 40,000 men in the army of the Allies, leagued against Philippe de Valois. The truce that ensued did not deprive him of his authority, which was in a manner absolute throughout Flanders. To evade the sentence of excommunication pronounced against the people of Ghent at this time, on account of their being false to the oath of allegiance to the king of France, which they had previously taken, Artevelde suggested that they should acknowledge Edward III., as king of France, so as to reconcile their friendship for him with their oaths. He introduced into Ghent a classification of the inhabitants, in imitation of the internal system of Florence, and thus organized the brave artisans so that their masses could be called into action at a moment's warning. He divided the people into three classes, one consisting of the proprietors and capitalists, another of the weavers, and a third of fifty-two other trades of the city, each class having its dean, who possessed considerable executive power.

Artevelde enrolled himself in the company of brewers, in order to rank with the common people, and was chosen their dean. These arrangements, which continued in force through all Flanders until the middle of the sixteenth century, gave new energy to the inhabitants of Ghent, and enabled Artevelde to apply their forces promptly to the accomplishment of any public object. He consulted the wishes of the clergy, who repeatedly supplied him with money for the expenses of government, was beloved by the merchants, because he rendered commerce flourishing, and respected by the army, which he had so often conducted to victory. In fact, for seven years this extraordinary man maintained his authority in Ghent, raising the city to the highest pitch of prosperity, until he was basely assassinated, in the year 1344, by some of the partisans of Count Louis.

Van Artevelde had attained a degree of authority and influence which no Count of Flanders ever possessed, and attained it by the simple force of superior talents. Eminently endued with skill as an orator, he knew how to move at will the unstable multitude, whom it was his fortune to rule. Having travelled and frequented courts, he exhibited the nobleness and native dignity of one born to wear a coronet. Simple and popular in his intercourse with his fellow-citizens, he displayed, among men of higher standing, the penetrating genius and varied intelligence of the profound statesman, and succeeded, with all, in communicating to his enterprises the air of being intended to effect some plausible object of public good. The nobles and princes, those lawgivers and rulers by the right of birth, whom he displaced for a time, did not, of course, bear any affection to his memory; but the inquisitive and free searching erudition of modern times is more just to the reputation of a man, whom no hereditary sovereign of his country ever surpassed, and who governed by the right of popular election, which the world now seems resolved to think as valid a title to political power as primogeniture.

The struggle of that period, although on the face of it a dispute of rival foreign factions, that is, the French and the English, was in fact between the conflicting pretensions of growing independence among the people and the spirit of feudalism resisting their efforts to be partially free. It is, therefore, a cause, in which every well wisher of the human family should sympathize. Notwithstanding the untimely death of Artevelde,

his party was then completely successful. The people of Ghent bore arms under King Edward before Calais, and compelled the French and their young Count, Louis de Mâle, to acknowledge and confirm their ancient privileges, and especially to release them from all obligation to give aid in the wars of France against England.

For many years after this epoch, Ghent participated largely in the extraordinary prosperity of Flanders, which flourished remarkably amid the barbarism of the rest of Northern Europe. But Louis de Mâle could not forget the humiliation, which he had sustained at the hands of the bold and free-hearted burghers of Ghent. Since his admission to the inheritance of his ancestors, they had repeatedly contributed enormous sums of money to pay off his debts, and at length became weary of continually feeding his extravagance and profusion. He obtained what he wanted by applying to the people of Bruges, whom he recompensed for their compliance, by giving them permission to construct a canal for conducting the waters of the Lys directly from Deynse to Bruges. Incensed at the prosecution of a plan, the effect, and perhaps the design of which they saw was to prejudice their own commerce, the people of Ghent flew to arms, and under the command of the dean of the boatmen, named Yoens, they dispersed the laborers on the new canal, and lighted up again the flames of war in Flanders.

Louis de Mâle was nothing loath to have an opportunity of trying conclusions once more with his turbulent subjects. The insurgent party bore the *nom de guerre* of the White-caps. Their leader, Yoens, was brave and unscrupulous, possessed of a popular eloquence and an enterprising spirit, which gave him great influence among his countrymen. Count Louis despatched his steward with a party of two hundred horsemen, to secure the person of Yoens ; but the White-caps fell upon them, slew the steward, tore in pieces the banner of the prince, and ravaged the houses of his adherents. Matters had now gone too far for peace, and the White-caps assembled to the number of 10,000, and proceeded to sack and burn the rich castle of Woldeghem, belonging to Louis, which he had constructed and adorned at vast expense. They then marched against Alost, Terminde, Ninove, and Deynse, which submitted to their authority, and made common cause with them in defence of the common liberties of Flanders. On his return from these ex-

peditions, Yoens died very suddenly, not without suspicion of being poisoned, and the burghers of Ghent elected four captains to command them, among whom Pieter van den Bossche was the most prominent. These leaders continued the war for a while with various fortune; but they soon found that the spirit of the people began to flag, and that a man of more popular talents was needed to infuse energy into the ranks of the insurgents. Van den Bossche had his eye upon the person demanded by the exigencies of the occasion, and was sufficiently disinterested to be willing to descend from his present elevation, and act a secondary part, when the good of his country required the sacrifice at his hands.

During the preceding year, a census had been taken of the male inhabitants of Ghent between fifteen and sixty years of age and capable of bearing arms, which many historians state at the large number of 80,000 men. Their prosperity in commerce and the arts had introduced luxury and license in its train. The operative classes could earn a subsistence by the labor of two or three days in the week, and had ample leisure for the gratification of disorderly propensities. Now, when they were pressed by the troops of Count Louis, they recalled the days of Van Artevelde, to whom they ascribed so much of their flourishing condition, and whose brilliant abilities and popular principles they recollected with veneration and profound regret. Would that James van Artevelde still lived! was the daily cry in Ghent. He did live, unnoticed and almost unknown, in the person of his son, Philip van Artevelde, the god-son of Queen Philippa of England, who, although in obscurity, and yet untouched by the impulse of ambition, was the heir of all the talents of the celebrated brewer of Ghent, the companion of kings, and the champion of his country. Followed by the principal burghers of the city, Van den Bossche repaired to the house of Van Artevelde, and invited him to assume the rank of his father. Philip yielded to the call of his country or of ambition, and was conducted to the Marché au Vendredi, where he received the oath of fidelity on the part of the people, and swore in his turn to maintain their rights and immunities inviolate. (February 1381.)

One of the first acts of his administration was a tribute of justice to the memory of his father and to the majesty of the laws violated in his person, which gave an earnest of the energy of his own character and purposes. He caused twelve of

the individuals concerned in the assassination of James van Artevelde to be punished with death. A military code, promulgated by him soon afterwards, one provision of which was that every man who left the fight without a wound should be imprisoned on bread and water forty days, was equally indicative of the resolute spirit of the new dictator. The time soon came for testing the strength of his party in the field of battle. A few months after the elevation of Van Artevelde to power, Louis de Mâle laid siege to Ghent, and encamped at Heusden with an imposing army. He was beaten in the battle of Gentbrugge; and his cousin and favorite, Gaultier d'Enghien, being slain by means of an ambuscade, he was compelled to break up his camp.

Van Artevelde, conceiving this to be a favorable occasion for treating with Louis, and bringing about his restoration to power on equitable conditions, sent twelve senators to Harlebeke to propose an accommodation. But the Count would agree to no treaty, without a stipulation that he might select two hundred of the inhabitants, and shut them up in the prisons of Lille. It was easy to see that Van Artevelde and his friends, the steady friends of the people, would be swept off by virtue of this clause, and besides losing their own lives, would leave the Flemings exposed to new exactions, with no bold hearts remaining to resist the Count's usurpations. To break up such an arrangement, Van Artevelde and his confidant, Van den Bossche, adopted an expedient, whose boldness was its only recommendation. When Simon Bette and Gilbert de Grutere, the chiefs of the embassy, who had thus betrayed the interests of the city, had made their report to the people, Van den Bossche stepped up to Gilbert de Grutere, and struck his dagger to his heart, while Van Artevelde did the same to Simon Bette. Another fierce struggle with Louis was the necessary consequence of this summary act of vengeance.

Meanwhile the movements of Louis had reduced the people of Ghent to a state of extreme want and misery. He persisted in reserving the right to punish capitally, at discretion, and in requiring that all the burghers should march out to meet him with cords around their necks, and kneel before him in humble petition for mercy. Van Artevelde proposed these degrading terms to the famished people, and finding them resolved to attempt any desperate enterprise rather than submit to such

humiliation, determined to march against Bruges, which had declared for Louis, and where the prince was then quartered. Having arranged his plans, and made a distribution of all the food remaining in the city, he marched forth at the head of 5000 picked men, with 300 pieces of artillery placed in cars, and took a position about a league from Bruges, where, entrenched behind his cars, he awaited the coming up of Count Louis.

Van Artevelde's forces were enfeebled by hunger, but they were brave and well armed, and they were steeled against all fear of consequences by the utter hopelessness of their present situation. They must die of starvation as it was, and they could but die at worst, if they did their duty in the field, and were unsuccessful; if they conquered, the boon they gained would be incalculably great. Mass was celebrated on the spot by a party of priests who had followed to bless the enterprise, and more than three quarters of the soldiers partook of the communion as doomed men. Van Artevelde then addressed his followers in a most animating speech, as they stood ready for the onset. Count Louis came to the attack with a force of 40,000 men; but Van Artevelde received him manfully, and suddenly unmasking his cannon, which had been concealed behind the cars, he gained, in despite of the superior numbers of his assailants, the complete and splendid victory of Boverhout (1382). The men of Ghent entered Bruges in triumph, pursuing the Count so hotly that he barely escaped with life by concealing himself in the bed of some female of low condition. All Bruges was compelled to take the oath of fidelity to Ghent, those who refused being put to death. An immense booty was conveyed to Ghent, including the gilt dragon, which still adorns the Beffroi. All Flanders now submitted to Ghent, and Van Artevelde, on his return, received the honors of a triumph, and was proclaimed the father and saviour of his country.

With his accustomed magnanimity, Van Artevelde again proposed a reconciliation between Louis and his revolted subjects, to which end he entreated the mediation of the young king of France, Charles VI. But the proud military barons of that age, alarmed at the spread of popular principles, indicated by the rising, called the *Jacquerie* among the peasantry of France, and by the repeated quarrels of the Flemings with their princes, had resolved to join heart and hand with Louis de Mâle for

his re-establishment in his inheritance, and for the destruction of the usurping burgher-sovereign, who gave such terrible lessons of liberty and victory to their serfs by means of his gallant men of Ghent. Under their counsels, the king treated the message of Van Artevelde with scorn, and mustered a powerful army of his own subjects for the succor of Louis de Mâle. The men of Ghent met with several minor reverses, and were finally overcome in the bloody battle of Roosebeke, in which Van Artevelde and 20,000 of his followers were slain. They fought bravely and perseveringly, but fell before the superior skill or prowess of the chivalry of France.

This event settled the question at issue between the feudal aristocracy and their uneasy vassals, and postponed the deliverance of Europe for three hundred years. All Flanders, except Ghent alone, immediately submitted to the Count; but the men of Ghent still held out. To the envoys, whom he sent to treat with them, they replied that they would never acknowledge his authority. 'No,' said they, 'he is not our sovereign, but our tyrant. Resolved to dare all, and suffer all, we declare war against him unto death, and if he re-enter our city, it must be to reign over ashes and dead bodies.' Having at their head Francis Ackerman, the companion and successor of Van Artevelde, they continued the war with invincible pertinacity. At length, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who aspired to the possession of Flanders as son in law to Louis de Mâle, and who feared, that unless he could effect an accommodation, the whole country would fall into the hands of France by right of conquest, made such concessions as led to a stable peace, by granting a full pardon and a confirmation of all their privileges to the brave citizens of Ghent (1385). But the burgher power had been shattered in the disastrous battle of Roosebeke; and although the spirit of liberty broke out among them from time to time, in consequence of the oppressions of their princes of the house of Burgundy, it was never afterwards so brilliantly displayed, as under the direction of the two Van Arteveldes.

The men of Ghent followed Philip the Good to the siege of Calais in the year 1435, and were always in quarrel with the citizens of Bruges. Indeed, they continued to yield a turbulent obedience to their sovereign until the year 1449, when they took up arms on account of some obnoxious duties imposed by Philip. The contest was long continued and disas-

trous to both parties, the principal towns of Flanders being taken first by one and then by the other, as the chances of war vibrated between them. The men of Ghent were finally vanquished in a bloody battle, fought on the plains of Gavre, losing 16,000 soldiers, who perished on the field or were drowned in the waters of the Scheldt. Being compelled to submit after this defeat, they obtained a humiliating peace only at the expense of a heavy fine, and the sacrifice of a part of their immunities. At the inauguration of Charles the Bold (1467), they sought to regain what they lost in the treaty of Gavre, but, awed by the vindictive temper of that prince, they submitted anew, and suffered a further abridgment of the liberties they cherished so dearly.

When the splendid succession of the house of Burgundy devolved upon the feeble daughter of Duke Charles, the people of Ghent, still taking the lead in the affairs of their country, defeated the attempts of the intriguing Louis XI. of France to gain possession of Flanders. Having ascertained that Mary was disposed to follow too implicitly the counsels of her two ministers, the Seigneur d' Imbercourt and the Chancellor Hugonet, they arrested these unfortunate men, and caused them to be beheaded, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of Mary. They followed up this bold deed by concluding a matrimonial alliance for this princess with Maximilian of Austria, son of the Emperor Frederic. On the death of Mary, a dispute arose between the people of Ghent and Maximilian, who severally claimed the wardship of her young children, and for several years the citizens maintained their pretensions. Maximilian finally compelled them to submit by the German troop which he was enabled to levy in his paternal states, and would have laid waste the city but for the remonstrances of Philippe de Clèves, who represented to him that in destroying Ghent he lost 'the flower and pearl of all his dominions' (1485). The inhabitants, however, were not long quiet, for three years afterwards they rose against him once more, and thus drew upon themselves the resentment of the Emperor Frederic. This new foe entered Belgium with a formidable army, and laid siege to Ghent, but was manfully resisted by the burghers under Philippe de Clèves and Adrian Vilain, and forced to make a shameful retreat from their territory.

Ghent has the honor to number among the great men, who were born within her walls, the Emperor Charles V. His

mother, Juana of Arragon, was delivered of the future monarch in a private cabinet, whither she had retired for a moment from the festivities of a ball, (Feb. 25, 1500). This cabinet was embellished during his reign with bas-reliefs in honor of the event, of which it was the scene, but was neglected and forgotten in after years, until M. Voisin, the historian of Ghent, by following the exact indications given by one of the old chronicles, discovered the place in the humble use of one of the lumber-rooms of a cotton manufactory. Charles appears to have entertained a strong feeling of sincere attachment towards his native city, although, when he rose to be king of Spain, Naples, and the Indies, and Emperor of Germany, Flanders became of necessity a less prominent object of his attention. Under the mild rule of his aunt, Margaret of Austria, and his sister Mary, Ghent enjoyed a long period of peaceful submission, and flourished greatly, notwithstanding the continual wars of the ambitious Emperor.

Guicciardini visited Ghent at this period, and speaks in high terms of the prosperity of the city. He describes it as being 'strong, handsome, and one of the largest cities in Europe, having ample suburbs, and being likened by many to the magnificent and populous city of Milan.' The burghers he characterizes as 'highly informed, great politicians, severe, and of a martial spirit.' He signalizes two things in which Ghent was peculiar, and they both show how far this city was in advance of the rest of Northern Europe. 'In Ghent,' he says, 'they exhibit great piety and good order in the establishment of schools and regulations for the support and nourishment of a large number of paupers, who are educated at the expense of the city. Here, also, for parade of grandeur and magnificence, they maintain lions, bears, wolves, and other cruel wild beasts from foreign countries.'

The despotic spirit of Charles, which, in depriving the Spaniards of their franchises, contributed so largely to bring on the ages of abasement, under which the Peninsula has half become a desert, could ill brook any demonstration of their ancient love of liberty, on the part even of his Flemish countrymen. Unfortunately for Ghent, that city became involved in a quarrel with the Emperor, wherein, although the latter was wholly in the wrong, might got the better of right. It happened thus. In the year 1539, Charles gave orders to levy an extraordinary tax of twelve hundred thousand florins in the Low Countries,

for aid in prosecuting a war against France. The people of Ghent, who then carried on a most extensive and lucrative commerce with France, refused their consent to the subsidy, alleging in justification of their refusal, that by the ancient charters of the city, which the ancestors of the Emperor had conceded, and which he himself had sworn to maintain, no tax could be imposed on them without their express approbation. Hereupon the Governess, Mary of Hungary, arrested, in Brussels, Mechlin, and Antwerp, all the merchants of Ghent, who happened to be in those cities. This act of arbitrary violence aroused the old feelings of independence among the people. They immediately sent deputies to the Emperor in Spain to justify themselves and demand the release of their fellow-citizens; but Charles received them with a sternness that was new to them, and sent their cause back to his council of Mechlin, which adjudged their pretensions to be unfounded. Irritated to madness by this unjust decree, they now flew to arms in defence of the liberties of Flanders, regardless of the irresistible power and austere temper of the prince, whose resentment they provoked.

They began by expelling from the city all the nobles who had fixed their residence there, and imprisoning the officers of the Emperor. Next they subjected to the torture and then to sentence of death, Lievin Pyn, one of the Deans, who was accused of having removed or destroyed the charter under which they claimed the right of intervening in the levy of all taxes demanded by their sovereigns. In short, they appointed a council of safety, commenced repairing their fortifications, and openly raised the standard of revolt. Conscious, however, of their incapacity to make head alone against the forces of Charles, they counted upon the hostility of France towards him, as offering them chances of success. Accordingly they despatched envoys to Francis I., proposing to acknowledge him as sovereign of Flanders, and tendering their aid to enable him to reconquer all the ancient provinces of France. By an absurd refinement of generosity, not called for by any reasonable principles of honor, and totally unmerited by the conduct of Charles, who had scrupled at no device of political fraud to ruin Francis, this monarch not only rejected this proposal with scorn, but most unfairly communicated their plans to the Emperor. Encouraged thus by the misguided chivalry of his injured rival, Charles asked and obtained permission to cross the kingdom

of France for the purpose of more speedily repairing to Ghent, and punishing the refractory burghers; thus committing himself, although he kept faith with no man, when it was or seemed to be for his present interest to be treacherous, to the good faith and hospitality of the credulous Francis.

When the men of Ghent found that they had been betrayed to their prince by Francis, and that Charles was marching on them with a large force, which they had no sufficient means to withstand, they hastily despatched deputies to beg for mercy. Charles haughtily replied, that he should appear among them only as a sovereign, with the sceptre in one hand and the sword in the other. He entered Ghent without opposition (February 24, 1540), and having caused the gates to be shut, and posted a strong garrison within the walls, he proceeded to take measures to punish the inhabitants. While deliberating upon this subject, he asked the advice of the cruel Duke of Alba, who answered that he ought to raze the city to the ground. Charles conducted the Duke to the gallery of the Beffroi, that the latter might obtain a clear idea of the immense size and wealth of the city; and then asked him in the French language how many Spanish skins it would take to make a *glove* of such magnitude:—'Combien il fallait de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un *gant* de cette grandeur.' Alba received the rebuke in silence, perceiving that the Emperor was shocked at the brutality of such a proposal as the total destruction of Ghent. The sentence actually passed upon the city was sufficiently severe.

The cause of Ghent was tried in presence of the Emperor himself, and the city was pronounced guilty of high treason in the first degree. Twenty-six of the principal citizens were capitally executed, and a still greater number banished, their estates being confiscated for the benefit of the imperial treasury. The magistrates, thirty of the most eminent citizens, the deans of each trade, with fifty other persons, were condemned to walk in public, bare-footed and bare-headed, with ropes on their necks, and beg pardon of the Emperor and his sister. The magistrates were also condemned to wear a rope round the neck on all public occasions, as a permanent mark of ignominy; but they afterwards converted their humiliating badge into an ornament, by employing a rich cord of silk, worn in the form of a scarf. All the fortifications of the city were at the same time demolished, its franchises and privileges suppressed,

and its revenues, arms, and municipal property sequestered, including the bells, which had played too noisy a part during the insurrection to pass unnoticed. In fact, the Emperor joyfully availed himself of this opportunity to break down the free spirit and abolish the immunities of the inhabitants of the Netherlands. Ghent, which owed so much of her prosperity to her free institutions, never recovered from this fatal blow.

But calamities of a still more overwhelming character were now impending over her, in common with the other cities of Flanders and the Low Countries, under the reign of one of the most ferocious of the tyrants, who are so often imposed on mankind by hereditary succession in public authority. Philip II. visited Ghent for the last time in the year 1559. He had not yet proceeded in the execution of those measures of insane misrule, which filled the Netherlands with bloodshed and misery for so many years; but his temper was beginning to be too well known, and his purposes were become a subject of deep apprehension. In the assembly of the States General, holden at the Maison-de-ville, the syndic of Ghent remonstrated against the continued occupation of the country by foreign troops, in the genuine language of republican truth. 'Why,' said the syndic, 'is our defence entrusted to the arms of foreigners? Is it that the world should be induced to regard us as cowards, as men incapable of defending themselves! Why is a peace concluded, if the charges of war are still to be pressing heavily upon us? So long as we had enemies to combat, necessity suspended our complaints; but now, when peace is restored to us, we cannot disguise our despair. Why maintain, at so much expense, these foreign bands, who feel no sympathy in the welfare of a country, which they may be called upon to quit tomorrow? You have still in your service courageous Belgians, to whom your late father entrusted the safeguard of his States, in times infinitely more stormy; why suspect now that fidelity which they have invariably maintained towards your ancestors for so many ages?'—Confounded at the boldness of this address, and starting at the iteration of the word foreigner, Philip rose abruptly, crying, 'I am a foreigner also: perhaps you would like to get rid of me as well as the others.' Happy would it have been for Belgium if the syndic could have replied in the affirmative, and if some Van Artevelde had been there to accomplish so desirable an object.

The year 1566 witnessed the horrible outrages of the *Icon-*

oclasts, as those wild sectarians were denominated, who pillaged the churches, and destroyed all their ornaments of sculpture and painting. The field preachings of these persons commenced near Ghent, in a plain only half a league without the gates, where the famous Herman Stricker attracted immense crowds of the inhabitants of the city, carried away by a resistless enthusiasm, and animated with the spirit which provokes and encounters martyrdom. Among them were multitudes of intelligent men, shocked, as in other countries, by the abuses of the established church, and anxious to introduce a reformed religion. Unhappily the excesses of the more desperate and less enlightened among those of their party threw a blight over their cause, from which it never recovered in Belgium. The image-breakers assembled at Ghent, to the number of 400 men of the very dregs of the people (August 22, 1566), and, after announcing their intentions to the magistrates of the city, and their resolution to effect what they had undertaken, by force if necessary, they proceeded, not only unopposed, but with a band of peace officers in their company, to prevent any disorder from happening, other than the violence which they had thus deliberately set about. They began with the cathedral church of Saint Bavon, entering it armed with axes, hammers, and pikes,—and performing the work of devastation at midnight by the blaze of lighted torches, which communicated a kind of horrid brilliancy to the scene of sacrilegious outrage, enacted by these lawless men. They wrenched the images of the saints from their pedestals and niches, dashing them in pieces with their heavy axes, tore up the paintings, despoiled the sculptured monuments, and wreaked their vengeance upon every work of art or taste which enriched the splendid edifice. In the course of three or four days all the churches and convents in Ghent were subjected to a similar visitation, being ravaged and defaced with the brutal fury of madmen or savages,—so as to give but too much cause of resentment to the bigoted Court of Philip of Spain.

Incidents of this kind occurring at the same time throughout Flanders and Brabant, were the commencement of the war of revolution, which the atrocities of Philip had aroused. The Duke of Alba was now transferred from the viceroyalty of Italy, to be the fit instrument of his cruel master in devastating the Netherlands, under the pretence of restoring the tranquillity of the country. Under the government of this merciless op-

pressor, who rendered the ancient and noble name of Toledo a by-word for the very extremity of despotic mal-administration, Ghent, of course, felt its full share of the horrors of that period. Confiscation and death filled all hearts with mourning and terror. Hardly a day passed when the fires of the Holy Office were not lighted up in the Marché au Vendredi, for the torture of some unhappy victim of superstition or cupidity. Thousands of the citizens fled in despair from their homes, carrying their industry and skill into Germany and England. Much of the prosperity of the latter is ascribable to the manufactures introduced by the multitude of exiles, whom religious persecution drove from the continent. It is affirmed, that at this time (1570) half the houses in the city were abandoned. The year was marked by a complication of the direst afflictions; for a pestilence raged in the most populous region of the city, and soon afterwards three quarters of the streets were wholly inundated by the rising of the waters, so that it became necessary to convey food by means of boats to the starving occupants of the houses.

The year 1576 was memorable at Ghent for the treaty between the states of Holland on the one hand, and those of Belgium on the other, which, from being concluded there, is distinguished by the name of the Pacification of Ghent, but belongs to the general history of the country. While this celebrated compact was in the course of negotiation, the citizens were engaged in the siege of the citadel, constructed by Charles V. after the insurrection of the year 1540, and now held by a body of Spanish soldiers for Philip. In spite of all the force which the citizens could bring against it, aided, as they were, by the troops of the Prince of Orange, the besieged made an obstinate defence, displaying the characteristic pertinacity of the Spanish people in such emergencies, and occasioning infinite loss to the besiegers. When at last they were obliged to surrender, they obtained honorable terms of capitulation, and the citizens were astonished to see the Señora Mondragon, who had defended the fortress in the absence of her husband, issue forth at the head of only 150 men, including the sick and wounded, the sole remains of the garrison. This heroic lady had nobly performed all the duties of a brave commander, and the other females in the citadel had faithfully supported her, having displayed in the operations of the siege the activity and fearlessness of danger of veteran soldiers. When the people

had thus gained possession of the citadel, they joyfully proceeded to demolish the stronghold of tyranny, men, women and children marching out together with beat of drum and banners flying, alike eager to engage in this work of liberty and patriotism.

It is easy to conceive that the long succession of troubles, which had now for so many years weighed upon Flanders, must have produced a pernicious effect on the character and feelings of the people. The hearts of men became hardened by the continued spectacle of civil war, murder, pillage, and executions in every form of cruelty. The interruption of the ordinary means of subsistence in a large manufacturing city, threw thousands into the career of violence, as the only resource from starvation for themselves and their families. As the worst acts of Philip's tyranny had been perpetrated in the name of religion and of the Catholic church, hatred towards that church was mingled with the desire of vengeance. Nowhere had these considerations greater force than at Ghent. Two of the principal citizens, John Hembyse, and Francis de Kethulle, lord of Ryhove, took advantage of the situation of things there to institute an independent republic, of which they should be the chiefs. They sprung from families long distinguished at Ghent, were possessed of popular talents, and great energy of character, bold, unscrupulous, impatient of a foreign yoke, and preëminent for their uncompromising opposition to all the measures of the Duke of Alba. They succeeded in obtaining uncontrolled influence over the faction of the *Beggars, (Gueux)* as the opponents of the Catholics were content to be called, by flattering their passions, and feeding their necessities out of the plunder of churches and abbeys; and could collect a force of 20,000 followers at any moment, for the accomplishment of whatever purpose.

The Duke of Arschot had been elected Governor of Flanders by the patriots, who were now everywhere triumphant, and had come to make his residence in Ghent, as the capital of his government. Hembyse and Ryhove saw that his authority stood in the way of their prospects of ambition, and in less than a week after his arrival they raised their followers, and arrested him, with many other principal persons, on the charge of complicity in a plot in favor of Spain (October 28, 1577). For several days the populace remained under arms, occupying the great squares, while Hembyse and Ryhove seized on

the public funds, assumed the management of affairs, the first as civil, and the second as military chief, and proceeded to make a permanent organization of their new republic, professing to model it, as nearly as might be, after the plan of polity which had prevailed in ancient Greece and Rome.

In execution of their scheme, they nominated two councils, one of magistrates, and the other of military officers, by whose concurring votes all important measures were adopted. The civil council consisted of eighteen members, headed by Hembyse himself, and all of them sworn adherents of the Duumvirs. The council of war was composed of the colonels and captains of the civic bands, organized by the same controlling will. To complete the municipal democracy, they revived the companies of trades, which Charles V. had suppressed in the general sequestration of the privileges of Ghent, but which resumed their banners, and reappointed their deans, as of old. The Prince of Orange came to Ghent soon after these events, in order to procure the release of the imprisoned Catholics, and if possible substitute the regular magistracy of the city in lieu of this revolutionary government. But although he was received with the greatest magnificence, and all apparent deference was paid to his advice, his visit was wholly without effect, and his departure was the signal for commencing the disorders which signalized the rule of Hembyse and Ryhove.

Entertaining the idea of rendering Ghent impregnable and the capital of an extensive republic, the consuls began by digging ditches around the city, and demolishing the neighboring churches for materials to face the fortifications. They stripped the churches, both within and without the city, of their bells, chandeliers, and metallic utensils, to be melted into cannons, and siezed all the ornaments of gold and silver for the purpose of being coined into money. Saint Bavon was converted into the chief temple of the Protestant preachers, while Saint Nicolas became the stable and barracks of a troop of two hundred dragoons. The various rich abbeys, dispersed around the country, were pillaged and destroyed with a fury far more reprehensible than that of the iconoclasts, as the outrages of the latter were nothing but a sudden paroxysm of misguided religious zeal, while the agents of Hembyse acted from a fixed purpose of sacrilegious devastation.

While Hembyse was thus occupied within the city, his colleague Ryhove was gathering military laurels without, in vari-

ous expeditions, which terminated with brilliant success. He commanded a powerful body of troops, domestic and mercenary, which were engaged in continual combat either against opposing factions or the common enemy. Courtrai, Audenarde, Bruges, and Termonde yielded to his arms ; and the credit he thus gained led to the result which might easily have been anticipated, by awakening jealousy and dissension between the consuls themselves. The violences exercised in their name had of necessity raised up many enemies against them ; and although they abstained from taking the lives of the disaffected, and remained content with inflicting the sentence of banishment, yet general distrust and agitation could not fail to pervade a city, thus given up to the domination of a lawless faction and its ambitious leaders.

At length, after every effort to put an end to these disorders had been attempted by such of the principal individuals in Belgium, as were exempt from the sway of the chiefs of Ghent, and had failed, Elizabeth of England wrote letters to the magistrates of Ghent, reproaching them in the strongest terms for their misconduct. As the state of the contest between the Netherlands and Spain rendered the good will of Elizabeth all important to the patriots, her interposition in this instance threw Hembyse and Ryhove into some perplexity. It was given out that the Prince of Orange was preparing to come to Ghent, and employ efficacious means to depose the popular dictators. In anticipation of this, Ryhove began to look about for means of making his peace, and to attain this object he did not scruple to arrest his friend and colleague. But the populace, furious at the indignity offered to their idol, surrounded the house of Ryhove, and compelled him to set Hembyse free. The Prince of Orange finally arrived, and although he brought no troops to enforce his wishes, the influence of his name and the firmness of his character were sufficient to break down the power of the Duumvirs, and restore the regular administration of the laws. Ryhove was at this time at Termonde, and he prudently withdrew into Holland, where he lived unmolested and died a natural death. Hembyse fled from Ghent in disguise, and took refuge in Germany. After a few years, the party of the Beggars once more gained a temporary ascendancy, and recalled him to Ghent, to resume his old authority. But his love of power getting the better of his love of country, he secretly entered into negotiations with the Spaniards, which

being discovered, he was deposed, and ignominiously executed for treason, upon evident proofs of his guilt (1584). During the same year, in fact only a month after the death of Hembyse, the Prince of Parma, having reduced nearly all Flanders, laid siege to Ghent, which was soon obliged to capitulate, and with the rest of Belgium became once more subject to Spain. By the expulsion of the Protestants, tranquillity, at least, was secured, though at the expense of the industry, wealth, and intelligence of the country. Under the mild rule of Albert and Isabella, and their successors, Ghent participated for a century in the peace and comparative prosperity, which prevailed through the whole of Belgium. It was not until the capricious ambition of Lewis XIV. disturbed the repose of all Europe, that Flanders again became the seat of war. During the reigns of Lewis XIV., and Lewis XV. Ghent was taken and retaken repeatedly by opposing armies, but without being the scene of any remarkable incidents to separate its history from that of the rest of Belgium.

During the troubles occasioned by the innovations of the Emperor Joseph II., between the years 1789 and 1791, Ghent was sufficiently prominent in the efforts then made to render the whole country independent. But the French revolution had now broken out, and events were hurried on by the all controlling power of such mighty combinations of men, that no single city could materially affect their progress. Ghent, of course, changed masters, as the tide of war swelled or ebbed, partaking as well in the excesses of the republic, as in the adulation lavished on the person of Napoleon, and being finally disposed of by the victors of Waterloo, as best suited their own good pleasure. The days of the Arteveldes had passed away, and that condition of the world, which enabled a simple burgher of Ghent to exercise a puissant influence in the general affairs of Europe, subsisted no longer. From the palmy state, which it challenged in the middle ages, Ghent had sunk down into a manufacturing capital, distinguished, it is true, for the taste, refinement, and cultivation of its inhabitants, but deprived alike of the spirit of liberty and the exuberance of wealth, which once constituted its principal distinctions.

ART. VI.—*Life and Writings of Crabbe.*

Life and Poetical Works of the Reverend GEORGE CRABBE. In 8 volumes. Vol. I. *Containing the Life of Crabbe.* By his SON. London. 1834.

ROUSSEAU declared that he must visit the man who had witnessed two summers in a single year; and readers in general will be glad to learn something of the personal history of one, who, after receiving the applause of Burke and Johnson, remained silent for more than twenty years, and came forth at last to receive the homage of another generation. In truth, when we speak of Crabbe, we feel as if we were speaking of one who belonged rather to the last century, than to ours; yet there is no other poet, whom the public have known so favorably and so long, of whose history they know so little; and his son has performed an acceptable service, as well as a filial duty, in treasuring up all that can now be remembered of a man of great ability and worth,—of a poet, distinguished for his manly and original powers. We shall avail ourselves of the contents of this volume, in order to present such a sketch of the prominent incidents of the life of Mr. Crabbe, as may be required to illustrate a cursory view of his writings.

Mr. Crabbe was born at Aldborough, on the Christmas eve of 1754. The circumstances of his family were very humble, and he has himself told us, with good humored sarcasm, of the vanity of one of his ancestors, who endeavored to repair in some degree the unkindness of fortune, by dignifying the family name, originally Crab, with the addition of two final letters. His father, after passing several years in the itinerant occupation of a schoolmaster, was at length installed in the offices of warehouse-keeper, and deputy-collector of the port of Aldborough, to which he afterwards added that of collector of the salt duties, or salt-master, as this officer is usually denominated. He appears to have united many valuable traits of character with repulsive sternness and severity; while his wife, on the other hand, to whom Crabbe often alludes in terms of affectionate veneration, was one of those beautiful examples of retiring Christian virtue, which, like the most delicate flowers, are rarely found but in the shade. There

was little in the aspect of his native village to charm a poet's fancy: it was a barren and deserted spot, situated between the base of a low cliff and the shore of the German ocean; its dwellings were like those which are not unfrequently seen on the sands of our own coast, appearing as if drawn up at anchor on the shore; and it was peopled by a wild and amphibious race of fishermen and sailors, competently versed in the accomplishments which are apt to beset the men of perilous adventure. The landscape, notwithstanding the attempt made by some hardy poet to describe it as a scene of beauty, presented little to the eye excepting a desolate succession of unbroken heath and sand, enlivened with a meagre covering of weeds and rushes; there was in fact nothing in the prospect to excite or fire the poetical imagination, but the ever varying aspect of the ocean, on which, as is obvious from all Crabbe's writings, he loved to dwell. The social aspect of his residence was, if possible, still less inviting than the face of nature. His home was rendered sad and desolate by the harshness of his father; and there were none abroad among whom his own tastes could find the least encouragement or sympathy. His youthful proficiency in the art of managing a fishing boat was so indifferent, that his father would sometimes ask, in the bitterness of his heart, 'What that *thing* would ever be good for?' It should be stated, however, that the father had sense enough to discover the talent of his son, and, as the latter afterwards acknowledged with gratitude, labored to provide him with such means of education as his own limited resources would allow. But the literary toleration of the salt-master did not extend to so crying a heresy as poetry: he was a subscriber to some philosophical magazine, the gravity of whose pages was regularly enlivened with a score or two of verses; these it was his custom to cut out when he sent the numbers to be bound, and they were treasured up as a rich possession by his son, who found in them his first models of the art, in which he afterwards excelled.

In his eleventh or twelfth year, after having attended a village school, for what period we are not informed, he was removed to another, where he was expected to prepare himself to become apprentice to a surgeon. He is said here to have exhibited a decided taste for mathematical pursuits, as well as for poetry, in which he made his first essay in the form of a salutary caution to a school girl, not to suffer herself

to be too much elated by the triumph of displaying new ribbons on her bonnet. Some time elapsed, after he left this school, before he could find an opportunity of entering upon the business he intended to pursue. A portion of this time was spent in musing, in his solitary walks by the sea shore; but the greater part was occupied in piling butter and cheese on the quay at Aldborough, under the direction of his father, who entertained no great opinion of idleness, and least of all that which was consecrated to poetic dreams. This occupation was long remembered by the poet with little satisfaction. At length, in his fourteenth year, the long expected opportunity was presented; and he set forth, with a heavy heart, to become apprentice to a surgeon at Wickham Brook. His pursuits, even there, were not wholly of a scientific kind; his master distributed his time impartially between the arts of husbandry and healing, and his apprentice was the bed-fellow and fellow-laborer of his plough boy. In this way, he passed about two years; then he removed to a more eligible situation, to complete the term of his apprenticeship under the direction of a surgeon at Woolridge, a few miles distant from his native village. Poetry still continued to occupy a large share of his attention: he was never much in love with his profession, though he devoted himself to it with tolerable earnestness. He found a source of inspiration, which youthful poets never wait for long, in an attachment which he here formed for the niece of a wealthy farmer, who twelve years afterwards became his wife, and in the mean time stimulated his literary zeal by encouragement, which proved in the result to be both fortunate and wise. A small premium for a poem on the subject of Hope, was offered by the proprietor of some Ladies' Magazine: this prize it was his fortune to gain, and the success, trifling as it was, set all the springs of his poetical enthusiasm in motion. It was here, also, that he published a poem, entitled 'Inebriety,' a name of no particular attraction; this work is said to exhibit much facility of versification and maturity of thought, but attracted little notice at the time.

Mr. Crabbe's term of apprenticeship ended in 1775; he then returned to Aldborough, hoping to find some means of completing his professional education in London; but his father's means were inadequate to this demand, as well as to maintaining him in idleness at home: he returned therefore to his old labors at the warehouse, which were rendered doubly irk-

some by new circumstances of domestic sorrow. The habits of his father had undergone that change, which fills the cup of affliction to the brim; and the health of his mother, in whose happiness his own was bound up, was sinking under a fatal and quick decline. Impelled less by choice than a sense of its necessity, he devoted himself with more zeal than before to the study of his profession, and the sciences connected with it; particularly botany, which was then and afterwards his favorite pursuit. At length his father found the means of sending him to London, with a purse too slender to attend lectures or to walk the hospitals, and only with the hope, as he himself said, of picking up a little surgical knowledge as cheaply as he could. In the course of a few months, he returned to Aldborough, but with no propitious change in his prospects or his fortune. There he became assistant to a surgeon, who soon retired from the village, and left him at liberty to set up for himself: but he had a rival in the field, and his own practice was the least productive which the place afforded. His patients, who saw his botanical researches, thought it unreasonable that they should be called upon to pay for medicines collected in the fields and ditches. On the whole, his prospects were not very encouraging, and not the least of his afflictions was a sense of his deficiency in professional knowledge and skill. A transient gleam of sunshine broke out in 1778, when the Warwickshire militia were quartered in his neighborhood, with whose officers, as their medical attendant, he formed some useful intimacies. He felt, however, that Aldborough was no place for him, and resolved to take the earliest opportunity to leave it. It was late in the year 1779, at the close of a cold and gloomy day, when, as he was wandering on the bleak cliff above the village, he determined to abandon his profession, and embark on the uncertain sea of literary adventure. He stopped before a shallow, muddy sheet of water, as dark and desolate as his own thoughts, and, as he gazed upon it, resolved to go to London and to venture all.

His prospects must have indeed been melancholy, to impel him to a resolution, apparently so hopeless. His health was not firm,—the reception of his poetical attempts had not been flattering, and his nerves were ill calculated to wrestle with adversity. There was not a single friend in the metropolis, on whom he could rely for aid. He had also to endure the reproaches of his father, who did not, however, labor much to

change his purpose. The means of effecting it were yet to be found; his own immediate friends were unable or unwilling to supply them, and he applied to Mr. Dudley North, to whom his father had been useful in some political canvass, for the loan of five pounds. The letter, in which he made the application, was afterwards described by that gentleman as a very extraordinary one: his request was readily granted; and, with three pounds in his pocket, a case of surgical instruments, and a box of clothing, the whole stock of his worldly fortune, he embarked on board a little sloop, and took his way to London.

It was in the year 1780, that he reached that city; a propitious period, as his biographer remarks, for an adventurer in poetry, if indeed the good fortune of a poet can be said to consist in the absence of a rival. Goldsmith, Gray, and Churchill were dead; Johnson had long before abandoned poetry, and was drawing near the close of his eminent career; the genius of Cowper, which bloomed, like the witch-hazel, in the late autumn of his years, had not yet been revealed; and the echo of the fame of Burns had hardly crossed the Scottish border. His biographer is, however, mistaken, if he supposes that the demand for poetry in the literary market is governed by the extent of the supply; and who was to assure the young adventurer, that he could fill the vacant place in the admiration of the world? He came without a patron; he could claim but a single acquaintance in London, and she was the wife of a linen draper in Cornhill, not particularly likely to forward his literary projects, though kind and liberal in her attentions. He took lodgings at the house of a hairdresser, near the Exchange, and set himself, with a firm and manly spirit, about the doubtful task before him; first transcribing the poetical pieces he brought with him from the country, composing one or two dramas and essays in prose, and laboring to improve his versification, and to become familiar with such books as he found at his command. Some of his intimates, at this period, were in circumstances not unlike his own, and were similarly fortunate in their subsequent life. Among them was Mr. Bonnycastle, late master of the Military Academy at Woolwich, and Isaac Dalby and Reuben Barrow, both mathematicians of distinguished eminence. It deserves to be recorded to his honor, that during this period, while he was tortured by anxiety and depressed by poverty, he kept his mind always fixed on the object of his pursuit, neither yielding to

the sore temptations of adverse fortune, nor ever sinking in despondency. Some of his pieces were offered to the booksellers, and were rejected; he tried new subjects, and labored still harder than before, but with no better success. An anonymous poem, called 'The Candidate,' was published at his own charge, but found no public welcome; and the failure of his bookseller compelled him to take refuge in the last shelter to which a sensitive mind can resort, an application for pecuniary aid to strangers. For this he first applied to Lord North, but in vain; a similar appeal to Lord Shelburne produced no answer. After addressing several letters to that coarsest of illustrious personages, Lord Chancellor Thurlow, he received a cold reply, purporting that his lordship's avocations left him no leisure to read verses. In his journal, written at this time, he says: 'I have parted with my money, sold my wardrobe, pawned my watch, am in debt to my landlord, and finally, am at some loss how to eat a week longer.' Another extract from the same journal will afford an idea of the spirit and temper, with which he bore himself under these hard circumstances. 'It is the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has met with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's modish ornament caught its elbow, and rent it half away. Pinioned to the side it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself, but how to get materials to work with puzzled me. At last I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle and thread to sew them together. This finished my job, and, but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet.' The portion of the journal given in this volume, is quite valuable, as presenting a picture of a manly spirit, tried by a kind of suffering, which the heart of every one will tell him is severe. There is nothing of querulousness in it: no more of despondency, than the circumstances of his situation could not fail to excite; it betrays throughout the energies of a strong mind, and the tranquillity of a religious one. Mr. Crabbe's repeated applications to *ex officio* patrons having thus proved fruitless, he resolved to make one final effort: and he fortunately directed himself to one, who was as much above the hereditary or created peers around him in generous feeling, as he was in the miraculous endowments of his mind. He addressed the following letter to Edmund Burke.

'Sir, I am sensible, that I need even your talents to apologize for the freedom I now take; but I have a plea which, however simply urged, will, with a mind like yours, Sir, procure me pardon: I am one of those outcasts on the world, who are without a friend, without employment, and without bread.

'Pardon me a short preface. I had a partial father, who gave me a better education than his broken fortune would have allowed; and a better than was necessary, as he could give me that only. I was designed for the profession of physic; but not having wherewithal to complete the requisite studies, the design but served to convince me of a parent's affection, and the error it had occasioned. In April last I came to London, with three pounds, and flattered myself this would be sufficient to supply me with the common necessaries of life, till my abilities would procure me more; of these I had the highest opinion, and a poetical vanity contributed to my delusion. I knew little of the world, and had read books only; I wrote, and fancied perfection in my compositions; when I wanted bread they promised me affluence, and soothed me with dreams of reputation, whilst my appearance subjected me to contempt.

'Time, reflection and want have showed me my mistake. I see my trifles in that which I think the true light; and whilst I deem them such, have yet the opinion that holds them superior to the common run of poetical publications.

'I had some knowledge of the late Mr. Nassau, the brother of Lord Rochford; in consequence of which I asked his Lordship's permission to inscribe my little work to him. Knowing it to be free from all political allusions and personal abuse, it was no very material point to me to whom it was dedicated. His Lordship thought it none to him, and obligingly consented to my request.

'I was told that a subscription would be the more profitable method for me, and therefore endeavored to circulate copies of the enclosed Proposals.

'I am afraid, Sir, I disgust you with this very dull narration, but believe me punished in the misery that occasions it. You will conclude that, during this time, I must have been at more expense than I could afford; indeed the most parsimonious could not have avoided it. The printer deceived me, and my little business has had every delay. The people with whom I live perceive my situation, and find me to be indigent and without friends. About ten days since, I was compelled to give a note for seven pounds, to avoid an arrest for about double that sum which I owe. I wrote to every friend I had, but my friends are poor likewise; the time of payment approached, and I ventured

to represent my case to Lord Rochford. I begged to be credited for this sum till I received it of my subscribers, which I believe will be within one month; but to this letter I had no reply, and I have probably offended by my importunity. Having used every honest means in vain, I yesterday confessed my inability, and obtained with much entreaty, and as the greatest favor, a week's forbearance, when I am positively told, that I must pay the money, or prepare for a prison.

'You will guess the purpose of so long an introduction. I appeal to you, Sir, as a good, and, let me add, a great man. I have no other pretensions to your favor than that I am an unhappy one. It is not easy to support the thoughts of confinement; and I am coward enough to dread such an end to my suspense.

'Can you, Sir, in any degree, aid me with propriety?—Will you ask any demonstrations of my veracity? I have imposed upon myself, but I have been guilty of no other imposition. Let me, if possible, interest your compassion. I know those of rank and fortune are teased with frequent petitions, and are compelled to refuse the requests even of those whom they know to be in distress: it is, therefore, with a distant hope I venture to solicit such a favor: but you will forgive me, Sir, if you do not think proper to relieve. It is impossible that sentiments like yours can proceed from any but a humane and generous heart.

'I will call upon you, Sir, to-morrow, and if I have not the happiness to obtain credit with you, I must submit to my fate. My existence is a pain to myself, and every one near and dear to me is distressed in my distresses. My connexions, once the source of happiness, now embitter the reverse of my fortune, and I have only to hope a speedy end to a life so unpromisingly begun: in which (though it ought not to be boasted of) I can reap some consolation from looking to the end of it. I am, Sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient and most humble servant,

GEORGE CRABBE.'

It is not easy to read any thing relating to Edmund Burke, without pausing for a moment, to indulge in the thousand recollections, which gather round his name. He was a man, whose like has been seldom seen in the sphere of human intelligences, and will not soon be seen again. Almost in his youth, he rose to that elevated point of philosophical reputation, of which his adopted country has not many examples to show; and shortly afterwards, he stood without a rival in the long line of her living or departed orators;—beyond and above them all in that affluence of thought, deep practical sagacity, and surpassing glory of rhetorical ornament, which make the

voice of real eloquence as commanding in future ages, as in the moment of its most important victories. He combined the fervor of the most generous enthusiasm, with unerring insight into all the springs and sources of human character and action; deep scorn of all that was low and sordid with constant solicitude to advance the well-being of his race: and it might almost be considered a triumph of our nature, that one so highly gifted should have been so disinterested and confiding, so earnest in the cause of human happiness and right. It may be, that some of his political views, weighed in our balances and measured by our standards, are found wanting; but such a mind could not but be noble in its very errors; they were errors of judgment and not imperfections of the heart: they were the wreaths of mist, which intercept the glories of the morning sun, while they are kindled into beauty by its light. It was indeed a generous and manly spirit, to which the affecting appeal of the young adventurer was made. Men, who are engaged in conducting the destinies of nations, have rarely leisure to attend to individual concerns; the wholesale good which occupies their thoughts seems to acquit them of the obligation to be benevolent by retail. At this period, the mind of Mr. Burke was much absorbed in the fierce struggles of parliamentary war. His pecuniary circumstances were by no means those of affluence: of the pride or vanity of being deemed a patron, he had absolutely none; his charities were so unobtrusive, that he evidently thought them nothing more than daily acts of duty. There was probably nothing very peculiar in the circumstances of Mr. Crabbe; claims of equal strength, so far as his could then be known, might not unfrequently be held forth by others: he presented himself to Mr. Burke only as a young man of merit in distress. 'He went,' says his son, 'into Mr. Burke's room, a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent, and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it: he came out virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that, by successive steps, afterwards fell to his lot:—his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned,—his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power,—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child,—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents, and the warmth of the generous affections.' Mr.

Burke immediately received him under his roof, and proceeded to examine his compositions, with the view of selecting a portion of them for the press. 'The Library,' and 'The Village,' appeared to him best suited to his purpose; he took the manuscripts himself to Dodsley, and gave the whole weight of his critical decision in their favor. The worthy bookseller indeed declined to take the hazard of the publication, but used every effort to procure for them a rapid sale, and uniformly treated the author with a liberality, which was always gratefully acknowledged. Of these poems, 'The Library' was published first, and was shortly afterwards followed by 'The Village.' The latter is a much better example of Crabbe's peculiar power, than the former; we shall therefore detain our readers for a moment by some remarks upon its style and character.

It was the principal object of the writer to represent rural character, and scenery, and manners as they are, without much regard to that rule of taste, which rejects from the picture all those incidents, which might impair its pleasing and harmonious effect. The venerable pastoral had been transported from old times and other climates, just as Chinese pagodas and Grecian temples are erected to embellish the pleasure grounds of an English nobleman, giving an artificial aspect to the scene, quite at variance with the purposes of nature. It was cherished by modern poets with as much zeal, as the French dramatists adhere to their Greek model, and of course was cold and unnatural to those, whose imaginations were too faint to clothe the fields of Albion with the verdure of Arcadia, or to convert ploughmen and day laborers into the musing shepherds of the golden age. Gay's Pastorals, intentionally coarse and ludicrous as they are, are more true to nature than those of Pope; because these were never designed to be faithful to nature, but only to present a pleasing copy of a work of ancient art. Goldsmith's descriptions have more of truth about them, but the sunlight rests on these as on our landscape in the Indian summer; there is a soft haze which veils the ruder features of the prospect, and the dreary sky and gathering storm are kept entirely from the view. Crabbe's error was just the opposite one; he was himself familiar with all the dark shades of village life, and in his own depressed and sad circumstances, they occupied and filled his imagination; he had himself experienced what others only sung, and had found it cheerless as the valley of the shadow of death. We all

know how much our impressions of scenery and modes of life are governed by our feelings; the brightest sun is cold and melancholy to the mourner, and the dreariest landscape pleasing to the eye, when we ourselves are happy. Crabbe saw the country without pleasure, and left it without regret; to him it presented no recollections but those of disappointed hope: and he accordingly describes it with a stern and powerful hand, without compunction or mercy, and with colors too severely true.

'The Village' opens with a merciless rebuke of the 'fond Corydons,' who have studiously disregarded truth and nature in their pictures of rural life. The author avows his determination to reveal those real ills, which have been hitherto concealed beneath the vain trappings of poetic pride; and he forthwith proceeds to display a picture of his own,—not of green woods and sunny streams, of an innocent and artless race,—but a delineation, as powerful and vivid as it is repulsive, of the barren heaths of his native village, and the beings who inhabit it.

'Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighboring poor:
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye;
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.
So looks the maid, whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn:
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendor is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.
Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
With sullen wo displayed in every face;

Who far from civil arts and social fly,
And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.'

These are scenes, in which nature has been sparing of her bounty; the poet now turns to those where plenty smiles; but there, too, he finds a contrast between apparent comfort and real misery, which throws the latter into even deeper shade. The laborers hoard up aches and anguish for their declining years by exposure to the sun and storm; they toil with earnestness, hoping to forget their wretchedness in the strong effort of manly pride; yet they sink to the earth beneath that hopeless poverty, which murders peace; and go down at last, worn and weary, into forsaken and unhonored age. The gates of the village poor house are thrown open to receive its most unwelcome guests.

'There is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day:—
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there!
Heart-broken matrons, on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed:
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood's fears:
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scene of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamors of the crowd below;
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for reverend age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.'

Here is in truth a mass of misery, which reminds one of Virgil's description of the gate of Tartarus. The village doctor, with fate and physic in his eye, enters this abode of wretchedness, to insult the victim, whom he means to kill; hurries over some habitual queries, without waiting for a reply, and rushes to the door, leaving his patient to sink into the grave. The dying poor man asks the consolations of religion, and the murmuring nurse reluctantly summons the parish priest:

'A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask:
The rest he gives to loves and labors light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skilled the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them or to chide:
A sportsman keen, he shoots through half the day,
And, skilled at whist, devotes the night to play;
Then, while such honors bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel?'

Death comes at last, in a form far less repulsive than that of the overseer or church warden; the rejoicing parish cheerfully pay the frugal fees of interment; the mourners, 'sedately torpid and devoutly dumb,' enter the church; the fox-hunting priest is too busy to perform the last religious offices over one so humble, and the unblessed remains are committed to the dust. This is the destiny of the aged and the friendless; but what is the condition of the young, who, if any can be so, are full of enjoyment and of hope? They have some brief intervals of leisure and tranquillity, when the sabbath returns; but their employer is all the while murmuring at the exactions of Providence in demanding tithes, in addition to one day in seven. The stillness of the day of rest is broken by the clamor of vulgar debauchery: slander pours its bitterness into the shallow cup of pleasure; and the day closes with ale-house squabbles and coarse licentiousness.

Such is the portrait of rural life, given by a poet of originality and power; by one, who had seen what he described, and had sufficient purity of purpose to intend, at least, to describe it faithfully. Every one will see, from the sketches and the extracts we have given, that it is a dark and powerful representation, designed to shadow forth the same forbidding views of life, which are so vividly displayed in the prose and poetry of Johnson. Life is a sphere, of which the pastoral poets saw only the brilliant side, while Crabbe, at this period, was familiar only with the dark one; they all wanted some moral Mercator's projection, by which both hemispheres might be at once presented to the eye. We doubt whether either can produce a happy moral influence;—in order to do this, they must carry with them a conviction of their truth. Mr. Crabbe

inverted the maxims of the Greek painter, in the execution of his portrait of the Queen of Love; instead of selecting and combining beauties, he left no blemish or deformity untouched, and produced a whole, every part of which might be true to nature, while its general impression was as false as it was frightful. But moral defects are the first to be forgiven: men were weary of the small poets who had undertaken to amuse them in the absence of the chief performers, and were glad to welcome one, who revived the ancient inspiration; they saw in Crabbe a poet of real abilities, who, if he resorted to old themes, treated them in a manner rarely witnessed before; they saw a model of versification, as finished and far more vigorous than that of Goldsmith, and inferior in his own language only to Pope. No wonder, under these circumstances, that the impression which he made was strong and lasting. His poems, at this period, were however brief and few: and those of his later years are so different in character, and so much more varied than these, that it would be wholly out of place here to offer any general remarks upon his rank and ability as a poet. We shall therefore pursue the brief sketch, which we proposed to give of the prominent incidents of his life.

The liberality of Mr. Burke was equally active and unwearied. At his table, Mr. Crabbe became intimately known to that illustrious circle, of which his friend was the chief ornament,—to Reynolds, Fox, and Johnson,—all of whom appear to have appreciated his abilities, and to have treated him with marked respect and kindness. Johnson, in particular, whose critical word was law, read 'The Village' in manuscript, and pronounced upon it a panegyric, of which he was never very prodigal. The views of life which it presented, so similar, as we have already intimated, to his own, may have been in some degree the cause of this complacency; but however this may have been, the eulogy was just; and when Johnson applauded, the lesser critics felt entirely safe in joining in the chorus. Even the Lord Chancellor, to whom Crabbe, after the rejection of his application, had addressed a severe poetical remonstrance, now requested an interview, at which he addressed him with the words, 'The first poem you sent to me, Sir, I ought to have noticed,—and I heartily forgive the second.' He at the same time requested the satirist to accept a bank note of one hundred pounds, and assured him, that when he should take orders, which, by the advice of Mr. Burke, he

was about to do, more substantial evidences of regard should be afforded him. In the year 1781, his purpose was effected. He was ordained as a priest, and became a curate to the rector of his native village. On returning to Aldborough, under circumstances far different from those in which he left it, his reception was of a kind, which confirmed his early impressions of the character of rural life. His poetical reputation was not one, which the villagers were well calculated to appreciate; those jealousies and heartburnings, which are sure to follow the possessor of unexpected good fortune, made his residence uncomfortable; his excellent mother, to whom he not unfrequently alludes in his writings, with a tenderness and feeling, resembling those with which Pope has preserved the memory of the guardian of his early years, had sunk beneath affliction and disease; and his father had diminished the few comforts of his home by an alliance with one little calculated to repair the loss. After a brief sojourn, Mr. Crabbe accepted the place of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and took up his residence at Belvoir Castle. Some circumstances are related by his biographer, which tend to show that he was not inclined to regret the separation from his patron, which took place shortly after, on the departure of the Duke to assume the post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Just at this moment, the Lord Chancellor, after assuring him, with some of those emphatic asseverations with which his conversation was apt to be embroidered, that he was as like Fielding's Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen, presented him with two small livings. He was now united in marriage to the early friend, who had watched his progress to competency and fame through many weary years. Not long afterwards, his old friend the Lord Chancellor, at the instigation of the Duchess of Rutland, and sorely against his inclination, gave him the living of Muston, in the vicinity of Belvoir Castle. On the first suggestion of this exchange, the keeper of the royal conscience had roundly sworn, that he would make it for no man in England; but a lady was the intercessor in this instance, so that there was no infraction of the vow. Here, in 1785, he published the 'Newspaper,' a brief and not very original satire; and then sunk into a repose, compared with which the slumber of the sleepers of Ephesus was of very brief duration. It was not until the expiration of twenty-two years, that his other poems began to be issued from the press.

This persevering silence, on the part of one, who had no reason to complain of a want of public favor, has occasioned much speculation; we think, however, that it is more easily accounted for than his subsequent reappearance. It is very obvious, from the sketch of his character given in this volume, that he had no overweening confidence in his own powers: the encouragement of Burke and Johnson, to say nothing of the pressure of severe necessity, had overborne his scruples hitherto; but that spur to effort was removed, and he had acquired a capital of fame sufficient for his wishes. Men of sensitive minds are not unfrequently less reluctant to see their stock diminishing by time, than to risk it on a doubtful venture; they follow the example of Pope's father, who retired from business in the prime of life, deposited all his property in a stout iron chest, and went on expending, until his life and fortune came to an end together. Mr. Crabbe was not one of those who look on poetry as pastime. There were various other engagements to which he more readily inclined; and he appears, also, to have been at all times scrupulous to permit nothing else to interfere with the rigorous discharge of duty. Goldsmith's beautiful description of the religious character of the priest of Sweet Auburn, would not have been inapplicable to him. He was always found at the bedside of the sick and dying; his parishioners unanimously accorded to him the touching eulogy, that 'no sympathy was like his.' During the whole period of his duties as a country clergyman, he gratuitously gave to all the benefits of his old professional skill; and his poetical reputation, great as it is, seems valueless in the comparison with that which he merits for the assiduous discharge of every moral and religious duty. Earthly fame has no rewards to offer, like those which follow him, who ministers with fidelity, however humbly, at the altar of God. Mr. Crabbe combined high intellectual gifts with an almost child-like simplicity. As a preacher, he was eloquent and impressive, and though very regardless of ceremony, entirely free from affectation. 'I must have some money, gentlemen,' was the public notice which his parishioners received of the approach of tithe day. If the evening began to fall before the conclusion of his discourse, he would remove to a pew near a window, and stand upon a bench to finish it; these were not indications of a contempt of ordinary forms, but of the forgetfulness of one, who was too sincere to be solicitous about his manner.

We have just intimated, that Mr. Crabbe had no undue confidence in his own powers: he was at all times too ready to follow the advice of others, whose capacity and judgment were not equal to his own; and the world is probably a loser by this infirmity. Botany was always his favorite pursuit; he was scarcely ever without a flower in his hand, when the weather permitted him to go abroad; and he employed himself for some years in preparing an essay on this subject. It was written in English, and this the Vice-Master of Trinity College considered as nothing less than high treason against the majesty of the Latin tongue. This absurd suggestion discouraged him, and the work was never completed. Among his other avocations, was that of writing romances, for which he was in some respects eminently fitted; no man surpassed him in descriptive power and keen scrutiny of character, and we cannot doubt that his delineations would have been full of energy and truth. As ill fortune would have it, these too fell victims to domestic criticism. One of them was entitled 'Widow Grey,' but of this we have no memorial. A second bore the name of 'Reginald Glanshawe, or the man who commanded success.' It opened with a description of a wretched room, which his wife pronounced inferior in effect to similar descriptions in his poems; on this judicious hint, he made a bonfire of the whole. The early efforts of this lady to induce him to cultivate his poetical powers, are hardly sufficient to atone for her fatal gift of criticism in the present instance. Another sacrifice of the same kind was offered on his own account, perhaps in order to show his gratitude for the advice of his friends, by following it beyond both the spirit and the letter. This consisted of a series of poems which he had offered to Dodsley, who refused them.

We may as well say something here of Mr. Crabbe's domestic character. He was not without severe trials; for more than twenty years before her death, his wife was visited with severe disease, which seems, though her son makes little direct allusion to the subject, to have cast a partial shadow over her mind. His constant and attentive kindness to her, when kindness was almost wearied or repelled, is a beautiful trait; and the recollections of his son are full of many such amiable qualities. To the children, his approach was always a signal for delight; benevolence was in fact his distinguishing characteristic; he entered with a mild and delicate interest into the

feelings of every one around him. Men are apt to forget, when they speak of extraordinary virtue, that they in general refer to some single act, or occasional exhibition of exalted qualities: but the virtue, after all, which passes that of martyrs, flows from a living and perennial spring, flashing ever in the sunlight of a cheerful temper, and sending its fertilizing stream through all the dark places and deserts of the way. 'I can still see him,' says his son, 'in the eye of memory,—his fatherly countenance unmixed with any of the less loveable expressions, that in too many faces obscure that character, but preëminently *fatherly:* conveying the idea of kindness, intellect and purity; his manner grave, manly and cheerful, in unison with his high and open forehead; his very attitudes, whether as he sat absorbed in the arrangement of his minerals, shells and insects,—or as he labored in his garden until his naturally pale complexion acquired a tinge of fresh healthy red; or as, coming lightly toward us with some unexpected present, his smile of indescribable benevolence spoke exultation in the foretaste of our raptures.'

It would be of little interest to dwell upon Mr. Crabbe's changes of residence, or other circumstances, which are stated with considerable minuteness by his son: we pass therefore to the period, when his long silence was broken, and he again appeared to revive and confirm the original impression of his power. In the year 1806, he had nearly completed his 'Parish Register' for publication. Several years before, Mr. Fox had promised to revise his publications, and to afford him the advantage of his critical suggestions. The career of that great man was now drawing to a close; but he readily renewed his promise, and it gives additional interest to this poem to know, that it employed his mind almost in his last hours. In 1807, it appeared, together with 'Sir Eustace Grey,' the 'Birth of Flattery,' and other poems. Three years afterwards, appeared 'The Borough;' this was succeeded in 1812 by the 'Tales in Verse,' and in 1819 by the 'Tales of the Hall,' the last of his publications.

It has been already intimated, that there is a remarkable difference between Crabbe's early poems, and those of his maturer years: both have defects and excellencies of their own; the first are far superior to the later ones in polished beauty of versification, while they are less marked by those traits, which distinguish him from most of the other poets of

his country. The circumstances, which gave a sad and distorted coloring to his early views of life and manners, tended very strongly to impair the effect of his first productions; they excite our feelings less powerfully, because we know that the misery is partly of his own making. If a man choose the shady side of the way, he will naturally find occasion to complain of the absence of the sunbeams; but he will surely meet with little sympathy from those, who feel that there is no necessity for walking in the dark. In the long interval which elapsed before his reappearance as a writer, his circumstances had become materially altered for the better, and his views and feelings had undergone a corresponding change: he was in the enjoyment of a competent fortune; assiduously engaged in that discharge of duty, which brings with it an exceeding great reward, and possessed of some leisure to devote to that study of mankind, which can only be pursued by the contented and the tranquil. The miserable man, instead of studying others, dwells upon his own impulses and feelings, and from these infers how others think and act and feel; and there are few who do not wonder at the alterations in the aspect of the world around them, as their spirits rise or fall. Mr. Crabbe is said to have remarked, that he derived less pleasure from the contemplation of a beautiful prospect, than from standing in the highway, to watch the faces of the passers by; and the remark, we think, serves to afford an explanation of the character of his later writings. Natural beauty excites but a small share of his enthusiasm; it is rare for him to dwell on any lovely scene, though he occasionally describes those of an opposite character with great vividness: with the exception of the ocean, with which many of the associations of his childhood were connected, and whose changing aspects he portrays with remarkable force of coloring, the grand and beautiful in nature have few charms for him. Motives,—feelings,—passions,—all that relates to human character and action,—these are the points which he seizes on with a master's hand, and unfolds with a stern energy and truth, which convince us that he is engaged with no creations of fancy, but is describing what he has actually seen and studied. No English poet since the time of Shakspeare has painted those diversities of character, which one meets in the ordinary intercourse of life, with equal fidelity or with equal effect. He sees them not through a distorted medium,

nor within the shade of intervening objects: he has attained that point of philosophical elevation, neither so lofty as to confuse the sight, nor so low as to confine it, where every object appears in a true light and in its just proportions; the results of his observation are neither things of speculation nor of fancy, but the strong, distinct, vivid portraitures of classes of our race.

Mr. Crabbe is certainly entitled to the praise of a reformer. Before his day, no poet would have dreamed of resorting to humble life for any thing beyond a theme of ludicrous caricature, or the personages of a Beggar's Opera. Even at the present time, critics are apt to shake their heads with looks of peculiar wisdom, when they come in contact with such innovations: they are willing to admit that 'The Borough' is well enough in its way, but deem the effort to invest such subjects with poetical attraction as hopeless as to draw the living waters from the rock. The poets themselves have yielded to this prejudice, and instead of copying from nature, when they wish to introduce a peasant, have made him as unlike reality, as is the waxen image to the animated frame; the man of their creation has no affinity with merely mortal flesh and blood. We might as well expect in real life to meet a phoenix, as one of their sentimental swains, musing in rapture as he goes forth to his daily task, or following the plough with unutterable joy and glory. We know that there is enough in humble life which has no claim to the title of poetical, and so there is in every other condition; but we are not sure, that the materials of poetry are not more abundant in a lowly, than in an elevated sphere; for feeling is there unfettered by those conventional restraints, which operate like law on natural freedom: the stern rebuke of opinion, which has as much power over those who move in the elevated social walks, as the eye of the keeper over the madman, loses its authority; passion walks abroad without control, and the reluctant step of the slave is exchanged for the free and elastic movements of the mountaineer. So it is with the utterance of deep emotions; the natural expression of feeling is never vulgar, and those who deem it so show only that they do not know what they condemn. When Scott, in his romances, puts the most energetic and affecting language into the mouths of his unlettered personages, he is entirely true to nature; the gipsy's stern execration of the vain and unfeeling Bertram,—the language of

Edie Ochiltree, in the fearful night at Halket-head,—the eloquence with which the rude and generous Highland outlaw pours out the emotions of his inmost heart,—who can for a moment doubt that these are natural? On the contrary, it is nothing but their truth, which is the secret of their power; and the same simplicity and truth are the only agents, which produce the wonders attributed to Indian eloquence. The North American savage has no more literature than the meanest 'bluegown' of Scotland, and, as respects refinement, is not greatly his superior: but he gives utterance to his natural sentiments in the plainest and most unaffected language, and no conventional forms were ever half so powerful. Examples of this are familiar to the recollection of every reader; the speech of Logan has been most frequently quoted; but a more recent illustration occurs to us, which is perhaps not less striking. When the chief of the Sacs, Black Hawk, lately returned from his captivity to the tribe, which he had a few months before led forth to battle, but which was now crushed and broken, the agent of the United States expressed in council the views and expectations of the President. In the course of his reply, the warrior said: 'On your way home, you will pass where my village once was. No one lives there now. All are gone!' There is an interest connected with the Indian character, which, in the common estimation, gives more than usual force and impressiveness to their eloquence; but wherever strong feeling and manly sentiment are found, there will eloquence surely be found also; and these are peculiar to no class or condition.

It is true that the poet, who confines himself to the exhibition of humble life merely, can hardly expect a willing audience. Our interest is so much absorbed by the fortunes of the great, that it seems almost like presumption to ask it for the little; the writers of romance have been well aware of this prepossession, and have employed it for their own purposes; we see their heroes decorated with all the ornaments of rank and accomplishments and title, and bow down to them, as a matter of course. Mr. Burke says that this is natural; it certainly is second nature. Perhaps the world will in time grow wise enough to reserve that admiration for the exalted qualities of the heart and intellect, which has hitherto been lavished on adventitious ones; but that millenium has not yet begun. Undoubtedly, the distinctions which social life infallibly creates are not to be disregarded, but they may be seen

with a more just and equal eye ; the observer of human nature need not forget the high, while contemplating the lowly ; but he will do well to look abroad, when the outlines of the trees and mountains are distinctly marked on the clear blue sky, and not merely when they are magnified by the gorgeous drapery of mist. When all the exhalations of prejudice and of fashion shall have passed away, the moral interest will be more equally distributed among the different conditions of life. The simple energy and truth of Crabbe will be more valued by the many, than they have been heretofore ; if his intellectual vision does not, like that of the most glorious of the sons of light, comprehend all space, it will be acknowledged to be keen, wide, and faithful. Shakspeare, from his watchtower, caught every change of many-colored life ; the great volume of our nature was wide open before him ; and whether he unveils the humble bosom, or describes the fierce struggles of jealousy, ambition or remorse, or the sorrow quickened into madness of the credulous old king, no one ever thought of doubting that the portraiture was real. Crabbe generally aspired to no such wide extent of observation, though when he has attempted it, his success is complete ; he saw and studied all the beings around him with no less interest and care, than he pursued his researches into the secrets of inanimate nature ; and what he undertakes to describe, neither Scott nor Shakspeare could have painted better. His purpose is a moral one ; he never aims to dazzle or to please ; he conceals no defect, softens no deformity, and aims not to exaggerate a single beauty ; he makes few sacrifices on the altar of fastidious taste : whoever admires him, admires him for his plain truth and manly power. In these remarks, we refer of course to his later writings ; for the prevalent defect of the earlier ones has been already pointed out. As he went onward in the way of life, he became a cool, thoughtful, philosophical and somewhat sarcastic observer, with tolerable charity for human vice and folly, but with principle enough to describe them as they are.

The writings of Crabbe are not so familiar to the general reader, as to render it intrusive to attempt to illustrate our view of his poetical character by a few examples. In the ' Parish Register', he sketches the history of many of the villagers, combining tales of crime and sorrow with those of humble and unambitious virtue. There are several death-bed scenes, of which not the least curious is that of the bustling widow Goe.

'"Bless me! I die, and not a warning given,
With *much* to do for earth, and ALL for Heaven!—
No reparation for my soul's affairs,
No leave petitioned for the barn's repairs;
Accounts perplexed, my interest yet unpaid,
My mind unsettled, and my will unmade:—
A lawyer haste, and, in your way, a priest,
And let me die in one good work, at least."
She speaks, and trembling dropped upon her knees,
Heaven in her eye, and in her hand the keys;
And still the more she found her life decay,
With greater force she grasped those signs of sway;
Then fell and died!—in haste her sons drew near
And dropped, in haste, the tributary tear,
Then from the adhering clasp the keys unbound,
And consolation for their sorrows found.'

Here is a sketch of the funeral of a very different example of her sex,—a pattern of unassuming virtue, who fell by the sudden blow of pestilence.

'Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead;
When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed;
My part began; a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face:
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend,
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier,
He knew not grief, but cries expressed his fear.

* * * * * * *

Arrived at home, how then they gazed around,
In every place, where she, no more, was found:—
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fireside chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden walks, a labor all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown:
The Sunday pew she filled, with all her race,—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place,
That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.'

But these are not the strongest efforts of his pencil. At the risk of repeating what may be already quite familiar, we will give another example, which is equalled, we think, by few

in the whole compass of English poetry. Among the poor of the Borough, we have the history of Peter Grimes, the fisherman. In his youth, he treats his father with brutal harshness, becomes familiar with debauchery and crime, and is at length shunned by all his neighbors. Two apprentices are bound to him, whose death is supposed to be hastened by his constant cruelty, if not produced by more sudden violence. He becomes a solitary being, avoiding and avoided by all, and is at last the prey of remorse and madness. He is conveyed to the poor-house, where

> 'The priest attending found he spoke at times
> As one alluding to his fears and crimes:
> "It was the fall," he muttered, "I can show
> The manner how,—I never struck a blow;"—
> And then aloud,—"unhand me, free my chain;
> On oath, he fell,—it struck him to the brain:—
> Why ask my father?—that old man will swear
> Against my life; besides, he was not there:—
> What, all agreed?—am I to die to-day?
> My Lord, in mercy, give me time to pray."'

In one of the paroxysms of delirium, he makes his fearful and mysterious revelation.

> '"'Twas one hot noon, all silent, still, serene,
> No living being I had lately seen;
> I paddled up and down, and dipped my net,
> But such his pleasure I could nothing get—
> A father's pleasure, when his toil was done,
> To plague and torture thus an only son!
> And so I sat and looked upon the stream,
> How it ran on, and felt as in a dream:
> But dream it was not; no,—I fixed my eyes
> On the mid stream and saw the spirits rise.
> I saw my father on the water stand,
> And hold a thin pale boy in either hand,
> And there they glided ghastly on the top
> Of the salt flood, and never touched a drop;
> I would have struck them, but they knew the intent,
> And smiled upon the oar, and down they went.
> Now from that day, whenever I began
> To dip my net, there stood the hard old man,—
> He and those boys: I humbled me and prayed
> They would be gone,—they heeded not, but stayed;
> Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by,

But gazing on the spirits, there was I;
They bade me leap to death, but I was loath to die;
And every day, as sure as day arose,
Would those three spirits meet me at the close;
To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
And, "Come," they said, with weak, sad voices, "Come."

* * * * * * *

In one fierce summer day, when my poor brain
Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father-foe, and there he stood
With his two boys again upon the flood;
There was more mischief in those eyes, more glee
In their pale faces when they glared at me;
Still did they force me on the sea to rest,
And when they saw me fainting and oppressed,
He, with his hand, the old man, scooped the flood,
And there came flame about him mixed with blood;
He bade me stoop and look upon the place,
Then flung the red hot liquor in my face;
Burning it blazed, and then I roared for pain,
I thought the demons would have turned my brain.
Still there they stood, and forced me to behold
A place of horrors,—they cannot be told,—
When the flood opened, there I heard the shriek
Of tortured guilt,—no earthly tongue can speak;
All days alike! forever! did they say,
And unremitted torments every day—
Yes, so they said;"—but here he ceased, and gazed
On all around, affrightened and amazed;
And still he tried to speak, and looked in dread
Of frightened females gathering round his bed;
Then dropped exhausted and appeared at rest,
Till the strong foe the vital powers possessed;
Then with an inward, broken voice he cried,
"Again they come," and muttered as he died.'

There is another most powerful delineation of madness in 'Sir Eustace Grey,' a brief sketch, but not inferior in power to any of Crabbe's writings. The scene is laid in a madhouse, where, in the presence of the physician and a visitor, the varying moods of madness are unveiled by the lunatic, Sir Eustace Grey himself. He describes himself as happy in the enjoyment of all earthly advantages, but forgetful of religious duty, until his wife deserted him for the arms of a treacherous friend, whom he murders under the impulse of revenge.

Madness comes on, the offspring of disgrace and poverty; he is under the control of fiends, who torture him for years without an interval of rest; till, worn out by the very excess of his delirium, he finds tranquillity at last in the belief that his iniquities are pardoned, and that he is redeemed by his Saviour from the foul tormenting fiends. He thus relates how, in the first period of their visitation, they hurried him over sea and land to a boundless plain.

'There was I fixed, I know not how,
Condemned for years untold to stay;
Yet years were not;—one dreadful *now*
Endured no change of night or day;
The same mild evening's sleeping ray
Shone softly-solemn and serene,
And all that time I gazed away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.

'At length a moment's sleep stole on,—
Again came my commissioned foes;
Again through sea and land we're gone,
No peace, no respite, no repose;
Above the dark broad sea we rose,
We ran through bleak and frozen land;
I had no strength their strength t' oppose,
An infant in a giant's hand.

'They placed me where those streamers play,
Those nimble beams of brilliant light:
It would the strongest heart dismay,
To see, to feel that dreadful sight:
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
They pierced my frame with icy wound,
And all that half-year's polar night,
Those dancing streamers wrapped me round.

'Slowly that darkness passed away,
When down upon the earth I fell,—
Some hurried sleep was mine by day;
But, soon as tolled the evening bell,
They forced me on, where ever dwell
Far distant men in cities fair,
Cities of which no trav'lers tell,
Nor feet but mine were wanderers there.

'Their watchmen stare, and stand aghast
As on we hurry through the dark;

The watch-light blinks as we go past,
The watch-dog shrinks and fears to bark:
The watch-tower's bell sounds shrill;—and, hark!
The free wind blows,—we've left the town,—
A wide sepulchral ground I mark,
And on a tombstone place me down.

'What monuments of mighty dead!
What tombs of various kinds are found!
And stones erect their shadows shed
On humble graves, with wickers bound;
Some risen fresh above the ground,
Some level with the native clay;
What sleeping millions wait the sound,
"Arise, ye dead, and come away!"

'Alas! they stay not for that call;
Spare me this wo! ye demons, spare!
They come! the shrouded shadows all,—
'Tis more than mortal brain can bear:
Rustling they rise, they sternly glare
At man, upheld by vital breath,
Who, led by wicked fiends, should dare
To join the shadowy troops of death.'

We can insert hardly enough of this poem, to give any just idea of its power. His biographer tells us that it was written during a severe snow-storm; a fact, which may be of considerable importance to those, who are anxious to discover the seasons most propitious to poetical inspiration. It is far more wild and imaginative than any of his other writings, and shews a versatility of talent, which those who are acquainted only with the most familiar portions of them would scarcely have anticipated. Before we leave this subject, we are unwilling to pass by the tribute paid to his ability by Sir Walter Scott. It is interesting, no less as a full and striking testimony to his merit, by one whose favorable judgment was of no ordinary value, than as an example of the kindness and liberality of feeling of the great man, whose character is as honorable to our nature, as his writings are to the literature of his country. The following is an extract from a letter, written by him in reply to one of Crabbe, accompanying a present of a copy of the 'Parish Register.'

'Ashestiel, October 21, 1809.

'I am just honored with your letter, which gives me the more sensible pleasure, since it has gratified a wish of more than twen-

ty years' standing. It is, I think, fully that time since I was, for great part of a very snowy winter, the inhabitant of an old house in the country, in a course of poetical study, so very like that of your admirably painted "Young Lad," that I could hardly help saying, "That's me!" when I was reading the tale to my family. Among the very few books which fell under my hands, was a volume or two of Dodsley's Annual Register, one of which contained copious extracts from "The Village," and "The Library;" particularly the conclusion of book first of the former, and an extract from the latter, beginning with the description of the old Romances. I committed them most faithfully to my memory, where your verses must have felt themselves very strangely lodged in company with ghost-stories, border-riding ballads, scraps of old plays, and all the miscellaneous stuff, which a strong appetite for reading, with neither means nor discrimination for selection, had assembled in the head of a lad of eighteen. New publications, at that time, were very rare in Edinburgh, and my means of procuring them very limited; so that, after a long search for the poems which contained these beautiful specimens, and which had afforded me so much delight, I was fain to rest contented with extracts from the Register, which I could repeat at this moment. You may, therefore, guess my sincere delight, when I saw your poems at a later period assume the rank in the public consideration which they so well deserve. It was a triumph to my own immature taste to find I had anticipated the applause of the learned and of the critical, and I became very desirous to offer my *gratulor*, among the more important plaudits which you have had from every quarter. I should certainly have availed myself of the freemasonry of authorship,—(for our trade may claim to be a mystery, as well as Abhorson's) to address to you a copy of a new poetical attempt, which I have now upon the anvil, and I esteem myself particularly obliged to Mr. Hatchard, and to your goodness acting on his information, for giving me the opportunity of paving the way for such a freedom. I am too proud of the compliments you honor me with, to affect to decline them: and with respect to the comparative view I have of my own labors and yours, I can only assure you, that none of my little folks, about the formation of whose taste and principles I may be supposed naturally solicitous, have ever read any of my own poems, while yours have been our regular evening's entertainment. My eldest girl begins to read well, and enters as well into the humor as the sentiment of your admirable descriptions of human life. As for rivalry, I think it has seldom existed among those who know, by experience, that there are much better things in the world than literary reputation, and that one of the

best of these good things is the regard and friendship of those deservedly esteemed for their worth or their talents. I believe many *dilettanti* authors do cocker themselves up into a great jealousy of any thing that interferes with what they are pleased to call their fame: but I should as soon think of nursing one of my own fingers into a whitlow for my private amusement, as encouraging such a feeling.'

It was not until the year 1817, after the rising of the second morn on the mid-noon of his former fame, that Mr. Crabbe returned to the society of London, with which, more than thirty years before, he had been familiar in the persons of those, whose names will not perish so long as English history endures: and it is difficult to imagine what must have been his feelings, on comparing the present literary generation with his recollections of the past. He received a warm and cordial welcome in the highest intellectual and fashionable circles; Campbell, Rogers, and Moore did homage to the living patriarch of English poetry; and there were very few persons of talent and distinction, to whom he was not personally known. But these social enjoyments, however gratifying, do not seem to have elated him; it is an interesting trait in his character, that the attentions which were lavished upon him were unknown to his family, until after his death. On his return from London, he pursued his usual occupations, as if they had undergone no interruption. This volume contains several letters, written by gentlemen of high literary fame, in which the writers have embodied their recollections of him at this period. On one occasion, at the urgent invitation of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Crabbe visited him at Edinburgh. The reader will be interested in the following extracts of a letter addressed by Mr. Lockhart to his biographer, in which several circumstances, relating to this visit, are detailed.

'London, December 26, 1833.

'I am sorry to tell you that Sir Walter Scott kept no diary during the time of your father's visit to Scotland, otherwise it would have given me pleasure to make extracts for the use of your memoirs. For myself, although it is true that, in consequence of Sir Walter's being constantly consulted about the details of every procession and festival of that busy fortnight, the pleasing task of shewing to Mr. Crabbe the usual *lions* of Edinburgh fell principally to my share, I regret to say that my memory does not supply me with many traces of his conversation. The gen-

eral impression, however, that he left on my mind was strong, and I think, indelible; while all the mummeries and carousals of an interval, in which Edinburgh looked very unlike herself, have faded into a vague and dreamlike indistinctness, the image of your father, then first seen, but long before admired and revered in his works, remains as fresh as if the years that have now passed were but so many days. His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without any thing of old age about it,—though he was then, I presume, above seventy,—his sweet and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm mellow tones of his voice,—are all reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry; and how much better have I understood and enjoyed his poetry, since I was able thus to connect it with the living presence of the man!

'The literary persons, in company with whom I saw him the most frequently, were Sir Walter and Henry Mackenzie; and between two such thorough men of the world as they were, perhaps his *apparent* simplicity of look and manners struck me more than it might have done under different circumstances; but all three harmonized admirably together,—Mr. Crabbe's avowed ignorance about Gaels, and clans, and tartans, and every thing that was at that moment uppermost in Sir Walter's thoughts, furnishing him with a welcome apology for dilating on such topics with enthusiastic minuteness,—while your father's countenance spoke the quiet delight he felt in opening his imagination to what was really new;—and the venerable "Man of Feeling," though a fiery Highlander himself at bottom, had the satisfaction of lying by and listening until some opportunity offered of hooking in, between the links, perhaps, of some grand chain of poetical imagery, some small comic or sarcastic trait, which Sir Walter caught up, played with, and, with that art so peculiarly his own, forced into the service of the very impression it seemed meant to disturb. One evening, at Mr. Mackenzie's own house, I particularly remember among the *noctes coenaeque Deûm.*

Mr. Crabbe had, I remember, read very little about Scotland before that excursion. It appears to me that he confounded the Inchcolm of the Frith of Forth with the Icolmkill of the Hebrides: but John Kemble, I have heard, did the same. I really believe he had never known until then, that a language, radically distinct from the English, was still actually spoken within the island. And this recalls a scene of high merriment which occurred the morning after his arrival. When he came down into the breakfast parlor, Sir Walter had not yet appeared there: and Mr. Crabbe had before him two or three portly personages, all in the full Highland garb. These gentlemen, arrayed in a costume so novel, were talking in a language which he did not

understand; so he never doubted that they were foreigners. The Celts, on their part, conceived Mr. Crabbe, dressed as he was in rather an old fashioned style of clerical propriety, with buckles in his shoes, for instance, to be some learned abbé, who had come on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Waverley; and the result was, that when, a little afterwards, Sir Walter and his family entered the room, they found your father and these worthy lairds hammering away, with pain and labor, to make themselves mutually understood, in most execrable French. Great was the relief, and potent the laughter, when the host interrupted the colloquy with his plain English "Good morning."

* * * * *

'All my friends, who had formed acquaintance with Mr. Crabbe on this occasion, appeared ever afterwards to remember him with the same feeling of affectionate respect. Sir Walter Scott and his family parted with him most reluctantly. He had been quite domesticated under their roof, and treated the young people very much as if they had been his own. His unsophisticated, simple and kind address put every body at ease with him: and indeed, one would have been too apt to forget what lurked beneath that good humored, unpretending aspect, but that every now and then he uttered some brief pithy remark, which showed how narrowly he had been scrutinizing into whatever might be said or done before him, and called us to remember, with some awe, that we were in the presence of the author of 'The Borough.'

'I recollect that he used to have a lamp and writing materials placed by his bedside every night; and when Lady Scott told him she wondered the day was not enough for authorship, he answered, "Dear Lady, I should have lost many a good hit, had I not set down, at once, things that occurred to me in my dreams."

'I could never help regretting very strongly that Mr. Crabbe did not find Sir Walter at Abbotsford, as he had expected to do. The fortnight he passed in Edinburgh was one scene of noise, glare, and bustle,—reviews, levées, banquets, and balls,—and no person could either see or hear so much of him, as might, under other circumstances, have been looked for. Sir Walter himself, I think, took only one walk with Mr. Crabbe: it was to the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, at the foot of Arthur's seat, which your father wished to see, as connected with part of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. I had the pleasure to accompany them on this occasion: and it was the only one on which I heard your father enter into any details of his own personal history. He told us, that during many months, when he was toiling in early life in London, he hardly ever tasted butcher's meat, except on a Sunday, when he dined usually with a tradesman's family, and

thought their leg of mutton, baked in the pan, the perfection of luxury. The tears came into his eyes while he talked of Burke's kindness to him in his distress: and I remember he said, "The night after I delivered my letter at his house, I was in such a state of agitation, that I walked Westminster bridge backwards and forwards until daylight."'

For many years before his death, Mr. Crabbe underwent severe tortures from the *tic douloureux*, and the rapid approaches of infirmity gave warning, in the beginning of 1831, that the period of his departure was at hand. 'Mine,' says he, 'is an old man's natural infirmity, and that same old man creeps upon me more and more.' Early in February of that year, he died, after a few days of great suffering. The closing scene was marked by the same religious hope, which had shed a beautiful lustre over his useful and protracted life. He retained to the last, in the intervals of pain, that calmness and serenity, which viewed without terror the event he felt to be approaching; and he exhibited throughout that interest in others, which had bound many hearts to his. The testimonies of respect, that were freely paid to his memory by the people of his neighborhood, were of that character, which nothing but the loss of a good man would call forth, and nothing but affectionate veneration would bestow.

We ought not to omit to notice the manner, in which the life of Mr. Crabbe has been recorded by his son. He formed the plan of preparing a biography, some time previous to his father's death, and has not thought it expedient to alter that portion of it which was written in his lifetime. We think this a judicious resolution; this portion of the work is undoubtedly more animated and attractive to the reader, than it would have been had it been written in the immediate contemplation of the loss. There is little reason to fear, that the son has omitted any thing particularly worthy of remembrance; while he has certainly collected much, that would not easily have been accessible to others. On the whole, it will be regarded as a just and gratifying tribute to a man of superior genius and virtue, whose moral qualities command our veneration, while his poetical abilities will ensure him a high and permanent rank among the poets of his country.

ART. VII.—*Helen.*

Helen: a Tale by MARIA EDGEWORTH. In two volumes. Philadelphia. 1834.

WE know not when we have been more delighted, either as reviewers or as men, with any occurrence in the literary world, than with the opportunity of giving another welcome to Miss Edgeworth, the friend of our earlier years. And yet we must confess that our pleasure was mingled with many fears; for it was possible, that the recollection of the interest her writings used to inspire, might be stronger than the reality; there was a chance too, that during her long silence she might have lost something of her power, or that the public taste, so long used to the excitement of Scott's romances, might be less disposed than formerly to relish that quiet and unassuming excellence, which distinguishes Miss Edgeworth's writings. But whatever sentiments prevailed in our minds,—whether hopes or fears,—we believe that all intelligent readers will agree with us in the acknowledgment, that the fears were uncalled for, and the hopes have been exceeded. We remember her as the morning star, whose radiance was lost for a time in the excessive brightness of the rising sun; now we see her reappearing more beautiful than ever as the planet of evening, after that sun has left the sky.

Works of this description are constantly exerting an immense power upon those who read them; and what numbers that phrase embraces in this reading age, when all who read anything are familiar with Miss Edgeworth and Scott! No one is on his guard against injurious impressions; when any one takes them up, he surrenders his mind to the excitement, and floats along like the drifting vessel, which takes no note of its bearings. He may be carried far aside from the right way, without the least suspicion that all is not well, and should he be a young reader, even if he perceive that injury has been done to his moral feelings, he may not have energy to repair it. The moral character of Scott's works is uniformly good, and that it is so, is indeed a blessing to the world. But another set of writers, such as the author of Vivian Grey, have sprung up since his decline, and have exerted a contrary influence, to

an extent, which, considering their worthlessness in a literary point of view, is really surprising. Those who read such books are not aware perhaps of any bad effect produced upon their minds; but the simple circumstance *that they can read them*, is enough to show that injury is done. For those who take pleasure in such things are morally incapable of relishing better, and the depraved appetite grows by indulgence, till the health of the soul is irrecoverably lost. Truly, when gamesters, robbers and assassins, are served up to us as high-minded and honorable men; when the vile scandal of the day, or the history of sensuality is brought out to light, with only a thin veil of sentiment to cover its shame; when dungeons and death-beds are resorted to for narratives and scenes, which hide the defect of power in the writers, by supplying a powerful interest of their own; and when all this is received, without suspicion either of its moral purity or its intellectual pretensions, it is certain that some injury is already done. We do not suppose that such works will gain much favor with those who are truly enlightened; but it is too much to suppose that the great body of readers answer to that description.

But we have no disposition to act the part of Don Quixote at the puppet show, making an assault on works which are insignificant enough in themselves, and which are perhaps already forgotten by many of our readers. We refer to them, only by way of contrast, to show the value of a writer like Miss Edgeworth, who comes forward with authority, speaks in a voice to which all must listen, and recalls the public taste to truth and nature. We admire, most of all, the moral bearing of her writings; with a manner which is neither affected, assuming nor professional, she causes this to be felt in almost every page. The professed moral of such writings is not the thing to be most regarded; for often, where no fault can be found with the sign which the writer hangs out, scenes and descriptions are introduced, which leave no good impression. When the plays acted in this city were called 'moral lectures,' in order to evade the law, it is not probable that the morality of the performance constituted its principal attraction, nor, when a writer makes the same profession in order to conciliate the great law of public opinion, are we always sure of finding it in any part of the work after the preface or title page. The only way to determine what the actual moral is, must be to ascertain what decided impression is left upon the mind after

reading it. If it produce a sort of kind regard for the guilty and a disposition to smile at their crimes; if it lessen the disgust which every pure mind feels for coarseness and sensuality; if it bring us into any thing like a friendly familiarity with characters whom we ought to shun, whether in actual life or poetical description, then, whatever may be the *moral* of the work, its morality will be found wanting.

Many writers feel as if all the demands of morality were answered by poetical justice, as it is called, by which is meant the retribution which, at the close of the work, makes the good prosperous, and brings the guilty to adversity and shame. But this is a rule which has nothing like it in nature; the world does not witness such an equal providence, and to make prosperity the invariable result of excellence, is to prepare many to be disappointed. But this kind of retribution is assigned by inferior hands: they think that they have done enough when they have given riches and honor to the deserving, a process which requires nothing more than a movement of the pen. The true poetical justice, the only one which answers the claims of morality, is to conciliate the respect and attachment of the reader for the deserving, and to show that the unworthy are never to be envied, whatever prosperity they may seem to enjoy. When Richardson made his Clarissa unfortunate in the closing scenes, a result which was anticipated by his readers, since the work appeared, like Gibbon's history, in volumes successive and far between, a general outcry was raised by her admirers, who thought that to marry her happily was the least that he could do; but the author judiciously stopped his ears and held fast to his original plan. The good sense of Shakspeare, in bringing Cordelia to the grave, when lengthened life would only have been 'stretching her out longer on the rack of the rough world,' has been thought so unsuitable to dramatic representation, that it has been altered by common consent; unsuited to the stage it may be, but it is not unsuited to truth and nature. In the Heart of Mid-Lothian, Scott has given rank and luxury to the less worthy sister, which he has denied to the other: in this he was right; his retribution consisting in the happiness and admiration which Jeanie secured by her virtue, while all the seeming splendor of Effie was but the gilding of her woe.

The fate of novels, which have been written as vehicles for religious influences, shows that a formal moral will not always

give a moral impression. They have, almost without exception, been decided failures; the writers have been so entirely different in habits of thought and feeling from those whom they wished to conciliate, that all their attempts to recommend the subject have produced an effect precisely the reverse of that which they intended. Miss Edgeworth's works certainly are not what are called religious: nor do we know her sentiments in respect to the religion which we profess; she has been coarsely railed against, for her silence, by some who professed a zeal for Christianity, but has not to our knowledge explicitly avowed her opinions. Still it is certain, that the morality of her writings is the same with that which Christianity enjoins; her literary influence aids the cause of improvement, which Christians have at heart. It was beautifully said by the lamented Frisbie, that 'she has stretched forth a powerful hand to aid the impotent in virtue; and had she added, "in the name of Jesus of Nazareth," we might almost have expected miracles from her touch.' But we are not sure, that a great proportion of those whose minds she wished to reach, the English fashionable world for example, would have listened so patiently to one who avowed her purpose to instruct them, though we should certainly rejoice to be able to infer more decidedly from her expressions, that she regards Christianity as a revelation from on high. And yet, whatever her faith may be, it is but just to say that her works have done more good, than all the professedly religious novels that have been written since the creation of the world.

But while the writers of works, professedly moral, have often failed in an undertaking, which requires not merely good intentions but knowledge of the world and address, as well as intellectual power, they have been guilty only of mistake; we wish we could say as much for others, who are less easily forgiven. The former class of writers have made virtue and religion repulsive, but those to whom we allude have labored to make vice attractive and engaging: not that such was their direct object in writing; but such was the effect of their writings, and they had not sufficient respect for morality to abstain from these dishonorable arts of attraction. We are sorry to say that a great proportion of the older English novels are liable to this censure, nor can it all be excused by ascribing it to the times in which they appeared, which would account for coarseness perhaps, but must not be allowed to throw its broad mantle

over indecent and sensual immorality. Richardson perhaps shows how far this excuse may be reasonably pleaded; indelicate enough in all conscience some of his pages are, but his aim was always to produce a moral impression. Fielding, a much greater genius, was as much beneath him in all moral respects, as he was above him in intellectual power. It was hardly to be expected that one, who led a life of vulgar dissipation in the lanes and taverns of London, and cared not what his own associates were, would be particular in the society which he introduced to his readers; and yet, strange to say, he was more decent in this respect than Smollett, who was a man of better life, and yet seemed to revel with a sort of insane delight in all the off-scouring of the world. Such writers have their reward in the change of moral feeling, which, if it tolerate them in one age, will give them up in the next; they are gradually lifted to the highest shelf of the bookcase, and those who read them as part of the national literature, can hardly open them without a feeling of shame.

By estimating the injury to the cause of good morals which such writers have done, we can form some just idea of the good which is done by Miss Edgeworth and Scott, not to speak of others who, in their various degrees, follow the same high examples. Such offenders against the moral and social law are to be found even now, and the world is disposed to pass over their transgressions somewhat too lightly. Even Dr. Johnson, moralist though he was, lent his authority to this view of the subject when he said, 'Men do not become highwaymen because Macheath is acquitted on the stage.' This however is but an ingenious evasion of the question; the true inquiry is, whether the admiration inspired by the gay bold-faced villain is not injurious to the cause of good morals. We think there is no doubt of it; for those who permit themselves to admire such characters will not be likely to form a taste for better, either in actual or imaginary life; and such admiration, though it may not make men robbers, may nevertheless influence them unhappily to a great extent, without ever bringing them to the prison or the halter. We hold it evident that such writings may do harm: and in the same proportion, we believe that Miss Edgeworth does good by substituting in their place works of greater ability and attraction, which, so far as they have any effect, shall tend to elevate and purify the mind.

So far, these works have a good effect, but we believe that

the service works of imagination can render to the cause of virtue, is greatly overrated. Bad ones can do harm in a proportion far greater, than good ones can do good. The passive impressions which the mind receives in reading them, if they are works immoral in their bearing, can easily undermine principles of virtue, a process which requires little exertion, since, if not sustained and exercised, they are always ready to die of themselves: all this can be done in the lethargy and inaction of the soul. And were it enough to give virtuous impressions, the better sort of these works of fiction might have credit for more than can now be fairly ascribed to them. But good impressions do not make good men; neither is an aversion to bad characters sufficient to make good men: to render much to the cause of virtue it is necessary to form principles, which is more than passive impressions ever had power to do. Scott, in discussing this subject, arrives at the conclusion that novels may inspire generous sentiments, and this he considers their highest praise. But if the mind is passive in reading them, they cannot have much power even to do this; and we believe that it will be found on inquiry, that the feelings which they inspire are hollow and unsubstantial,—not such as lead to action, but such as flatter and deceive their possessor. When once they are brought to the trial, it is evidently seen, that only the moral energy of the soul and the stern discipline of real life can form principles of virtue firm enough to face the winds and storms. Yet, though we are not prepared to allow that novels can do so much good as some ascribe to them, we believe that Miss Edgeworth's exert a happier influence than any other, without a single exception; for beside the whole impression, which is always in favor of truth, good sense, and virtue, there are maxims of admirable wisdom interwoven in the texture of the work, as striking as those of De Retz, showing a profound and intimate acquaintance with the human heart. They all tend to establish the fact, that the straight and narrow way of duty, though it may sometimes be hard to travel, will sooner or later appear to be the only path of pleasantness and peace.

When we praise the moral effect of Miss Edgeworth's writings, we consider ourselves as bearing testimony not only to her good intentions, but to her ability also; for to desire to produce such an effect is one thing, and actually to produce it is another. The writer, who aims at it without success, does more harm than good, just as they who aim at wit without suc-

ceeding, are not merely spiritless, but actually offensive. And yet to arrange the circumstances of their story, to keep light and graceful control over the movements of the characters, to regulate the suggestions, narratives, and descriptions which combine to give the moral impression, requires a comprehension which very few possess. We are told that Andrew Fairservice's horse used three legs for the purpose of progression, and flourished the fourth in the air by way of accompaniment; in this, he affords a lively illustration of the course of sundry novels, except that in them the accompaniment generally bears a greater proportion to the enginery employed in efficient action; and the truth is, that the good sense, which subdues all the elements of character and action into harmonious order, is an intellectual gift, peculiar to masters in this department of writing. Fielding possessed it without doubt; but his tastes and habits made him a painter of manners rather than of nature; Scott is the one who has displayed it in its greatest perfection; a few bold touches of his pencil set the scene and character almost visibly before our eyes; and Miss Edgeworth, though her range is not so wide, has shown almost equal gracefulness and freedom in her management of stories and characters within the circle of ordinary life, where, had she failed, almost every reader could, from his own experience, have pronounced her work unnatural, and have pointed out where and what was wanting.

We have dwelt, perhaps too long for the patience of our readers, on the moral bearing of Miss Edgeworth's writings, because, though they are admirable in every respect, this is the point in which they have rendered most service to the world. No writers of fiction, before her, ever attempted to do more than amuse an idle hour, or if any did try to convey instruction in this pleasing form, their morality was so heavy, that they often threw it overboard to save their craft from sinking; certainly the greater proportion of them have sailed in ballast so far as respected morality. Even now it is surprising to see with what impudence certain novelists insult the common sense and decency of mankind; and with what eagerness many, who might be supposed to know better, receive their accounts of English high life, their lofty sentiment and fine writing, admiring the grace and elegance which these writers add to their talent by a familiarity with the ways of the world; while the only high life which the author has ever seen, is that

which is visible from his garret window, and his art of style consists in furnishing the reader with impressions instead of ideas,—impressions which strike the young sentimentalist as exceedingly magnificent, because, being undefined, he cannot discern their form. If such productions can find favor with any class of readers now, what would have been the state of things had Miss Edgeworth never existed? Happily these works are of a fashion which passes away. The same principle of corruption in them, by which they become so pestilential to readers, is a principle of decay to themselves; the very light that seems to play round them is phosphoric,—generated by their own dissolution, and far from being attractive to those who understand its nature, warns them that their senses will be offended if they approach too nigh. Meantime the writer, who, like Miss Edgeworth, unites fine moral taste with talent, shines with the steady brightness of a star, which, once risen, shall never more go down.

For some time after Miss Edgeworth had written with great reputation and success, it was supposed that she was under obligation to her father for his literary aid. But it would seem that he did nothing more than write an occasional preface, to introduce her the more gracefully to the notice of the world. His memoirs, written by himself, were published by his daughter after his death, and they show conclusively, that his turn of mind was such that mechanical assistance was all he would be likely to give. He seems to have been a man of active mind and restless habits, with a strong taste for mechanical inventions. We remember once meeting an insane projector, who was engaged in constructing a steam engine for eradicating the stumps of trees in newly settled countries; he remarked, that it would soon be in the hands of every backwoodsman, since, after simplifying the machinery a little, he should be able to afford it for three thousand dollars. Mr. Edgeworth's plans seem to have been of the same grotesque description,—such as a moveable treadmill, to which Dr. Johnson's remark would apply, that in ordinary cases a man moved only himself, but the great excellence of this invention was, that it required him to move himself and the machine too. Among others was a phaeton, with a single wheel like a wheelbarrow, in which something was gained in point of friction, though at considerable expense in regard to security. He also had a plan for carrying manure about his farm in a balloon, though wheth-

er it was for the sake of easy conveyance, or of improving the article by an aëronautic expedition, does not readily appear. These however were harmless oddities, and he seems to have led an active, busy and useful life, though entirely without such habits of thought, as would have qualified him to aid his accomplished daughter to any considerable extent in her literary labors. There was evidently a strong feeling of mutual admiration existing between them: he felt himself honored by the homage which was paid to her, and she in turn ascribed all her success to his early counsels and instructions. We should be glad to forget, if we could, that her *memoirs*, when they appeared about fourteen years ago, were the subject of one of those brutal attacks, in which a certain English review has always indulged; we had supposed that the day of such iniquities was over, but we see another late outpouring from the same source upon Miss Martineau, which one would suppose might furnish a regale better suited to the Hottentot circles, than those of England.

One of the more important subjects which engaged the attention of Mr. Edgeworth, was that of early education, and he seems to have recommended to his daughter the employment of writing for the young, by which she has secured the lasting gratitude and affection of that important part of the human race. There is scarcely an intelligent child in America, who does not love her name; and this is, in our opinion, the highest honor which ambition can desire or hearts bestow. Miss Edgeworth seems to have considered her father as opening a new path in the field of education; his plan was to note down anecdotes of the child, and in that way to form an accurate knowledge of its character, so as to be able to tell the kind of discipline and influence to which it needs to be subjected. Here it is only the mechanical process which is new: it is only a more systematic way of taking those observations of the minds, habits and feelings of the young, which judicious parents and teachers have always taken for their guidance in the discharge of their trust. Neither is it probable that such incidents, as would be thought sufficiently important to deserve insertion in such a journal, would be as good indications of character as many which would be caught by the glance of an observing eye. The practice which he recommended was better suited to his daughter's purpose of writing for the young; accordingly many of the incidents in her youthful tales, and possibly some

that seem most unlikely ever to have happened, were actual incidents, drawn from real life and preserved in a minute registry of this description. We have been assured that she made it her practice, in order to secure exact representations of the Irish, to take notes of incidents and expressions when her father was acting as a magistrate, and sometimes also to use, for the same purpose, whatever struck her as worth preserving in the intercourse of social life.

Miss Edgeworth was quite young when she began the literary career, which has been so long and brilliant. Her Essay on Self-Justification was written in 1787, and published in 1795, probably without her name, since she is generally understood to have made her first appearance in 1798, when she published the Treatise on Practical Education, in conjunction with her father. Castle Rackrent appeared in 1800, and was enough to establish her reputation as a painter of Irish nature. The incidents, which supplied the outline of the story, are believed to have been furnished by the history of her own ancestors, but the story is but a small part of its merit; the conversation in which it is told is the evidence of her talent, and probably this was never surpassed by any other describer of the Irish manners, nor by any other passages in her own writings. It is surprising to see how much can be done for his own country by a powerful writer, who opens before the eyes of the world a new vein of national character, for intelligent minds to explore. Scott has spread a rich mantle of poetical associations over all the blue hills of his native land; and he himself assures us, that it was his ambition to do for his country what Miss Edgeworth had done for her own green isle,—to introduce its natives to those of the sister kingdom in a favorable light,—which induced him to undertake that new literary enterprise, that placed him in such an enviable position before the eyes of the world, at the moment when his poetical inspiration seemed dying away.

The Moral Tales were published in 1801, with a view of furnishing to the young a kind of reading that should gratify the youthful taste, without exciting too much of the passion for fictitious narrative; we can certainly say of her, that she has come nearer to success than any other writer, but whether it be possible to indulge the taste without the danger of its becoming too engrossing, is a question not easily decided. One would have said beforehand, that the effect of Scott's

works would be, to drive an army of worthless novels out of circulation, by making the world more fastidious in its choice; but we see, on the contrary, that the taste becomes so ravenous, that it no longer cares for selection, but devours with voracious appetite the wretched materials with which the booksellers take care to keep it supplied. We cannot speak with much decision on the subject, but we fear that the effect of Miss Edgeworth's tales for the young may have been similar to this. If so, however, it is an effect for which she is not answerable. Neither is the danger, if there be any, to be avoided in the way which has been attempted by some inferior writers,—by taking scenes, incidents and characters from real life. It is the boast of writers of religious stories, for example, that what they narrate and describe is true. Still their description is not reality; it is only the picture of reality, and there seems to be no reason why such a picture should better answer the purpose of actual experience in making one acquainted with real life, than the fancy piece which is true to nature. We are confident that Miss Edgeworth's stories have more truth in them,—more truth to fact, certainly more truth to nature, than hundreds of those which profess to describe events that have actually happened. No one can help admiring the easy and graceful way in which she manages her incidents and characters, so as to make all bear upon the great purpose of instruction,—the particular moral which she endeavors to impress. St. Pierre's Paul and Virginia is almost the only work, which compares in this respect with her writings for the young: and in that delightful tale, it may be a fault, that the philosophy which the writer had at heart is so little essential to the story, that the young reader listens with impatience when it is pointed out to him, dismisses it from his mind, and never associates it with the work again.

The Popular Tales appeared in 1804, and were intended for a class who were not much in the habit of reading. The times are wonderfully changed in the course of thirty years, and the boundary of the reading public extended further than would have been thought possible a quarter of a century ago. We do not look upon this change as approaching the miraculous; the efforts of the human mind have probably always been as great, comparatively speaking, as in the last few years, —and the taste for reading only resembles other comforts, which pass into a greater number of hands in each successive

generation: the great difference is, that in former times the demand was not sufficient to call for a very active supply; whereas now, a thousand pens and a million presses are kept in constant motion for 'the many,' and their wants are even too much regarded if they make writers regardless of the wants and judgment of the few. Miss Edgeworth, who has always endeavored to lay the foundations of her fame in usefulness, wrote the Popular Tales for the benefit of those who were not much given to other kinds of reading, and nothing can be better than the manner in which maxims of prudence and practical good sense are illustrated and enjoined. 'Lame Jervas,' for example, shows from what small beginnings a youth may raise himself by integrity and application; 'The Will' illustrates the manner in which industry and attention secure the rewards, which genius considers as its own; 'The Manufacturers' offers a warning to those, who are meanly ambitious of rising into higher circles, where they are despised and insulted, while they might have been useful and honored among their former friends; 'Tomorrow' is a powerful representation of the effect of delay, that false dictate of a treacherous heart, which is perpetually betraying thousands into ruin and shame; and 'The Contrast,' one of the finest narratives that ever were written, shows that the effect of moral education does not depend nearly as much on chance or accidental influence, as is generally supposed. They who have rightly cultivated the minds of their children, and sown good seed in their hearts, with patient and interested care, are in general as sure of reaping the fruit of their labor, as the husbandman is of enjoying his happy harvest-home in return for his exertions in the spring.

The Fashionable Tales followed the Popular, after an interval of several years. It is evident enough that they were not written by the booksellers' instigation, for of 'The Dun,' and 'Ennui,' which appeared together in 1809, the former was written in 1802, and the latter two years later,—five years before it was given to the world. The story of Lord Glenthorn is one of deep interest and attraction; the discovery which deprives him of his rank and title, and the moral energy by which he clears out a path for himself to prosperity and fame, are doubtless exceedingly improbable events; but so skilfully is the story managed, that the reader takes no notice of the circumstance till it is pointed out by the critic, who, in this case as in many others, receives slender thanks for his endeavors to

enlighten the public mind. Of all the Fashionable Tales, 'Vivian' inspires the most profound interest and makes the deepest moral impression. The weakness of heart, which makes a man faithless to himself, or, to use an expressive phrase, 'his own worst enemy,'—which impels him to act without any just discernment of the consequences of his actions,—which puts him in the power of those, who are immeasurably beneath him in intellectual ability and moral feeling,—all the effects of this helplessness are represented, in that fine story, with a fearful strength of portraiture which no one can easily forget.

Among the Tales of Fashionable Life, was 'The Absentee,' a work well known for its admirable sketches of Irish character, and the patriotism, with which Miss Edgeworth endeavored to impress upon the owners of estates in that country, a sense of their duty in regard to their tenants. If we might credit some of the English politicians, it is the duty of the landlord to leave these dependants at the mercy of his agent, and to go, much against his will no doubt, to spend his income among strangers, this being the way in which he can best serve the interests of his country. Others, who take a more philosophical view of the subject, relieve the absentees from censure, by showing that it is the order of Providence which brings wretchedness and famine upon Ireland, and that the people are themselves to blame for coming into an over-crowded world. But those most interested in the subject have never been quite satisfied with these ingenious theories, and have of late begun to think it reasonable, that all who hold power over men shall be responsible to men for the use of that power,—a maxim, which may perhaps occasion some inconvenience to the great, but which will tend in a far greater proportion to secure the comfort and happiness of the small. The representative of a noble Irish family, miserably ambitious of being ridiculed and despised in London, in preference to being useful and honored at home,—the high-minded son, who feels the humiliation of the position in which he stands, and resolves to restore his parents to their country,—the beautiful cousin, Grace Nugent, perhaps the loveliest female portrait ever drawn,—these and the Irish characters at home and abroad, with all their originality of oddity and humor, have made this work a favorite with the public; its popularity is greater than that of any of her writings, unless perhaps we except the very last.

'Belinda,' which was written in 1800, made a considerable sensation when it first appeared. It had not the recommendation of the Irish character and humor, in which she excels; but the description of English life was striking and animated,—even too much so to suit the taste of English critics, who fell upon her with great fury, and abused her for misrepresenting their fashionable world. The spirited sketch of Lady Delacour gave particular offence, but if we mistake not, the most offensive passages in that lady's history were taken from real life; such for example was the duel which she fought with another female politician; it has always been understood, that a celebrated Duchess gave Mr. Fox an equally convincing proof of her devotion to his party. The part of this novel, which would generally be condemned as most improbable, we mean Clarence Hervey's attempt to educate a wife, was taken from the reality in substance, though some romance is superadded to the truth. Day, the author of Sandford and Merton, a man of large fortune and still more abundant eccentricity, actually selected two girls from the Foundling Hospital, intending to educate them in innocence and ignorance, apart from the corrupting influence of the world. One of them was soon dismissed for want of talent, but she married a respectable tradesman, and had talent enough to make an excellent wife and mother. The other might have answered the purpose, being handsome, intelligent, and ready to receive instruction, but unfortunately her patron was disgusted with the sleeves of a gown which she happened to wear, and in consequence her chance of promotion was lost. After solemn consideration, he determined in his own mind, that he never could be happy with one who had given so signal a proof of her want of strength of mind, and therefore abandoned her forever. The result of the experiment, as described in the novel, has often been criticised as extremely improbable; whether falling in love with a picture, or renouncing a loved one on account of her sleeves, be the more unlikely event, must be determined by those who are better versed than reviewers in matters of the heart.

'Patronage' appeared in 1813, and never was so fortunate as its predecessors in gaining public applause. Not that it does not give evidence of as much talent as any which went before it, nor because its scenes and characters are inferior to any of theirs; the only difficulty seemed to be in the wide reach of the subject; it contained such a variety of interest and adventure,

that there was a want of singleness in its impression, though all are made to bear upon the subject with considerable skill. The abundance of the author's materials perhaps embarrassed her a little, and this was the explanation of that want of unity of which so many complained. The letters of the sons of Mr. Percy, giving the particulars of their professional success, were thought by some to weigh heavily upon the story: such is not our opinion; but much impertinent criticism on this subject was addressed even to the author herself, who admitted its justice, though in a tone rather expressive of modesty than conviction. Her Lord Oldborough was one of those imposing characters, that at first sight make an impression, which the second reading does not confirm; he is too statue-like and unbending, savoring more of the days of Lord Chatham, who would not allow his secretaries to sit in his presence, than of these later times, when great men have lost a part of their reverence as well as power.

But without saying more of works which are familiar to all our readers, we will only remark that Helen, while it is equal in excellence to her best, bears little resemblance to her other writings. It is too common with those who begin to write again after long silence, to copy the manner which proved successful on former occasions; the consciousness that a high reputation is to be maintained or lost in the new adventure, often deprives the writer of courage, and he feels that he shall be satisfied, if he do not fall below his former standard. The same timidity often makes him serve up old incidents and characters in new forms, while the reader, instead of being glad to meet his old acquaintance again, is vexed to see them endeavoring to hide their respectable antiquity under a youthful dress. Miss Edgeworth has not been betrayed into this error; feeling sure that she possessed all her early strength, she has written with calm confidence, and has proved to the satisfaction of the world, that the light within has not grown pale with age.

Miss Edgeworth's object in writing Helen, was to inspire a reverence for the truth, and to show the evils which inevitably result from its violation. The common expressions of good feeling, in social life, usually convey more than is felt by those who use them: and the habit of exceeding the exact truth, thus formed, is very easily carried into more important matters, under the impression, that if it be right to exceed the truth in

the polite intercourse of society, it is still more excusable when the object is to give pleasure or avoid giving pain. There are many cases in which it requires great moral energy to speak the truth, while it seems as if no harm would come from suppressing it: and unless the moral principle be deep and strong, the truth will be violated without the conscience being alarmed or offended. To a great proportion of mankind, selfishness seems to constitute all the sin of falsehood, and so long as they have no selfish object to gain,—still more when they do it to serve a friend or to spare his feelings,—they do not feel as if they had done any thing which the sternest moralist need condemn. But as white lies lead on to those of a darker color, and the conscience, which has tolerated one, cannot easily take offence at another, there is danger in the least indulgence; on this account Dr. Johnson said that he would punish a child, for saying that a thing happened at one window, when it actually happened at another; because indifference to truth is the prevailing cause of falsehood; while to those who reverence the truth, no circumstances can excuse the violation of it; no temptation, no palliating reason, no benevolent intention can make the transgression light.

The heroine of the story is Helen Stanley, an orphan, educated by her uncle, a Dean of the English church, and a man of taste and fortune, who, two years before the period when the history opens, had resided with her in Florence, where they were intimate with Lord and Lady Davenant and their daughter Lady Cecilia; shortly after the Dean returned with his niece to England, he died, having exhausted his fortune by his expensive luxuries, and leaving no inheritance to his niece, but a sum of money which he had settled upon her before his affairs became disordered. She insists upon appropriating this money to the payment of his debts, in order to remove all reproach from his memory, though the sacrifice leaves her with but slender means of support.

Her former friends, the Davenants and their daughter, who meantime has married General Clarendon, retain their attachment to Helen under her altered circumstances. She is at once invited to make Clarendon Park her home, as lady Cecilia tells her, 'by the express desire of her husband.' But lady Cecilia, lovely and amiable though she was, had never learned to reverence the truth, and though she would have scorned a selfish falsehood, would sometimes rose-color her

representations, either for the sake of giving pleasure or to avoid giving pain. In the present case, she had given her husband to understand, that Helen had formerly promised to reside with her when she was married, and she represented to Helen, that the arrangement was made by her husband's desire ; whereas the fact was, that the General desired the company of his sister, Esther Clarendon, a lady who was both excellent and disagreeable, not discriminating between sincerity, and what Addison calls 'the silly affectation of speaking one's mind.' In this case as in all others, the truth would not only have been much better, but would have answered her immediate purpose much better ; Helen finds the General perfectly polite, but somewhat stately ; and for a time, she is perplexed to reconcile his manner with the account which lady Cecilia had given. At length she becomes convinced. that she was a resident in the house against the will of its master; and shocked at the idea, she is on the point of retreating at once, without regarding the consequences; but fortified by the counsels of lady Davenant, she resolves to do nothing hastily ; till one day, when it becomes necessary to determine her plans for the future, she begs leave to speak with the General, and asks it as a favor that he will deal plainly with her, and tell whether she was not holding the place in his family which another might more properly have filled. Had there been the least want of singleness of heart in our heroine on this occasion, the application would have been indelicate ; but the manner of openness and truth cannot be misunderstood ; he was struck at once with the conviction, that she was better suited than his sister, to be a companion to Lady Cecilia, having the same truth and moral courage, without that bluntness of manner, which sometimes makes a virtue even to the virtuous almost as repulsive as a sin. The scene between them on this occasion is beautiful and affecting, and entirely removes the coldness, which was owing solely to lady Cecilia's suppression of the truth. But all difficulties which originated in that source were not so easily mastered. The General, from particular circumstances, had resolved that he never would marry a woman who had loved another,—one of those resolutions which men often form, and keep till they find inducement enough to break them. Lady Cecilia, knowing this prejudice, had carefully concealed from him that she once flirted and even corresponded, when in Florence, with a man of pleasure,

one Col. D'Aubigny; no harm could have arisen from disclosing it, but still it was concealed. When this man's name was once accidentally mentioned, Helen happened to blush, though not for herself, and Lady Cecilia, with that meanness, which seems forced on those who suppress the truth, suffered her friend to lie under the suspicion of having been once attached to the worthless libertine, who never had the least interest in her heart. Lady Cecilia did not imagine that Helen could be injured by such a suspicion; she loved her friend very sincerely; but having once concealed the truth from her husband, she was afterwards afraid to disclose it: what was at first a weakness on her part, became a selfish and ungenerous willingness to sacrifice her friend. Truly does Irving say that one truth concealed, like a dollar in the vaults of a bank, has a dozen paper representatives; so it proved on this occasion; and the consequence was, that the place which seemed to offer so pleasant a home to Helen, soon became to her little better than a house of suffering and bondage.

Lady Davenant is the person who calls forth most of Miss Edgeworth's power. In her youth, she was romantic in the best sense of the word, and gave her heart to one whom her imagination exalted above the mortal standard; but at the time when he was engaging her affections, he had given his heart to another. When she discovered this, she released him at once from his engagements, without a word of upbraiding; and the plan for her happiness, which her mother had so injudiciously formed, had almost become the means of breaking her heart. Instead, however, of avenging upon all others the unfaithfulness of one, she forced herself into society, and new admirers came,—among them Lord Davenant, to whom she revealed the state of her heart, but who nevertheless persevered in his endeavors to gain all the affection she was able to give. Lord Davenant was at that time a younger son, without title or fortune; it was not till afterwards, that the death of his brothers threw rank and wealth into his hands.

When the effect of her first passion had subsided, she became ambitious; at first she wished to distinguish herself by the power of conversation, in which Madame de Staël thinks that English ladies, without exception, are wanting; in this she succeeded, and was ridiculed and admired, till one of her friends had the courage to warn her of the affectation in which she was indulging, and she had good sense enough to take the

suggestion as kindly as it was intended. But political ambition remained; Lord Davenant was a man of talent, but somewhat careless of influence and applause; she took advantage of his place as minister to ask favors for some of her acquaintance, and thus gave the impression that she exerted considerable power. While thus engrossed with public matters, she was less mindful of her duties as a mother; and the consequence of her leaving her daughter to the care of others was, that lady Cecilia acquired that habit which afterwards involved her in so much suffering and shame. Nor was her influence with her husband always well exerted. Her mother, having exhausted her means in expensive luxuries, persuaded lady Davenant to ask a pension for her from her husband; he could not grant it for such a purpose, and to such a person, without dishonor; still, having once asked it, she persevered, till her unreasonableness had well nigh separated them forever. Meantime he granted the desired favor from his own private fortune, and his wife forgot her disappointment in admiration of his firm virtue, and shame for her own unworthy application. The effect of all this experience was, to make her character firm, dignified and commanding; she never disguised from herself her own faults and errors, but saw and acknowledged them precisely as they were, and welcomed the lesson she had learned at whatever expense of feeling: we know not where the process, by which real character is formed, can be found traced by an abler hand.

About this time, Granville Beauclerc, General Clarendon's ward, appears upon the stage. Lady Cecilia, by certain suggestions, had contrived to give Helen such an embarrassment in his company, as deprived her of all presence of mind. She was very desirous that they should be agreeable to each other; and, in order to remove Helen's blushes, told her a story, for which she herself might have blushed,—that Beauclerc was soon to be married to another. The consequence of this idle falsehood was, that she, thrown daily into his society, lost her heart before she was aware of it; he became equally attached to her; but when he declares his passion in the incoherent language appropriated to such occasions, she entirely misunderstands him, and he, believing himself rejected, at once takes his flight from the country. Had Lady Cecilia even then told the truth to her husband, his flight might have been arrested; but she could not persuade herself to do this; she found it

easier to leave him under the impression, that Helen had acted a coquettish and unworthy part; the consequence was, that her friend began to decline in the General's esteem, he being a man who esteemed openness one of the most sacred of duties, and insincerity one of the basest of crimes. It was only by writing herself to Beauclerc, and confessing what false impressions she had given, that Lady Cecilia could recall him at last.

Thus far Helen was not to blame; but now, Lady Cecilia takes the fancy that they shall always dress alike. Helen had it still in her power to withhold her uncle's legacy from the sacred purpose for which she had set it apart; without this, her means were very slender; but she had not sufficient strength of mind to resist her friend's solicitations, who made her compliance in this respect a test of affection. It was not long before she had involved herself deeply in debt, for articles of luxury which she neither wanted nor valued. But in her perplexity, which was sufficiently alarming, she retained her openness, and though dissuaded by Lady Cecilia, went at once to Lady Davenant and confessed the extravagance of which she had been guilty, declaring her purpose at the same time to sacrifice every thing rather than touch the legacy of her uncle. Unmoved, except to tears by the cold severity of her friend, Helen went through with her confession, and the result was, that her confidence retrieved her circumstances and secured the affection of her friend, where a suppression of the truth would have involved the one past all recovery, and alienated the regard of the other.

These were but the beginning of troubles. Lady Davenant was obliged to go with her husband on a foreign embassy, and, being aware of the fatal defect in her daughter's character, she was rejoiced to leave her with such a companion as Helen, in whose integrity she reposed unbounded confidence. Nor was it unworthily bestowed. But Helen was young, and Cecilia, though she had this failing, was her warm-hearted and affectionate friend. The danger was, that when an appeal was made to her affection, Helen would not have firmness to resist it, and so it proved. Certain letters, which Lady Cecilia had formerly written to Col. D'Aubigny, were forwarded with no good intention to General Clarendon, and his wife accidentally discovered the contents of the packet before it came under his hand. The discovery filled her with dismay; but instead of confessing the truth to him, she could think of no resource,

but to persuade Helen to receive the packet as her own. Their handwriting was similar,—the letters were signed with a fancy name, and if Helen could be induced to enter into this conspiracy, all might be well. The plan was proposed to Helen; every kind of solicitation was tried, and among other things, it was urged that, in Lady Davenant's state of health, the shock of a discovery might be fatal. Dreadful as it was to lend even silent aid to a wife in an attempt to deceive her husband, Helen in an evil hour consented, on receiving a promise from Cecilia, that as soon as Lady Davenant was gone, she would disclose all to her husband. That promise was never redeemed. The scene, where Helen claims the fulfilment of the promise, is so characteristic and forcible, that we are tempted to extract it, though it is rather long for our purpose.

'"Your mother is safe now, Cecilia."

"Oh yes, and thank you, thank you for that——"

"Then, now, Cecilia—your promise."

"My promise!" Lady Cecilia's eyes opened in unfeigned astonishment. "What promise?—Oh, I recollect, I promised—did I?"

"My dear Cecilia, surely you cannot have forgotten."

"How was it?"

"You know the reason I consented was to prevent the danger of any shock to Lady Davenant."

"Well, I know, but what did I promise?"

The words had in reality passed Lady Cecilia's lips at the time without her at all considering them as a promise, only as a means of persuasion to bring Helen to her point.

"What *did* I promise?" repeated she.

"You said, 'As soon as my mother is safe, as soon as she is gone, I will tell my husband all,'—Cecilia, you cannot forget what you promised."

"Oh no, now I remember it perfectly, but I did not mean so soon. I never imagined you would claim it so soon; but some time I certainly will tell him all."

"Do not put it off, dearest Cecilia. It must be done—let it be done to-day."

"To-day!" Lady Cecilia almost screamed.

"I will tell you why," said Helen.

"To-day!" repeated Lady Cecilia.

"If we let the present *now* pass," continued Helen, "we shall lose both the power and the opportunity, believe me."

"I have not the power, Helen, and I do not know what you mean by the opportunity," said Cecilia.

"We have a reason now to give General Clarendon—a true ood reason, for what we have done."

"Reason!" cried Lady Cecilia, "what can you mean?"

"That it was to prevent danger to your mother, and now she is safe; and if you tell him directly, he will see this was really so."

"That is true, but I cannot—wait till to-morrow, at least."

"Every day will make it more difficult. The deception will be greater and less pardonable. If we delay, it will become deliberate falsehood, a sort of conspiracy between us," said Helen.

"Conspiracy! Oh, Helen, do not use such a shocking word, when it is really nothing at all."

"Then why not tell it?" urged Helen.

"Because, though it is nothing at all in reality, yet Clarendon would think it dreadful—though I have done nothing really wrong."

"So I say—so I know," cried Helen; "therefore——"

"Therefore let me take my own time," said Cecilia. "How can you urge me so, hurrying me so terribly, and when I am but just recovered from one misery, and when you had made me so happy, and when I was thanking you with all my heart!" said Cecilia.

Helen was much moved, but answered as steadily as she could. "It seems cruel, but, indeed, I am not cruel."

"When you had raised me up," continued Cecilia, "to dash me down again, and leave me worse than ever!"

"Not worse—no, surely not worse, when your mother is safe."

"Yes, safe, thank you—but oh, Helen, have you no feeling for your own Cecilia?"

"The greatest," answered Helen, and her tears said the rest.

"You, Helen! I never could have thought you would have urged me so!"

"O, Cecilia! if you knew the pain it was to me to make you unhappy again,—but I assure you it is for your own sake. Dearest Cecilia, let me tell you all that General Clarendon said about it, and then you will know my reasons." She repeated as quickly as she could all that had passed between her and the General, and when she came to this declaration that, if Cecilia had told him plainly the fact before, he would have married with perfect confidence, and, as he believed, with increased esteem and love, Cecilia started up from the sofa on which she had thrown herself, and exclaimed,

"O that I had but known this at the time, and I *would* have told him."

"It is still time," said Helen.

"Time now?—impossible. His look this morning. Oh! thet look!"

"But what is one look, my dear Cecilia, compared with a whole life of confidence and happiness?"

"A life of happiness! never, never for me, in that way, at least, never."

"In that way and no other, Cecilia, believe me. I am certain you never could endure to go on concealing this, living with him you love so, yet deceiving him."

"Deceiving!—do not call it deceiving, it is only suppressing a fact that would give him pain; and when he can have no suspicion, why give him that pain? I am afraid of nothing now but this timidity of yours—this going back. Just before you came in, Clarendon was saying how much he admired your truth and candor, how much he is obliged to you for saving him from endless misery; he said so to me, that was what made me so completely happy. I saw that it was all right for you as well as me, that you had not sunk, that you had risen in his esteem."

"But I must sink, Cecilia, in his esteem, and now it hangs upon a single point—upon my doing what I cannot do."

Then she repeated what the General had said about that perfect openness, which he was sure there would be in this case between her and Beauclerc. "You see what the General expects that I should do."

"Yes," said Cecilia, and then indeed she looked much disturbed. "I am very sorry that this notion of your telling Beauclerc came into Clarendon's head—very, very sorry, for he will not forget it. And yet, after all," continued she, "he will never ask you point blank, 'Have you told Beauclerc?'—and still more impossible that he should ask Beauclerc about it."

"Cecilia!" said Helen, "If it were only for myself, I would say no more; there is nothing I would not endure—that I would not sacrifice—even my utmost happiness."—She stopped, and blushed deeply.

"Oh my dearest Helen! do you think I could let you ever hazard that? If I thought there was the least chance of injuring you with Granville!—I would do any thing—I would throw myself at Clarendon's feet this instant."

"This instant—I wish he was here," cried Helen.

"Good heavens! do you?" cried Lady Cecilia, looking at the door with terror—she thought she heard his step.

"Yes, if you would but tell him—O let me call him!"

"Oh no, no! Spare me—spare me, I cannot speak now. I could not utter the words; I should not know what words to use. Tell him if you will, I cannot."

"May I tell him?" said Helen, eagerly.

"No, no—that would be worse; if any body tells him it must be myself."

"Then you will now—when he comes in?"

"He is coming!" cried Cecilia.

General Clarendon came to the door—it was bolted.

"In a few minutes," said Helen. Lady Cecilia did not speak, but listened, as in agony, to his receding footsteps.

"In a few minutes, Helen, did you say?—then there is nothing for me now, but to die—I wish I could—I wish I was dead."

Helen felt she was cruel, she began to doubt her own motives; she thought she had been selfish in urging Cecilia too strongly, and going to her kindly, she said,

"Take your own time, my dear Cecilia; only tell him---tell him soon."

"I will, I will indeed, when I can—but now I am quite exhausted."

"You are indeed," said Helen, "how cruel I have been!—how pale you are!"

Lady Cecilia lay down on the sofa, and Helen covered her with a soft India shawl, trembling so much herself that she could hardly stand.

"Thank you, thank you, dear, kind Helen; tell him I am going to sleep, and I am sure I hope I shall."

Helen closed the shutters—she had now done all she could; she feared she had done too much, and as she left the room, she said to herself,—"Oh, Lady Davenant! if you could see—if you knew—what it cost me!"

The natural consequence of all this was, that the General considered Helen as acting dishonorably, in not confessing her correspondence with Col. D'Aubigny to Beauclerc, who was now her professed and accepted lover. Her predicament was painful; but, fettered as she was by her engagement to Cecilia, she could only throw herself on his generosity. She did it at once, with a manner that inspired the most perfect confidence; she confessed to him that there was a mystery which she was not at liberty to explain, and begged him to trust her integrity till the time for explanation should come. He at once avows, in the most generous language, his perfect faith in her, and declares that no unworthy jealousy shall ever alienate his affection. Still the relation in which they were placed was extremely delicate; and it is one great proof of Miss Edgeworth's talent, that she is able to inspire so much

regard for Lady Cecilia, who is deeply interesting to every reader, though all detest the folly by which she sacrifices her friends to her own fancied security. This may strike some as a failure on the part of the moralist; it appears to us in a different light; it is the very soul of Christian morality, to pity the offender, while it condemns his crimes.

Helen was so confident that she had acted with good intentions, that she hardly confessed to herself that she was accessary to an imposture,—that she was aiding a wife to deceive a noble-minded and confiding husband. Her perplexities, great as they were, did not trouble her so much as might have been supposed; for she did not realize to its full extent the fact, that no peace,—no reconciliation,—no prosperity can endure, except it be founded in truth.

We have no room to describe the difficulties into which this wretched stratagem of Lady Cecilia led. Lady Davenant was in Russia, in miserable health, and Helen could only take counsel of her own heart: she felt all the embarrassment which tortures an ingenuous mind, at the thought of being accessary to imposture; she felt that she was under the stern eye of perpetual disapprobation, whenever she met the General, and much as she loved Cecilia, Helen could not disguise from herself, that her conduct throughout was treacherous and unworthy. When the family went to London, instead of being able to lose the consciousness of wrong in the pleasures of social life, they were met by a paragraph in the papers, which announced that Col. D'Aubigny's memoirs were to be published, together with his correspondence with certain ladies of fashion; and so pointed an allusion was made to Helen, as one of those who had encouraged his attentions, that she attracted a sort of observation which it was very difficult to endure. The publication had been got up between some booksellers and certain venomous scandal-mongers in high life; the brother of the Colonel had furnished the letters, and passages had been inserted to make them more discreditable, particularly in those of Lady Cecilia, which of themselves were before quite too affectionate for the occasion. Those concerned in preparing the work had, for reasons which it is needless to mention, taken a bitter spite to Helen, and by the use of these letters, which they ascribed to her, together with additions of their own, they thought themselves sure of destroying her reputation and breaking off her marriage. The General by private contract

puts a stop to the publication, but takes a copy to Helen, desiring her to mark the parts which she had written. Helen carries this to Cecilia, who promises to mark them with the utmost exactness, but is not faithful; the General compares the work, as marked, with copies of the correspondence which had fallen into his hands, ascertains that Helen had not marked them faithfully, and thus she is again presented to him as guilty of a deliberate falsehood. He had engaged to give her away at the marriage, but now he declares that nothing should induce him to sanction such an union.

It was but natural that the friend, for whom she had sacrificed all this, should grow cold; no sacrifices, made at the expense of principle, ever can ensure lasting gratitude, however generously made, however kindly intended. But this is not the worst; Beauclerc, having engaged in a duel with Horace Churchill, a man of the world, who had imprudently made himself responsible for the publication in which he had little share, wounds him desperately, and is obliged to fly from the country. A note from the General to Helen, announcing his determination with respect to the wedding, and giving the reasons for his change of purpose, makes Helen profoundly sensible of the degraded position in which she stands, both in his eyes and those of others. She has not lost her self-respect, and she writes a letter to him, declaring that she can no longer enjoy his hospitality, and another to Beauclerc, in which she tells him, that without any change of feeling on her part, the force of circumstances which she cannot explain, must separate them forever. Her plan was, to reside with an old housekeeper of her uncle, but Miss Clarendon, who happened to be in London, and who, in her direct way, soon satisfied herself of the real state of the case, persuaded her to accompany her into Wales, where the intelligence of the duel and the agitation of mind through which she had passed, brought her almost to the grave. Miss Clarendon is a good example of those characters, who are sometimes found in the world, who take pride in their own sincerity, till they learn to pay too little regard to the feelings of others; they do not know that sincerity is one thing, and bluntness quite another; and they do an injury to the cause of virtue, by associating a fine attribute of character with a roughness not necessarily connected with it, which inspires anger and aversion.

The later scenes, in which the mysteries of the story are de-

veloped, have a thrilling interest which Miss Edgeworth has never exceeded. Scenes of the exciting kind have not much abounded in her former writings; certainly there is nothing in them, which rivals the closing passages of this. When Helen is recalled to London to meet Lady Davenant, who is expected home from Russia, the first person she sees is Lady Cecilia, who had not even taken leave of her when she went away. We give the scene in the author's own words.

'When they were within the last stage of London, the carriage suddenly stopped, and Helen, who was sitting far back, deep in her endless reverie, started forward—Cockburn was at the carriage door.

"My lady, coming to meet you, Miss Stanley."

It was Cecilia herself. But Cecilia, so changed in her whole appearance, that Helen would scarcely have known her. She was so much struck that she hardly knew what was said: but the carriage doors were opened, and Lady Cecilia was beside her, and Cockburn shut the door without permitting one moment's delay, and on they drove.

Lady Cecilia was excessively agitated. Helen had not power to utter a word, and was glad that Cecilia went on speaking very fast; though she spoke without appearing to know well what she was saying: of Helen's goodness in coming so quickly, of her fears that she would never have been in time—"but she was in time,—her mother had not yet arrived. Clarendon had gone to meet her on the road, she believed—she was not quite certain."

That seemed very extraordinary to Helen. "Not quite certain?" said she.

"No, I am not," replied Cecilia, and she colored; her very pale cheek flushed; but she explained not at all, she left that subject, and spoke of the friends Helen had left at Llansillen—then suddenly of her mother's return—her hopes—her fears—and then, without going on to the natural idea of seeing her mother, and of how soon they should see her, began to talk of Beauclerc—of Mr. Churchill's being quite out of danger—of the General's expectation of Beauclerc's immediate return. "And then, my dearest Helen," said she, "all will be——"

"Oh! I do not know how it will be!" cried she, her tone changing suddenly; and, from the breathless hurry in which she had been running on, sinking at once to a low broken tone, and speaking very slowly. "I cannot tell what will become of any of us. We can never be happy again—any one of us. And it is all my doing—and I cannot die. Oh! Helen, when I tell you——"

She stopped, and Miss Clarendon's warning counsel, all her own past experience, were full in Helen's mind, and, after a moment's silence, she stopped Cecilia, just as she seemed to have gathered power to speak, and begged that she would not tell her any thing that was to be kept secret. She could not, would not hear any secrets: she turned her head aside, and let down the glass, and looked out, as if determined not to be compelled to receive this confidence.

"Have you then lost all interest, all affection for me, Helen? I deserve it!—But you need not fear me now, Helen: I have done with deception, would to Heaven I had never begun with it!"

It was the tone and look of truth—she steadily fixed her eyes upon Helen—and instead of the bright beams that used to play in those eyes, there was now a dark deep-seated sorrow, almost despair.

Helen was deeply moved: it was indeed impossible for her, it would have been impossible for any one who had any feeling, to have looked upon Lady Cecilia Clarendon at that moment, and to have recollected what she had so lately been, without pity. The friend of her childhood looked upon her with all the poignant anguish of compassion—

"Oh, my dear Cecilia! how changed!"

Helen was not sensible that she uttered the words "how changed!"

"Changed! yes! I believe I am," said Lady Cecilia, in a calm voice, "very much changed in appearance, but much more in reality; my mind is more altered than my person.

"Oh! Helen! if you could see into my mind at this moment, and know how completely it is changed;—but it is all in vain now! You have suffered, and suffered for me! but your sufferings could not equal mine. You lost love and happiness, but still conscious of deserving both: I had both at my command, and I could enjoy neither under the consciousness, the torture of remorse."

Helen threw her arms round her, and exclaimed, "Do not think of me!—all will be well—since you have resolved on the truth, all will yet be well."

Cecilia sighed deeply and went on.—"I am sure, Helen, you were surprised that my child was born alive. At least I was. I believe its mother had not feeling enough to endanger its existence. Well, Clarendon has that comfort at all events, and as a boy, it will never put him in mind of his mother."

"Well, Helen, I had hopes of myself to the last minute; I really and truly hoped, as I told you, that I should have had

courage to tell him all when I put the child into his arms. But his joy!—I could not dash his joy—I could not!—and then I thought I never could. I knew you would give me up; I gave up all hope of myself. I was very unhappy, and Clarendon thought I was very ill; and I acknowledged that I was anxious about you, and let all the blame fall on you, innocent, generous creature!—I heard my husband perpetually upbraiding you when he saw me ill—all, he said, the consequences of your falsehood —and all the time I knew it was my own.'

Then came the full force of sorrow and shame, which her wretched expedients had only delayed, not prevented. Her husband lost his confidence in her; and by the consequences of her artifice, she was led on to acts, which were soon detected and which changed his affection into disdain. He is represented throughout as a man of high and honorable feelings, but inflexible in his purpose, and unbounded in his abhorrence of every thing like disguise. It may easily be imagined how such a person would feel, when he discovered that the woman, to whom he had given his heart without reserve, was no longer worthy of respect or love. Her unhappiness drove her to degrading resources: she went into society, to escape the dreary solitude of home, and when she returned from her dissipation, made false excuses for being late; she involved herself in debt at the card table, and asked money of her husband under false pretences, which were easily seen through,—she was found associating with persons, whose society he thought disreputable, not that she sought such company, but she was drawn into it by her former stratagems; this too he discovers, and he does not conceal from her, that the last vestige of affection for her is gone from his heart.

They remained in a state of alienation till the time we have mentioned, when Lady Davenant returned and Helen went to London to meet her. When Helen met with her former friend, she found her greatly altered with remorse and sickness of heart. There was no mistaking the sincerity of her confession; it appeared by the test given in Moore's beautiful line, 'Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had been less pale;' false indeed she had been, but all was thoroughly altered. When Lady Davenant returned,

'A servant, who had been watching at the hall-door, came in —"The carriage, my lady! Lady Davenant is coming."

Lady Cecilia started up; they ran down stairs; the carriage

stopped, and in the imperfect light they saw the figure of Lady Davenant, scarcely altered, leaning upon General Clarendon's arm. The first sound of her voice was feebler, softer, than formerly—quite tender, when she said, as she embraced them both by turns, "My dear children!"

"You have accomplished your journey, Lady Davenant, better than you expected," said the General.

Something struck her in the tone of his voice. She turned quickly, saw her daughter lay her hand upon his arm, and saw that arm withdrawn!

They all entered the saloon—it was a blaze of light; Lady Davenant, shading her eyes with her hand, looked round at the countenances, which she had not yet seen. Lady Cecilia shrank back. The penetrating eyes turned from her, glanced at Helen, and fixed upon the General.

"What is all this?" cried she.

Helen threw her arms round Lady Davenant. "Let us think of you first, and only—be calm."

Lady Davenant broke from her, and, pressing forwards, exclaimed, "I must see my daughter—if I have still a daughter! Cecilia!"

The General moved. Lady Cecilia, who had sunk upon a chair behind him, attempted to rise. Lady Davenant stood opposite to her; the light was now full upon her face and figure; and her mother saw how it was changed! and looking back at Helen, she said, in a low, awful tone, "I see it; the black spot has spread!"

Scarcely had Lady Davenant pronounced these words, when she was seized with the most violent spasms. The General had but just time to save her from falling; he could not leave her. All was terror! Even her own woman, so long used to these attacks, said it was the worst she had ever seen, and for some time evidently feared it would terminate fatally.

At last, slowly, she came to herself, but perfectly in possession of her intellects, she sat up, looked round, saw the agony in her daughter's countenance, and holding out her hand to her, said, "Cecilia, if there is any thing that I ought to know, it should be said now."

Cecilia caught her mother's hand, and threw herself upon her knees. "Helen, Helen, stay!" cried she; "do not go, Clarendon!"

He stood leaning against the chimney-piece, motionless, while Cecilia, in a faltering voice, began; her voice gaining strength, she went on, and poured out all—even from the very beginning, that first suppression of the truth, that first cowardice, then all

that followed from that one falsehood—all—even to the last degradation, when in the power, in the presence of that bad woman, her husband found, and left her.

She shuddered as she came to the thought of that look of his, and not daring, not having once dared while she spoke, to turn towards him, her eyes fixed upon her mother's;—but, as she finished speaking, her head sank, she laid her face on the sofa beside her: she felt her mother's arm thrown over her, and she sobbed convulsively.

There was silence.

"I have still a daughter!" were the first words that broke the silence. "Not such as I might have had, but that is my own fault."

"Oh, mother!"

"I have still a daughter," repeated Lady Davenant. "There is," continued she, turning to General Clarendon, "there is a redeeming power in truth. She may yet be more worthy to be your wife than she has ever yet been!"

"Never!" exclaimed the General. His countenance was rigid as iron; then suddenly it relaxed, and going up to Helen, he said,

"I have done you injustice, Miss Stanley. I have been misled. I have done you injustice, and, by Heaven! I will do you public justice, cost me what it will. Beauclerc will be in England in a few days; at the altar I will give you to him publicly; in the face of all the world, will I mark my approbation of his choice; publicly will I repair the wrong I have done you. I will see his happiness and yours before I leave England for ever!"

Lady Cecilia started up: "Clarendon!" was all she could say.

"Yes, Lady Cecilia Clarendon," said he, all the stern fixedness of his face returning at once—"Yes, Lady Cecilia Clarendon, we separate now and for ever."'

It was but natural that the General should feel deeply at having been so treated by Lady Cecilia,—nor was it unnatural, that he should be the latest to be convinced of the change in her character. Lady Davenant, who had always condemned herself severely for her neglect of Cecilia's childhood, is persuaded that she has recovered her daughter; and Miss Clarendon, with her usual plainness, declares her confidence in her sister-in-law, at the same time expressing her admiration of some generous and kind affections, which she had never observed before. These circumstances respecting Col. D'Au-

bigny would not have been known, had not Cecilia revealed them; so that her confession was evidently not a mere acknowledgment, wrung from her by circumstances, but a full outpouring of the heart. Her husband does not relent in his determination to part from her, leaving her to enjoy his fortune in England, while he himself engages in the foreign service of his country.

But, so long as her friend was thus alienated from her husband, at the time too when she was really more than ever worthy of his love, Helen could not be happy. Still the marriage ceremony was performed; the General gave away the bride. At the public breakfast, Lady Davenant, feeble as she was, appeared, and in presence of some of the slanderers who had contributed to bring about these unpleasant results, takes the opportunity to expose their malice, and to a sufficient extent, to undeceive the world; but the exertion is too great for her strength.

'She suffered herself to be carried up the steps into her own apartment by the General, who laid her on the sofa in her dressing-room. She looked round on them, and saw that all were there whom she loved; but there was an alteration in her appearance which struck them all, and most the General, who had least expected it. She held out her hand to him, and fixing her eyes upon him with deathful expression, calmly smiled, and said, "You would not believe this could be; but now you see it must be, and soon. We have no time to lose," continued she, and moving very cautiously and feebly, she half-raised herself—"Yes," said she, "a moment is granted to me, thank Heaven!" She rose with sudden power, and threw herself on her knees at the General's feet; it was done before he could stop her.

"For heaven's sake!" cried he, "Lady Davenant!—I conjure you——"

She would not be raised. "No," said she, "here I die, if I appeal to you in vain—to your justice, General Clarendon, to which, as far as I know, none ever appealed in vain—and shall I be the first?—a mother for her child—a dying mother for your wife—for my dear Cecilia—once dear to you."

His face was instantly covered with his hands.

"Not to your love," continued she—"if that be gone—to your justice I appeal, and MUST be heard, if you are what I think you: if you are not, why, go—go, instantly—go, and leave your wife, innocent as she is, to be deemed guilty—Part from her, at the moment when the only fault she committed has been repaired—

Throw her from you when, by the sacrifice of all that was dear to her, she has proved her truth—Yes, you know that she has spoken the whole, the perfect truth——"

"I know it!" exclaimed he.

"Give her up to the whole world of slanderers!—destroy her character! If now her husband separate from her, her good name is lost for ever! If now her husband protect her not——"

Her husband turned, and clasped her in his arms. Lady Davenant rose and blessed him—blessed them both; and they knelt beside her, and she joined their hands.

"Now," said she, "I give my daughter to a husband worthy of her, and she more worthy of that noble heart than when first his. Her only fault was mine—mine—my early neglect: it is repaired—I die in peace! You make my last moments the happiest! Helen, my dearest Helen, now, and not till now, happy—perfectly happy in Love and Truth!"'

In reading this very interesting work, we were less pleased with the character of Churchill, than most of the others, though it is evidently labored by the writer. It probably represents an individual or a class, and therefore may inspire more interest at home than abroad. We were not pleased with the affectation of employing French phrases, where English would answer better; there is a knowing air about the practice, more worthy of second-rate scribblers, wishing to astonish the natives, than of a lady of Miss Edgeworth's real attainments. But the moral of the work is unexceptionable; and we believe that the moral effect of it will be such as amply to reward the excellent writer. She has called the attention of all classes,—for this book will be in every hand,—to the essential importance of truth. Sir Thomas Brown says, that the devils do not lie, for if they did hell could not subsist: how this may be, we do not know, though we never imagined that they were particularly scrupulous in regard to this indulgence; but certain it is, that a great proportion of the suffering and dissension of social life, is owing to this prevailing transgression. There is not however so much deliberate falsehood, as indifference to the truth; the latter is quite too general; and he, who is careless of the truth, is not far removed from the liar. Even by those who desire to practice the virtue, it is not always understood; some suppose sincerity to consist in blurting out their hasty and unformed opinions,—in making every man sensible of their prejudice against him, and in never suppress-

ing any idle thought or feeling, which comes into their head or heart. It is scarcely necessary to say, that when openness degenerates into brutality, as it sometimes does in those who boast of it, it ceases to be a virtue; where it is genuine, it is kind and gentle, as well as resolved and firm. It is not truth that so often offends; it is some passion indulged under its name; thanks then are due to the powerful writer, who shows us what the virtue really is, and impresses us with a sense of its importance, excellence and attraction.

ART. VIII.—*Miss Peabody's Key to History.*

Key to History. Parts I., II., and III. By ELIZABETH P. PEABODY. Boston. 1833.

WE have examined, with attention, these works of a very intelligent lady, and being fully convinced of the merit of her system, we take the opportunity to recommend it, in few words, to the notice of our readers. The plan is undoubtedly formed upon correct principles of instruction, and seems to contain within itself the assurance of its own success; but we are well aware that the value of every practical system can only be determined by experiment, and what we ask is, that the one before us may have a fair and impartial trial. Some of our most successful instructers have, we perceive, given a verdict in its favor: perhaps others, and they are many, who have long lamented the want of some such aid in this department of instruction, may find on trial that the defect is here supplied. We speak of the general system: the details may possibly be found, on experiment, to require correction and improvement; but such alterations, if necessary, are very easily made; and the fact that they may be necessary should not be allowed to impair the value of a system, which is, in itself and in substance, good.

The state of education in this country, so far as respects the study of history, has heretofore been sufficiently forlorn. It was regarded as an interlude, of no value, except to fill up the chasms of the graver business of instruction. Not that its importance was not understood; but simply because the means and materials for pursuing the study were very imperfect, and

such as were within reach never had been assembled and made accessible by any connected system. Nor perhaps would it have been possible to form any such system, with the heavy and broken materials which alone existed but a few years ago. They were comprised in such a chaos of lumber, that whoever had any thing to do with the present,—any care or concern of life to attend to,—was obliged to abandon all hope of forming any intimate acquaintance with the past. The spirit faints at the remembrance of Rollin, Gillies, and Millot, through which the former generation waded, 'dolorous and malecontent,' in search of this kind of information,—those channels in which they found only the dust and bones of antiquity, and could obtain no idea of its living and breathing forms. If any one desired to know something of modern history, he was driven to such writers as Mezerai, Father Daniel, and Mariana, the very sight of whose volumes, compared with the duration of human life, was enough to fill the bravest with despair. The results were such as might have been expected: the idea of history, so formed, was a thing of shreds and patches,—more resembling the maps of the Arctic ocean, where land and sea are so harmoniously blended together, than anything which had ever been explored by man. The currents of sacred and classical history came down from the earliest ages in two parallel lines, which, if produced to all eternity, would never meet nor even approach each other. Whoever has suffered from this state of things, which is even now hardly entitled to be regarded as matter of history, will give a hearty welcome to anything in the shape of a system, which promises to deliver the coming generation from an evil under which their fathers suffered and mourned for years.

The work before us is intended to embrace, when completed, a full course of historical education. By a systematic process, the learner is to be led gradually to a familiarity with the subject, so that the memory shall not be laden with cumbrous and unmanageable materials, but only with such as bear upon the object immediately in view, and these, whether dates, incidents, observations or poetical allusions, so arranged as to be taken in with a single glance of the eye. Things well disposed require but little room; and if a general rule of order can be established, so that the records of nations, men, sciences and opinions, shall each have their place in the mind, the student will have his materials at command, always knowing

where to find and how to use them. It is a great thing to begin well and 'to get the run' of the subject; every young botanist, for example, knows how familiarly a little practice teaches him to refer the new plant to its class and order, where at first all seemed hopeless confusion. In the same manner, if the learner of history begin with a right system of arrangement, the incidents will no longer sit heavy on his mind; each will appear in its proper light and bearing; the spirit of philosophical contemplation will then be able to draw lessons of instruction from them, for information, for improvement, or for forming probable conjectures concerning the destiny of nations or of men.

Nothing however can be accomplished, unless those who commence the study have a deep interest in it; this of course is to be formed; and to make the learner enter into the spirit of the study at once, is one of the advantages which this system proposes to secure. The study itself, when once fairly entered upon, soon becomes exceedingly attractive, but the works employed in teaching it are often such, as to quench all the enthusiasm which the young mind begins to feel. It depends on the instructer to remove this difficulty; he must be familiar with the treasured wisdom of former times, and be able to select from orators, historians and poets, such passages as will make deep and vivid impressions. It will never do to surrender the mind to a single fascinating writer; the effect of that habit was evident in this country a quarter of a century ago, when the young readers of Hume, republicans though they were by birth and education, were almost to a man in favor of Charles I., forgiving all his usurpations, and thinking on the patriots of the day as cold-blooded fanatics, almost too savage to be men. Nor will it answer, on the other hand, to make an indiscriminate heave-offering of dull writers, since some of them, whose works no mortal would think of journeying through, may have passages which require and repay attention. All this shows the necessity of having accomplished teachers; and yet so wide is the field and so rich and various the attainments required, that no one, who has not made it an almost exclusive study, can ever teach it with success. We fully agree with Miss Peabody in the opinion that it is best to have schools entirely devoted to this study, where the learner may, with small expense of time, be furnished with that right direction in the early steps of the study, which the young cannot

be expected to take by their own sagacity, and without which, no small amount of labor and life is lost. Where this advantage is not to be had, the work before us is intended to serve as a guide, directing the attention of the teacher of common schools or of the solitary student to such books as will answer his inquiries, and save him from wandering into investigations of things which, at the moment and for the purpose, he does not need to know.

The first object in this instruction is to form the habit of attention; and in the first, or rather the preparatory part of this work, the author has kept this purpose in view. This volume is called the 'First Steps to History;' in it, she has employed the Life of Columbus, as well calculated to inspire the interest and to form the habit on which all subsequent improvement depends. The biography of this illustrious adventurer, beside the patriotic associations which make it so attractive to the children of our country, affords a display of moral courage, perseverance and energy, such as the young naturally admire, and leads them also to an acquaintance with persons, places, scenes, and things in both worlds, such as they delight to know. He is one, who will hereafter seem to stand between the living and the dead; his history will form the bright boundary, which separates ancient from modern times; for his discovery was in every respect the most brilliant, immediate part of that great impulse which was then given to the mind of man by a succession of discoveries, apparently fortunate accidents, but in reality the direct results of principles, which had been long at work and were ready to be manifested the moment the world waked from its sleep of ages. The least thoughtful mind is led to inquire what causes led the way to his bold undertaking, and what effects his success is now producing among men. It may be said that these subjects are too large for the investigation of the young; it may be so; but it is something gained to give them a desire to know. Moreover, the history of the Spanish nation at that time, which cannot be separated from that of Columbus, forces one into acquaintance with that great movement which brought the Saracens from the desert, and established them for so many centuries in the heart of Spain. Nothing is more captivating to the young than the description of Oriental magnificence, whether they see it contending in gallant strife with chivalry on the burning plains of Syria, or reposing in sultry splendor in its

Asiatic halls. Connected thus with a thousand interesting subjects, the history of Columbus, which fortunately has been written by the right hand, affords an excellent starting point, where the student may begin to learn that interest,—for it is a thing which must be learned,—and those habits of thoughtfulness, also, which are essential to his future success.

The first volume being simply preparatory, the second is to be regarded as the beginning of the system. It contains a series of questions concerning the Hebrews, whose history is connected, by near or distant association, with that of every other Oriental race. They were thrown into the midst of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, and every other people distinguished for arts or arms, and by following the course of their history, the learner is led easily and naturally into an acquaintance with the governments, manners, opinions and religions of early ages. The author regards the Old Testament in this connexion merely as a civil history of the Hebrew state; and in our opinion this, considering her main design, is the proper way to regard it; since, though there are other aspects in which it is more important, they belong to the province of theology, which this work does not profess to teach. The authenticity of the record is proved by arguments forcible and convincing; its divine authority is taken for granted; but had the author undertaken to enter upon theological discussions, beside being absurdly out of place in such a work, they would necessarily have stamped it with the narrow seal of party. The learner is first made acquainted with the geography of the country in question,—a thing indispensable in preparation for the study of any history; since without it, the recollections which the mind gathers in study, having neither local habitation nor name, would soon be irrecoverably lost. On this point reference is made to Jahn's Archaeology, a work now common among us, which contains a vast amount of information crowded within its nutshell. For information concerning the Hebrew government and law, reference is made to Michaelis's Commentary on the Law of Moses, which for obvious reasons should be in the hands of the teacher, not of the young. In general the books of reference will answer their purpose quite as well if retained in the teacher's hands, it being his business to communicate the information which they afford, where it can be done with the happiest effect and most lasting impression. Perhaps there is no work which will give a just view

of the Hebrew constitution: this defect the teacher must supply; and he can easily excite the admiration of every intelligent youth, by showing that, in the midst of tyranny and barbarism, the divinely commissioned statesman established a government of laws and not of men,—a state in which all were equal, as respected their civil rights,—in which there was no human power above the people, and every member of the state was held directly responsible to God. Here, then, is a civil system, which, apart from its religious connexion, substantially resembled our own; and to find such a system, at such a time, existing in a people who claimed to be under divine protection, would in our opinion go farther than all other arguments, to prove the divine origin of the Hebrew law.

The third part of the Key contains the history of Greece, with questions referring to the historians and poets in whom the various passages of its history may be found. First, the geographical plan of Greece, in its larger outlines, is made familiar to the student's mind, a thing most important where almost every hill and valley is a memorial of the old glories of the land. Some idea of its religion in then given, by referring to the views of Heeren and Constant on the subject; this also is an important step in making the reader familiar with the spirit of the Greek history; for their gods were not mere creations of fancy, but mortal characters translated,—made into gods,—by the simple process of transferring their residence from the earth to the skies: like the castles of the Fairy Morgana, they were not wholly visionary; they were only an enlarged, multiplied and 'spiritually bright' reflection from the clouds of what existed in the earth below. Another reason makes it necessary to be acquainted with these subjects; those immortals have been indebted for their immortality to the power of Grecian genius and the enterprise of Grecian art; this knowledge therefore leads on to an acquaintance with poetry and sculpture, in which the foundations of their fame are laid. It is one great object of the author, knowing how essential it is to awaken an enthusiasm in the study, to make the student familiar with the beautiful creations of antiquity, though not by a naked skeleton of its fables, nor a mere description of its forms. She knows that there is something so fascinating in those creations, that the imagination, as soon as it approaches the subject, rises and spreads its wings; in order that it may not be tamed down by any mechanical process of instruction,

she endeavors to communicate to the learner a taste, amounting to a passion, for high thoughts and images of beauty, which shall make him travel over the whole broad field of study with a heart full of glory, and an eye on fire with perpetual delight.

In this country, we have no means at general command for giving the learner an idea of Grecian art; the originals are out of question, and even copies and casts are wanting. Another plan is therefore necessarily connected with this system; it is that of furnishing a collection of drawings, illustrative of classical antiquity, giving outlines of statues, bas reliefs and gems, which represent mythological stories or poetical imaginations, and adding to them the sketches which Flaxman and others have drawn, as if to show how modern taste and talent must always find its highest pride in doing reverence to the past. We earnestly hope that this interesting plan will not be abandoned, though it may not be understood and appreciated at once; without some such aid, classical associations will never be distinct and visible as they ought to every cultivated mind. It is truly remarked, that were it only as models for the pencil, these compositions would have great value; but this purpose is incidental; the great advantage is, that they fill the soul with those images of beauty, which are connected with the purest thoughts and feelings of all exalted minds.

We regret that the sketch, we are able at present to give of this work, is so slight: but we trust that our readers will be induced to examine it for themselves; for we are persuaded, that all persons of any cultivation, who in their youth were desirous to become familiar with the past, can remember with sorrow how much time was wasted in unprofitable labor, and how imperfect were their attainments after all. It was like the course of the Englishman, unenlightened in more senses than one, who visited certain scenes in Switzerland by lamp light, and returned but little impressed with the magnificence of the view; even so the light of history, as they enjoyed it, shone on a few points of the prospect, gilding here and there an illustrious period or a memorable name, but giving no idea whatever of the extent and variety of contemplations which the past spreads out before the soul. All this was owing to the want of system; for there is nothing stronger than the hold which this subject takes on the affections. We often see those, who begin to read a work of history with distaste and

reluctance; but it gains upon them every hour: they meditate upon it by night and day; it gives a direction to their thoughts and a turn to their conversation, and thus the historian, if he be able and interesting, rules for the time, an absolute sovereign of their souls. When they reach the end, they see before them a vacancy, like that which afflicted Gibbon, when he was writing the last page of his work; but often, when the reading is over, they find that, instead of having gained larger views of human nature in past ages, they have only added a few more to that collection of pictures which hang round the dark chambers of the mind. Unless these separate scenes are connected together by a system which shows their relation to each other, they answer no purpose of philosophical investigation; they have no extensive interest, and so far as respects happiness and improvement, all is dead letter in the breast.

Whatever opinion may be formed respecting the system, and we confess that it appears to us that some of the more mechanical parts of it might have been as well executed by an inferior hand, no one who examines it will doubt the ability or attainments of the writer; she is evidently a person of fine powers, and familiar with the subject which she has at heart. Her style is that of one who has never much studied the art of communicating to others, but who pours out with careless freedom the fullness of her mind. Nor is this perhaps a disadvantage; for the great object is to give the spirit of the subject; and animation and originality will inspire earnest enthusiasm, were it by sympathy alone, where the master of details would give up the attempt in despair.

ART. IX.—*Origin and Character of the old Parties.*

1. *History of the Hartford Convention, with a Review of the Policy of the United States Government, which led to the War of* 1812. By THEODORE DWIGHT, Secretary of the Convention. New York. 1833.
2. *Familiar Letters on Public Characters and Public Events, from the Peace of* 1783, *to the Peace of* 1815. Boston. 1834.

THE first of these works is a history of the Hartford Convention, by the Secretary of that body; the second is anonymous, but is freely attributed in the public prints to a gentleman, who took a somewhat conspicuous part in the old political controversies. They both belong, therefore, to the valuable and interesting class of books containing historical illustrations of political events, by individuals who were in one way or another to a greater or less extent personally connected with them. Writers of this description have been hitherto rare in our country. Our political and military characters have been generally either too busy or too little given to the use of the pen, to furnish the public with materials for their own history or that of their times. In some other countries these works compose, under the name of *Memoirs*, a large, attractive, and we may add, very important department of literature. In France, particularly, the supply of them has been exceedingly abundant; of late years, indeed, they have multiplied in that country to an extent and volume, sufficient, notwithstanding the unparalleled, we had almost said, agonizing interest of the period they describe, to weary the patience of the most indefatigable readers. The memoirs already published on the French Revolution, would compose of themselves a very handsome library, and there is room to suppose that the source is yet by no means exhausted. To the mass of these productions, writers of both sexes have contributed in nearly equal proportions, and if we attach to those of the men who have themselves occupied the highest political stations, such as Napoleon himself and his immediate coadjutors, more importance as political documents, we may freely admit that such works

as those of Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, Madame de Genlis and the Duchess of Abrantes are among the most agreeable, and under some points of view most instructive, of the collection.

The peculiar advantages and disadvantages of this kind of writing are sufficiently apparent. From the deep and lively interest which is felt by every one in matters immediately connected with his own personal concerns, they will probably be written with spirit and vivacity, and will thus avoid the greatest of all literary faults,—that of dullness. 'All sorts of writing,' says Voltaire, 'are good, except the *tiresome.*' *Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.* Again, the writer of memoirs will possess almost of necessity a minute and accurate acquaintance with the details of at least some portion of his subject, and even should his general knowledge be limited and his views incorrect, he will yet throw light upon some particular passage or event, the precise history of which might otherwise remain forever unknown. On the other hand, he is prone to extend his communications to an unreasonable length, —to publish twelve or fifteen volumes where two or three would answer every useful purpose,—and, what is a more serious evil, though a great book was regarded by the ancients as no trifling one,—he naturally carries into his description of the events in which he took a part, the feelings and opinions, right or wrong, under the influence of which he acted,—judges of measures and characters in the spirit of a partisan, and furnishes, in short, a more or less *partial* view of his subject.

The works before us exemplify, as would naturally be expected,—the merits and the defects of the class of writings to which they belong. They are both entertaining, and will be read with pleasure by all who feel any interest in the history of the country. If that of Mr. Dwight be less amusing, it has more the air of an official document, and will supply more authentic materials to the future historian. The Familiar Letters are in this respect particularly valuable, on account of the minute and often very curious descriptions which they give of the appearance and private habits of the prominent men of the last generation, with many of whom the author seems to have had opportunities of personal acquaintance. With these merits, which will render them both, though in somewhat different ways, contributions of no inconsiderable value to our national

literature, they show throughout, as well in the uniformly favorable judgment passed upon the men and measures of one of the political parties that formerly divided the country, as in the harsh censure as uniformly bestowed upon those of the other, that their authors, though writing no doubt with the best intentions, are still to a considerable extent under the influence of the party spirit of the times which they describe.

It is not our purpose, however, to enter into a minute criticism of these works. They do not need our recommendation to give them currency, nor would it perhaps be a profitable labor to undertake to point out in detail such mistakes of fact or opinion, as may have crept into certain passages of them, either from mere inadvertence, or from the cause to which we have just alluded. We propose in the present article to avail ourselves of the occasion afforded by their publication, to present a view of the history of parties in this country,—as we understand it,—somewhat different from that which they suggest,—more favorable to the character of our fathers, and, as we conceive, more conformable to facts and to the acknowledged principles of human action. In recording the view of the old controversies which prevailed at the time in the party to which they belonged, the writers of these works have acted with perfect honesty, and, as we have said, have rendered a service to the literature of the country. But these controversies have long since ceased to exist, and, as we shall show hereafter, can never by any possibility be renewed. The parties which carried them on have disappeared forever from the country. The persons composing the present active generation never took any,—or if any,—more than a very slight and secondary share in them;—never felt the ardent loves, nor the bitter hatreds, which grew out of them, and harrowed up for the time the very inmost soul of society. It seems to us now a strange and painful thing to see our natural and political fathers,—the fathers of our national existence, and social institutions,—all of whom we would willingly regard with equal and unmingled veneration and gratitude,—denounced not merely as obnoxious to occasional error, but as wilfully false to their own fame and the best interests of the country. We cannot persuade ourselves that such denunciations,—however honest and well meant,—can be necessary in reference to the prominent members of either of the former parties. There is ample ground,—as we conceive the subject,—for the belief that both were

sincere in their views of the great political principles and measures upon which they differed; and that, while a similar contest prevailed at the same time throughout the whole Christian world, it was no where carried on with equal moderation, superior intelligence, or in general in a manner more creditable in every respect to the persons who took the most active share in it, and to the people at large. This is the view which we wish to offer to the consideration of our readers on the present occasion, and which we shall now proceed to develope, recurring occasionally to the works before us in the way of illustration or reference.

The existence of parties in free governments is a matter of course, if not of absolute necessity. In a system which permits no expression of individual opinion,—where no voice is publicly heard but that of the Sovereign, parties are unknown. Any opposition to the will of the master is either suppressed at once or ends in revolution, and the merits of the question at issue can only be discussed in the form of actual civil war. Where a free expression of opinions is allowed, they will naturally be found to differ more or less upon every question of importance, and the people will form themselves into parties as they happen to approve or disapprove the measures which for the time most forcibly engage the public attention. It may be added, that most governments carry with them, in the nature of their constitution, the elements of permanent political divisions, which though more or less active at different times, are never entirely suppressed, and constantly re-appear, perhaps with some variations of name and form, through the whole course of their history. Something of this kind, as we shall presently have occasion to remark, may be seen in the institutions of the United States.

I. The only party division of any consequence which existed in the United States, as Colonies, and up to the close of the revolutionary war, was that of the supporters and the opponents of the Royal Prerogative, respectively distinguished by the familiar names of *Whigs* and *Tories*. The entire prostration of the latter in the war of Independence, and the success of the new government erected by the former upon the ruins of the colonial system, extinguished this division, which has left no traces in the condition or feelings of the people. The most obnoxious and prominent of the Tories retired to England; the rest acquiesced with cheerfulness in the new state

of things. The Whigs remained in undisputed possession of the field, and having now no common enemy to contend with, had opportunity and leisure,—as always happens in similar cases,—to discover the differences of opinion among themselves. Within three or four years from the conclusion of peace, they were contending with each other throughout the whole country upon new grounds of controversy, with nearly as much zeal as they had before felt in their warfare with the Tories, though it was fortunately displayed in a more pacific shape.

II. This new division,—the second in the order of time of those which have prevailed among us, and one of which the traces are not yet and probably never will be entirely effaced,—was that of the supporters and opponents of the present Federal Constitution, respectively known by the appellations of *Federalists* and *Anti-federalists*. It belongs to the class of those already alluded to, which have their elements in the very nature of the governments of the communities in which they appear. Although our principal concern in the present article is with the parties that grew up after the adoption of the Constitution, yet as those which preceded had a good deal of influence in determining the character and personal composition of the others, it may be proper to make them the subject of a few preliminary remarks.

The Colonies now composing the United States were as such entirely independent of each other, and had no political bond of union excepting the common allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain. Although their contiguous geographical position,—the community of origin, language, laws, manners and religion, and the constant and intimate personal relations existing among the great majority of the individuals composing them, created among them a real and substantial union, which every year of their existence happily tends more and more to consolidate, they were still at that time in form entirely separate. The Colonies in New England, at an early period of their history, established a temporary union among themselves for their mutual defence against the natives, and about the middle of the last century an unsuccessful attempt was made by the Convention that met at Albany to form a more general one. When the Revolutionary crisis became very imminent, the deputies from all the Colonies met in Congress at Philadelphia, to arrange in concert the operations which that

crisis might render necessary, and when it was deemed expedient to publish a declaration of Independence, they did it in the name of all the Colonies, as one joint instrument. This fact has been thought by some to prove of itself that the Colonies had actually formed themselves into one body politic, before the declaration of Independence, or that the effect of that declaration upon their political condition, whatever it might be, operated upon them jointly and not as separate communities. But with all our respect for some of the persons who hold this opinion, we find it impossible to adopt it. The members of Congress had taken no measures directly intended to form the Colonies into one body politic before the declaration of Independence, and it would be too much to suppose, that so important a change in the condition of a number of independent communities, could be the merely incidental result of any measure intended to effect a different object;—certainly unless the change were necessarily implied in the nature of that measure. Now it did not necessarily follow, because the deputies of the Colonies in Congress declared their independence of the British Crown by a joint instrument, that those Colonies intended to form themselves into one body politic. Nothing is more common than concerted operations against the same foreign power among communities that always have been, are at the time, and intend to remain politically independent of each other. There was therefore nothing in the nature of the act or in the usage of nations, to render it certain or even probable that the deputies in Congress intended, by declaring the independence of the whole in a joint instrument, to form them into one political society. And if such a conclusion were even probable, it would be impossible to admit it, because it is contradicted by the precise letter of the declaration and of the subsequent articles of confederation, both which expressly recognise the Colonies in their new condition as free and *independent States.* In this respect, therefore, the declaration left them in the same position in which they stood before. It simply abolished the connexion, previously existing between them all and the British Crown, and as this was the only political bond of union among them, it left them of course in form entirely separate from and independent of each other. They were at liberty to continue to exist as thirteen independent States, to enter as independent States into one or more confederacies, in which

they should retain their independence, or to surrender wholly or in part their independence, and form themselves into one or more bodies politic, under a common government, organized on any principles and in any shape which they might deem expedient. The *substantial* union naturally existing among them, to which we have already adverted, as well as the indispensable necessity of combined military and political operations against the common enemy, precluded the idea of entire separation, and pointed to a close and intimate connexion. On the other hand, a variety of very obvious considerations would naturally suggest, at least as the first experiment, a form of union which should maintain and recognise the entire independence of the States. Such was accordingly the character of the system first agreed upon, and which is commonly called that of the *old Confederation.*

This system resembled very nearly the leagues of independent States which have existed in other ages and countries, and the scheme, however inferior it may have been to the one finally adopted, does no discredit to the learning or the discernment of our revolutionary statesmen. It was in fact, highly honorable to their discretion, that before they launched out into new experiments, they made trial of one of the most approved systems then known to the world. The Confederacies of free States which have flourished in ancient and in modern times, are illustrious in history, and have met the approbation of the most profound and sagacious political writers. Montesquieu devotes a chapter to this form of government, which he represents as nothing less than perfect. 'A confederacy of this description,' he remarks, 'is in no danger either from foreign violence or domestic corruption, and is thus clear of all defects. It unites the strength and security of a great monarchy with all the internal advantages of a free state.' In following the footsteps of the genius of ancient Greece,—in imitating the examples of Etruria, the mother and nurse of Rome,—of Switzerland and Holland, favorite seats of learning, liberty and virtue,—in yielding to the authority of Montesquieu,—our fathers did what all wise and good men would have done in their places. They were not ignorant of the misfortunes and the fall of the ancient States that were organized in this form, but they also knew that we were placed under circumstances in every respect more favorable, and might reasonably hope for a better fate. Switzerland and Holland were still flourishing

in all their glory, and were generally regarded by the friends of liberty as among the best existing models of free governments.

Independently of these circumstances, which might have determined our fathers to give a preference in the abstract to a confederacy of independent States over any closer connexion, they had not, in fact, (morally speaking) the liberty of choice. The States, as we have already remarked, were as Colonies, in form, wholly independent of each other, and had no political bond of union excepting the common allegiance to the Crown. When this was dissolved, they remained entirely separate: and having certain common concerns to manage, it was a matter of course, if not of necessity, that they should come to the management of them as independent communities. The first act of Confederation did not make them independent of each other, but found them so. It was a simple expression of their existing situation and of the mode of administration to which it naturally led. Before they introduced any essential change in their political condition, it was right not only to wait for tranquil times, but to wait until they found by experience that any such change was necessary. They took things as they found them, like men of sound practical judgment as they were; and the old Confederation,—defective as it afterwards proved to be, —nevertheless justified their preference, and carried us nobly through the revolutionary war. It was discovered in the sequel to be tainted with one fatal vice, which made a reform indispensable, and which naturally suggested as a remedy the adoption of the leading principle of distinction between the former and the present system. The radical defect of the old Confederation,—and it was one inseparable from the nature of the system,—was, that the authority of Congress proceeded from and acted upon the State authorities, and not the individual citizens; while it is the leading principle of the present Federal Constitution, that the authority of the General Government proceeds from and acts upon the individual citizens, and has little or no concern with the States.

The parties, since known by the names of *Federalists* and *Anti-federalists*, made their appearance for the first time in the Convention which framed the Constitution. The object for which the meeting had been called, was to amend the existing articles of Confederation; but when the members had assembled, it was found to be the opinion of a large number of

them, constituting, as it appeared in the sequel, a majority of the whole, that it was more expedient to adopt and recommend to the people an entirely new draft, materially altering the fundamental principles of the former system. The prominent defect of the Old Confederation was obviously the inefficiency and feebleness of the central power, and there was a general feeling that it ought to be strengthened, but in what way, and to what extent this was to be done, were questions upon which there was every variety of individual opinion. Hamilton went so far as to propose that the Senate should be chosen for life, and that the President should name the Governors of the States; others would have left the relations between the States and the essential powers of Congress nearly as they stood before. The division on general principles was between those who were disposed to strengthen the General Government at the expense of the power of the States, on the one hand, and on the other those who wished to maintain the complete independence of the States at all hazards, and to give no authority to the General Government which was inconsistent with it. The Constitution, as finally adopted, was a sort of compromise between the two parties. It did not quite meet the views of the highest-toned supporters of Federal principles, and was still less palatable to the friends of entire State independence. It made, in fact, a very large encroachment on the independence of the States, by introducing, as we remarked above, the principle of a direct relation between the individual citizen and the central power for all federal purposes, or in other words by converting the States, for all the purposes to be effected by the union, into one body politic. The Constitution, though drafted by a convention of delegates appointed by the State Governments, was submitted for ratification and adoption, not to those governments, but to the individual citizens, and became when adopted, a social compact, the parties to which formed themselves into one body politic, under a common government, for the purposes therein specified, and maintained for all others the existing powers of the States. Though it did not, as we have said, precisely suit the views of some of the most decided supporters of Federal principles, and was to a certain extent, a sort of compromise, it was regarded on the whole as a Federal measure. It was actively supported as such, even by those who would have approved a still stronger infusion of Federalism, particu-

larly Hamilton, and its adoption by the people was viewed as the triumph of the Federal party.

It is worthy of remark, however, and it is creditable to the character of the Anti-federalists, that after the Constitution was finally adopted, they acquiesced in it with cheerfulness. From that time to this it has been regarded, by the unanimous consent of the country, as a system approaching very nearly to perfection, and which could not in any way be materially improved. The previous division of opinion upon general principles continued to exist, and the party names were kept up, but the question now turned, not upon the merit of the Constitution, but upon its meaning and the manner in which it ought to be construed. As the real character of a written constitution can hardly be ascertained in any other way than by experience, the ground of controversy, though somewhat narrowed, was still sufficiently extensive. Most of those who had actively supported the Constitution before its adoption, were now disposed to give it in practice the construction most favorable to the power of the General Government. Most of their opponents, including however some prominent persons of the other party, particularly Mr. Madison, were disposed to give it a strict construction. Some even went so far as to contend that the States still retain their independence, or in the popular language, *Sovereignty*, and that the present Federal Union is nothing more than another league of independent States, like the Old Confederation, under a somewhat different form.

This division of parties is the one most natural to our condition as a people, and to the form of our Government. It is one which must necessarily enter more or less into all those which may be formed on other grounds, and will probably reappear from time to time, in the absence of other less permanent causes of excitement, as long as the present Government shall endure. Though the controversies that followed the adoption of the Constitution pretty soon came to turn almost wholly, as we shall presently see, upon matters of foreign policy, yet in considering the measures of the Federal Government the question constantly recurred, whether they were or were not within the limits of its constitutional power, and of course what those limits were. The Funding system and the National Bank,—the proclamation of Neutrality,—the Alien and Sedition laws,—the repeal of the Judiciary Act,—the pur-

chase of Louisiana,—the embargo, and many of the war measures were opposed, not merely as inexpedient but as unconstitutional. When the old party divisions subsided, after the close of the war, the first appearance of a new one, turning upon principles of any kind and not entirely personal, was the recent revival of the original Federal and Anti-federal controversy, in reference to the question, whether the General Government has a constitutional right to impose laws for the protection of domestic industry. In this case South Carolina maintained the extreme doctrine, that the States are still entirely independent of each other, and that the Union is only the Old Confederacy in another shape, while the President in his Proclamation pushed the Federal principle to the other extreme, by affirming that the States composed one body politic even before the declaration of Independence. In the present controversies on the subject of the Bank and the measures of the Executive in relation to it, the question of the constitutional limits of the power of the various departments of the Federal Government is constantly recurring; and it must, as we have said, continue to recur in connexion with every other subject that may temporarily engage the public attention and create divisions in the body of the people, as long as the present Constitution of Government shall last.

This division of parties is therefore the natural result of our condition and political institutions. It is of course unnecessary and consequently uncharitable to suppose, without direct and sufficient proof, that individuals, in attaching themselves to one or the other of these parties, were governed by unworthy or selfish motives. It was easy to say, as was frequently said at the time of the formation and adoption of the Constitution, that Hamilton was at heart a friend of monarchy, and supported a strong Federal Government because he expected to occupy the highest place himself, and wished to be, no matter under what name, the monarch of the Union; or on the other hand, that the persons who sustained the rights of the States were aware of their incompetency to figure on a large theatre, and were only anxious to continue to act as little dictators, each in his own precinct. It is no doubt true that, in the motives by which individuals were governed in their political conduct, there was the same mixture on this as on all other occasions of principle, patriotism, honorable ambition, and the merely selfish thirst for gain or office. But it would be very difficult to show

that the good motives were all on one side, and the bad on the other, or even that the extent to which good or bad motives operated in each respectively was materially different. The mixture was in the mind of each individual. The question was in itself a doubtful one. When it came to be agitated, a difference of opinion was inevitable, and, in taking sides, individuals were governed in a great measure by the personal and political circumstances in which they were placed. We find accordingly many of the best and wisest men in the country arrayed on both sides of this great question; again, the same individuals appear at different times on both the opposite sides. Mr. Madison, the father we may almost say of Federalism, became immediately after its adoption one of the champions of the Anti-federal party. What is still more remarkable, and may be considered as a very curious chapter in the philosophy of human nature, as well as in the history of our party divisions, whole parties, in changing their positions, have been found in this respect to change the general tendency of their opinions. The vigorous supporters of the Federal Constitution for the three first Presidential terms, during which they had in their hands the administration of the Government, maintained their principles and professed to construe the Constitution in favor of the extension of Federal powers; while their adversaries, the original opponents of the Constitution, opposed most of their measures, for the reason, among others, that they transcended the limits of the constitutional powers of the Federal Government. The political revolution of 1800 changed the respective positions of the two parties, and with it, after no very long interval, the respective tendencies of their opinions and proceedings; sometimes in reference to the same measures. The Anti-federal or Democratic party, being now in possession of the powers of the Federal Government, exhibited no very marked disposition to restrain the extent of those powers within the narrowest possible limits. Mr. Jefferson purchased Louisiana, almost avowedly without any constitutional authority. Mr. Madison, as President, approved a National Bank, which he opposed while a representative in Congress as unconstitutional; and even at the present day we have a President, elected by a party claiming to represent the Democratic or Anti-federal party of old times, pushing, in a public proclamation, the doctrines of Federalism to an extreme to which they had never been carried in any official act of the

Federalists themselves. On the other hand, the latter, when they came into opposition, exhibited very soon a decidedly Anti-federal tendency. The leading measures of the administration, such as the purchase of Louisiana, the non-intercourse and the embargo laws, and the operations connected with the war, were attacked for the most part on Anti-federal ground. The General Government had no right to pass an embargo law. The President had no right to judge for himself, whether a case had occurred in which he was authorized to call out the militia,---he had no right to march the militia out of the country,—and so of the rest. We mean not here to express an opinion upon the merits of any of these questions, but merely to remark that the Federal opposition adopted in general an Anti-federal construction of the Constitution. The amendments proposed by the Hartford Convention were generally of Anti-federal tendency. It is probable indeed that we may assume, as a general principle, applicable to most of the political controversies of this country, that however parties may originate, the one in power will be naturally a Federal, and the one in opposition an Anti-federal party.

But however this may be, it is obviously unnecessary and of course uncharitable to suppose, without direct proof, that individual members of either of the great parties, which respectively supported and opposed the Federal Constitution at the time of its formation and adoption, were actuated by selfish or unworthy motives. The course pursued by its supporters having been approved by the unanimous acquiescence of the country, requires no defence: and however highly we may now value the Constitution, it can be no matter of surprise with any reflecting man, that when first submitted to the people, it should have met with great opposition. The adoption of it accomplished a most material change in the Government of the country:—a change hardly less important, though effected without bloodshed, than that which gave us independence. Had this taken place without commotion or resistance, the fact would have proved the indifference of the citizens to their dearest interests, and not their good sense or public virtue. Nor need we conclude that the Anti-federalists acted from vicious motives, or were even generally ill-informed or perverse. They were in fact, on the contrary, the party which had in its favor the presumption of right, because they defended the existing state of things against innovation. They had

also the popular pretence of asserting the rights of States and individuals against the encroachments of Government :—another golden topic. Nor did they want authority to back their reasoning. On the contrary, the weight of names, with a single exception, which probably turned the scale against them, was perhaps on the whole on their side. Take for example Virginia and Massachusetts, which were at that time, as they have always been, among the leading States of the Union. In Massachusetts,—setting aside John Adams, who was then in Europe,—the two most distinguished revolutionary patriots, the only two persons in the country, whose zeal had obtained for them the singular honor of proscription,—John Hancock and Samuel Adams, were,—to say the least,—very doubtful friends to the Constitution. On the other hand, who were its principal partisans,—the Parsonses, the Kings, the Ameses and so forth ? —Men of yesterday,——young lawyers, before unknown to the country. They gave proof no doubt of eloquence, of talent, of book learning ; but were these qualities, however precious in their way, to counterbalance the mature wisdom, the rich experience, the tried patriotism of the incomparable fathers of our liberty ?

Look now at Virginia. Mr. Madison, a young barrister of about thirty years of age, comes forward and proposes to his fellow citizens to abandon a part of their individual and State rights, and submit to a General Government, possessing large and because untried, of course unknown powers :—to acknowledge a single ruler (*Monarch*) under the name of a President, the precise extent of whose authority future experience alone could determine. The proposition was, it must be owned, not very palatable, and might well have alarmed a people less jealous on the subject of State rights than that of the Ancient Dominion. Under these circumstances, the oldest and most respected of the revolutionary patriots,—the man who was the first in all the country to raise the cry of independence, Patrick Henry himself,—then, if we recollect rightly, Governor of the State, tells them in the same familiar voice, sweeter than music, that was never known to deceive,—that never lisped a sound that was not as pure and as true as the word of inspiration,—that Mr. Madison, though a clever and honest man, is wrong,—that the innovations he proposes are dangerous,—that under the name of a President he is imposing upon the country a tyrant in disguise, who will

place one foot upon the border of Maine, and the other upon the farthest extremity of Georgia; and then,—Farewell to Liberty !* Is it singular that in such a conflict of opinions and authorities, the people of Massachusetts and Virginia should have been divided, and that a strong party should have been opposed to the new system? It is evident, on the contrary, that the only wonder is how, in this state of things, which existed substantially throughout the Union, the Federal Constitution could have been adopted. The force of truth,—the pressure of the immediate inconveniences resulting from the vices of the old system, the unwearied authority of the friends of the new,—and above all, the influence and authority of Washington must be well considered, before we can conceive the possibility of this salutary reform.

Are we then lightly to charge the tried friends of the country, who opposed the Constitution, with selfishness or faction? Are we even to regret their opposition, since happily it proved ineffectual? It may boldly be said, on the contrary, that it was natural for many of the wisest and best men of the day, in their position, and at their age, to take this course. They had devoted the freshness of their youth,—the maturity and vigor of their riper years,—all the strength and wisdom that God had given them, to the purpose of procuring for the country this

* That the Constitution is a social compact can hardly be doubted. The question who, precisely speaking, are the parties to this compact, —that is,—whether it is a compact between the States or the individual citizens, is perhaps not quite so clear. The Convention was called by the delegates of the States in Congress:—the delegates to the Convention were appointed by the State Legislatures, and the Constitution, as agreed upon by them, was not to go into effect until ratified by a certain number of States, and then only between those States. Thus far every thing wears the appearance of a compact between the States. On the other hand the Constitution was submitted for ratification, not to the State Legislatures, but to the citizens assembled by their Representatives in Convention. A proceeding of this kind, though the Carolina statesmen are in the habit of representing it as the highest exercise of sovereignty, is in fact almost the only one in which the members of the body politic act, not in their sovereign character as a community, but simply as men and individuals. As the mode in which the instrument was adopted, is the circumstance which finally determines its character, the better opinion would appear to be that it is, like the State Constitutions, a compact between the individual citizens. The question is one of curiosity rather than practical use, since a compact of this kind is in its nature not liable to be dissolved at the discretion of the parties whether States or individuals.

state of things, which it was now proposed to change. Was it for them, when they had reached the ordinary term of human existence, to begin a new and contrary course of action, and to undo what they had been all their lives so laboriously doing? Surely not. Much as we admire the Constitution,—much as we rejoice that it was adopted,—we confess that we like these sterling old hearts the better for adhering firmly to the text of State Sovereignty and the old Confederation, in defiance of what they doubtless regarded as a wanton and headstrong spirit of innovation.

III. Thus much we have deemed it proper to remark upon the origin and characteristics of the original Federal and Anti-federal parties. We proceed to notice, in the same summary way, the new division which grew up soon after the adoption of the Constitution, and which, though it coincided to a considerable extent, as respects the personal composition of the parties, with the preceding one, turned on questions essentially different. Of the new parties, the one that finally prevailed assumed the name of the Democratic, or Republican party:—the other was designated by its opponents as the aristocratic party, but continued to claim the title of Federal, although the subjects in controversy were now in a great measure foreign to the character or construction of the Constitution, and although the doctrine of the party in regard to the latter gradually assumed, as we have said, an Anti-federal tendency. There was this marked distinction between this division and the preceding one, that while the latter turned upon points of controversy that were purely American, and was of course confined to this country, the former was only one branch of a general division, that prevailed at the time and still continues to prevail through the whole civilized world.

In the early part of the year 1789,—the same in which the Federal Constitution went into operation,—about two months after the meeting of the first Congress, chosen under the provisions of that instrument,—another body, composed in like manner, of the elected deputies of a great people, which was called in the first instance the *States General*, but afterwards took the title of the *National Assembly* of France, met, on the summons of the king, at Versailles, then the residence of the French Court. This event was the first in the order of time, of a series of political and military movements, of absorbing interest and unparalleled importance,

which succeeded each other for the next five and twenty years with breathless rapidity,—determined the policy of all other governments, and created divisions of opinion throughout the Christian world, which for the time superseded and obliterated all others. Circumstances, which we need not here recapitulate, but which resolve themselves substantially into the increased wealth and intelligence of the industrious classes of the community, had inspired these classes, in all the most civilized countries and especially in France, with a strong desire to reform the existing constitutions of Government, and to incorporate into them principles more favorable to individual rights and liberty. The most intelligent and enterprising persons of all classes, generally shared this feeling, and took the lead in the movements that were made for giving it effect. On the other hand, the royal families,—the feudal nobility,—the church, and the long train of their dependents, were alarmed at the probable results of this tendency upon the establishments from which they derived their consequence and even their means of subsistence, and of course opposed it with a zeal not inferior to that by which it was supported. The struggle commenced, and was carried on in various partial forms in the early periods of the history of Modern Europe. We see the symptoms of its approach in the Jack Cade rebellion in England, and that of the *Jacquerie* in France,—in the tumultuous wars of the Flemish Cities against their feudal lords, —of the Guelphs and Ghibelins in Italy, and of the *Communeros* in Spain. The mighty movement of the Reformation, though directed immediately to other objects, derived much of its interest from its indirect effects upon the political situation of the parties to it. In England, indeed, the Reformation gradually lost its original character, and assumed that of a bloody and finally a triumphant effort for political improvement. This was the first occasion in which the principle of reform, that had been so long at work, displayed itself in a great country in its proper shape. Our own Revolution was the next instance, but in both these cases the operation of the principle was limited in a great measure to the particular countries which were its principal seat. It was not until the immediate scene of action was transferred to France,—the heart, as we may say, of the great Christian commonwealth of nations,—that it was first perceived how intimately the causes of the movement were interwoven with the very foundations of the political system of Christendom, and the tranquillity of the world.

From that time till the present day, but more especially till the termination of the general war in Europe by the fall of Napoleon, the whole internal and foreign policy of all the powers of Europe and America, has been directly or indirectly connected with the causes and circumstances of this great quarrel. In every nation which was important enough to be at all affected by the operation of general causes, there grew up at once two great domestic parties, which espoused respectively the two opposite sides of the question at issue, applying it in each to the particular circumstances of their respective governments. Where discussion was tolerated, the controversy blazed out at once through the press,—in deliberative assemblies,—in popular meetings. Where public demonstrations of this description were prohibited, it silently agitated the mass of society in its dark and secret depths, until it finally burst forth with volcanic eruptions in the shape of open rebellions,—military revolutions,—the falling off of colonies from the parent country. Accordingly as one or the other party predominated in the domestic policy of each particular nation, and was consequently represented by the Government, the foreign policy of each assumed a different aspect; and within two or three years from the holding of the French National Assembly, the difference had grown up into an open and general war, involving all the leading powers of Europe, as principals, and all the inferior ones as allies and dependents. The great military monarchies of the East, in which the advancement of wealth and intelligence, that lay at the bottom of the movement, was still in a great measure unknown,—where the Government was still every thing, and the individual nothing,—naturally took their places at the head of the party opposed to change and in favor of existing institutions. France, with most of the nations in her neighborhood,—the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, Switzerland, Italy and the greater part of Germany,—composed the opposite one. What part England would take in this quarrel, was, from her insular position and the nature of her government,—itself the result of a revolutionary movement, proceeding substantially upon the principle at work in France,—beforehand in some degree doubtful. The hereditary hostility to France, and the instinct of self-preservation in the Government as such, (the existing form of which would probably have been endangered by any

connexion with that country ;) after some delay and hesitation decided the question. The navy and the wealth of the Queen of the Ocean were thrown into the scale of the great Confederacy of the Continent, and gave it an efficiency which ensured its triumph for the first half century of the quarrel, and in Europe perhaps forever. Whether the British Government consulted the real and permanent interest of the British nation in thus aiding to break down the only imaginable barrier against the ultimate military ascendancy of Russia over the whole of Europe, is a point which we need not here discuss, but which, —from the present policy of the British Government, in reference to substantially the same question,—is, we may presume, considered very doubtful even in England.

France declared the war, which however could not properly be viewed as, on either side, offensive or defensive,—because the particular griefs brought forward on one side or the other at the time of the original declaration and afterwards, were rather the pretences, or at most the occasions, than the causes of the quarrel. These, as we have seen, lay much deeper than any accidental dispute about Malta, Oldenburg, or the little principalities on the borders of the Rhine. With this declaration, however, commenced the long and extraordinary series of military and political events which filled up the history of the next thirty years, and which, in variety, magnitude, and interest, throw completely into the shade all the other great social movements recorded in the annals of the world. In those of modern Europe there is nothing at all to be paralleled with them, except the Reformation : which was in fact, as we have seen, substantially the same action, proceeding on a smaller scale, in a much less expanded form, and, of course, with far less brilliancy and effect ;—a rehearsal, as it were, by way of prelude to the final representation of the grand tragedy. Never before were the greatness and the weakness,—the folly and the wisdom,—the glory and the shame of our nature displayed in fuller relief, in all their various forms, than on both sides of this long and not yet ended struggle, wherever it was carried on. First came the clash of contending disciplined armies,—then the shock of whole nations rising as it were in a sort of fury, and precipitating themselves in masses on each other. A host of accomplished commanders sprang as if by enchantment from the lowest ranks of the army ;—and finally, towering above them in the gran-

deur of unapproached and unquestionable superiority, arose the 'Man of Destiny.' With heroes like these for her champions, and her whole infuriated population in their train, France,—like a beautiful maniac released from confinement,—roaming from country to country,—influenced by her doctrine and example, seduced by her charms, overwhelmed by her power, and finally ground to the dust, under an iron military despotism a great part of Europe, until the sleeping Colossus of the North was goaded into action, and compelled to acquire by experience a consciousness of power, which will probably not very soon be forgotten. Such was the course of events on the field of battle: in the meantime what exhibitions of intellectual talent in deliberative assemblies and in print! Never before, at least since the brilliant days of Greece and Rome, had the world seen any thing like the constellation of orators that now appeared in the Parliaments of England and France, and our own Congress; never before was the theory of Government so thoroughly probed to the bottom in all its parts, and illustrated with such transcendent power of thought and various graces of style, as in the best works of the political writers of those countries. Upon the annals of this eventful period, which will form forever the manual of the student in philosophy and politics, a few names stand conspicuously above the rest, as *unique* in their respective ways:—Napoleon in the field,—Mirabeau at the tribune,—Burke in the cabinet,—Washington,---if we may view him as one of the personages of this great action,---as the hero, or perfect man,---'the world's great master and his own.'

This division of opinion, feeling and action which, as we have said, pervaded the whole Christian world, formed the basis of the new division of parties that grew up in this country after the Constitution went into operation. In the first instance, the whole American people sympathized warmly with the leaders of the French Revolution, among the foremost of whom they saw their own admired and beloved La Fayette. At this time there was no dissentient voice upon the subject among us. The whole people beheld with pride and gratification the first nation on the Continent of Europe, apparently moved by their impulse and in imitation of their example, attempting to recover its political and personal rights. Even the well-tempered mind of Washington was wrought up into something like enthusiasm, as appears very plainly from

his address to the minister Adet. But when the Revolution, in its onward and hurried progress, began to overstep the limits of justice and humanity at home and to trample on the rights of other nations abroad,—when the French agents in this country endeavored to engage us in the war, and when there were even appearances of an intention to overthrow our own hardly established Government,—the ardor of many of the more judicious friends of the cause very rapidly cooled, and a large portion of the citizens began to look with disgust upon the whole revolutionary movement, and with favor and sympathy upon the efforts of the party in Europe, which sustained the cause of the existing political institutions. These opposite feelings were the real causes, that gave animation and interest to the long struggle of the Federal and Democratic parties. The controversy turned ostensibly on various questions of law and fact, connected with the administration of our own and other governments, and on the characters of prominent men at home and abroad, but the decision in all these cases was very much influenced, if not absolutely determined by the opinion of the individual, in regard to the great principles upon which the parties were divided. From the most important maxims of public law, down to the simplest rules of construction and grammar, it was uniformly found that those who agreed in their general political views would also agree upon the particular point at issue. Thus, when the act of the French Government, repealing the decrees of Berlin and Milan, was published, it became a matter of discussion whether the French phrase *bien entendu*, implied a condition precedent or a condition subsequent, and it was unanimously decided by the two parties (among whom there were comparatively few persons who understood the French language,) on the one side that it implied the former, and on the other the latter;—the truth being, that it implies either indifferently, according to the terms of the context.

The people of this country, therefore, like all their contemporaries, were arranged into two great parties, according to their respective opinions and feelings upon the political questions then and still in agitation throughout the Christian world. On a view of this state of things, the first question that naturally presents itself, is, which of these parties was in the right, and which in the wrong? To those who have well

considered this subject,—and who that for the last half century has extended the sphere of his observation an inch beyond his own fireside, has not?—it is hardly necessary to say that this question, taken in the abstract, admits of no solution. The two parties rallied respectively under the banners of the two great principles of LIBERTY and LAW. Both these principles are essential elements in the constitution of society, in whatever form it may be organized, and neither can possibly exist in practice to the entire exclusion of the other. Liberty without law would be the subversion of society; law without liberty would efface the individual, and leave him no existence as a moral and intellectual agent. Both these states are not merely inconsistent with right, but impossible in fact. Society cannot exist without individuals, nor can individuals exist without society; and as each can only exist in connexion with the other, each must have of necessity as well as of right an appropriate sphere of activity. In other words, the individual must in every event possess a greater or less degree of liberty, and the society, as represented by the government, a greater or less degree of power, the expression of which is the law. The form of Government is determined by the manner in which these two essential elements of social order are combined; and whether a particular government be good or bad, that is, well or ill adapted to the condition and character of the society, is a question which may be solved, although the solution can in general only be furnished by the results of a pretty long experience. But if the question be, which of two persons or parties, respectively favoring the principles of law and liberty, is right, and which is wrong?—it is obvious, as we have said, that no answer can be given. Perhaps we may say, in such a case, that both are in the right. Both profess and sustain principles in themselves correct, and essential to the public welfare. Each has been led by circumstances or character to look at the body politic from a particular point in view. The friend of liberty loves to dwell on the busy movement of the individual members, and fears to see it hampered by the wanton interference of Government; the champion of law prefers to contemplate the harmonious action of the whole, and is more apprehensive that this will be disturbed by the eccentric efforts of individuals. If they are brought in any way into collision, each is naturally prone to misunderstand and misrepresent

the intentions of his opponent: an impartial observer sees without difficulty that both are substantially in the right. It is the old fable of the two knights, who were about to engage in single combat on the subject of the color of a shield, which was black on one side and white on the other, and of which each had seen only the side next to him.

But though the great questions at issue in this controversy may properly be considered as insoluble in the abstract, it is, nevertheless, certain that at particular times and places the general current of opinion among the active portion of the community will naturally take a direction towards one side or the other. When the want of the wholesome influence of a settled and regular Government has been for some time experienced, the tendency will be strong in favor of law. Such was the case in this country, during the period which followed the peace of independence, and in this way only can we account for the possibility of accomplishing by tranquil means such a change, as was made by the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Such must now be the case in Spanish America; and it would therefore be quite natural that the next great effort, which we may witness in those regions, should be an attempt to give more efficiency to their political institutions. When on the other hand, the opposite evil, that is, the abuse of power by the existing authorities, has been for a long time the one principally felt, the tendency of opinion will be towards political reform and individual liberty. Such, as we have seen, was the state of things throughout the Christian world, (including this country, with the exception of the short interval of time just alluded to;) for more than two centuries before the opening of the French Revolution. From the first preaching of Luther, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, till the meeting of the States General in France, at the close of the eighteenth, the whole *mind* of Europe was intensely occupied in efforts to effect a reform of abuses, real or supposed, in the existing institutions, political and religious. All the energy, activity and spirit of society were employed in this way: all the powerful thinking,—fine writing,—bold and vigorous action were among the reformers;—the newly discovered and tremendous artillery of the press was almost wholly in their hands. There was nothing to oppose them but the constantly diminishing *vis inertiae* of the established institutions, until the excesses of the French Revolution finally awoke a reaction.

Compare, for example, the lion-port of Luther with the caution of Erasmus, the most intelligent advocate of the old religion. Compare at a later period the Miltons, Lockes, Sydneys, Montesquieus, Voltaires, Rousseaus, with their too unequal adversaries, whose very names must now be hunted up in the dust of a library. A zeal,—a rage we may call it,—for improvement was the leading characteristic of the period,—or in the common language,—the *spirit of the age.* It created a current of opinion which drew in with irresistible force all the active and energetic members of society as fast as they came upon the stage of action, and determined for life their position in reference to this great question, unless it was afterwards changed by accidental influences of an opposite character.

In this country the case was stronger perhaps than in almost any other. The very existence of our community was a double revolt against the established institutions and consecrated principles of the old world. The original settlement of the Colonies, at least in New England, was determined on in stern and desperate defiance of oppression. It was a new *secession of the people,*—not, like that of Rome, to a neighboring hill, but to another hemisphere. The Revolution that tore us from the mother country, and first gave us a national existence, was another not less decisive exhibition of the same spirit. Our fathers, and forefathers, the Puritans, led the van in Europe and America in the active demonstration of the principles that agitated the world. What the Luthers, the Lockes, the Montesquieus were tracing on parchment in their closets, the Hampdens, and the Cromwells were writing in blood with the points of their swords upon the tablets of history. They effected the British Revolution, and, as Hume correctly remarks, gave to England all the liberty she ever did possess or ever will. When the country they had thus liberated, undertook, in reward for the service, to oppress them, they resisted the futile attempt, as may well be supposed, with indignant decision, and gave the world another practical illustration of the *spirit of the times.* Then rose into being the wonder of the Western world, our young Republic, bodying forth in sober earnest, in actual terrestrial reality, before the eye of Christendom, the lovely vision that had so long fired the imaginations of her sons. It was to them, in the language of the Apocalypse, 'the Holy City coming down from God out of heaven, beautiful as a bride adorned for her husband.' The

most intelligent, accomplished, and gallant of the chivalry of Europe came out in crowds to fight our battles, and went home exasperated almost to insanity by the lessons they had learned, and the feelings they had imbibed among us against the abuses of their own Governments. Our Declarations of Independence, and the Rights of Man, became at once their sacred volume. We do but repeat an admitted and familiar truth, when we say, that our example was the spark that fired the mass of revolutionary materials which had so long been accumulating in France; that *the Fourth of July, 1776, opened,* to use the words of an eminent German writer, *a new era in the history of the civilized world.*

Such being the spirit of the times, and such the relation in which our country stood to its development and practical exhibition, is it wonderful that the Democratic party,—which represented with us the friends of *improvement* and *liberty*,—should have embraced a very large portion of the people? That the Federalists, who represented, in like manner, the counteracting movement in favor of established institutions and the law, should have generally been in a minority, often a very small one? Setting entirely aside the abstract question of right, which we have seen to be insoluble, and the minor practical questions of law and fact, which successively came up, and in regard to which the two parties were alternately in the right and in the wrong, is it wonderful that the grand overwhelming current of opinion, which swept down every thing before it, should have taken the direction it did? Is it wonderful that the generation of that day should have sympathized rapturously and almost unanimously with the fortunes of the patriots abroad, who had already fought our battles and were now practising upon our lessons and example? It was sometimes said in the bitterness of controversy, that the democratic party were under *French influence.* Is it not evident, on the contrary, that it was the democratic party in Europe who were thinking, writing, feeling, fighting, and dying under *American influence?* Is it absolutely necessary to suppose that the men who professed and acted on principles and feelings, which they had inherited from three or four generations of ancestors,—which had given them existence as a nation, and all their privileges as citizens of a free Republic,—which were those of the purest, most enlightened, most illustrious men in Europe for the three last centuries, from More to

Mackintosh,—which had rendered our community an example and a wonder, a burning and a shining light to all the others,—is it, we say, absolutely necessary to suppose that men, who professed and acted upon such principles and feelings, were for that reason, as individuals or as a party, either interested,—corrupt,—inconceivably and intolerably perverse,—or lastly, under foreign influence? We think not.

We go farther even, and admitting that the general question, whether the friends of Liberty or of Law are in the right, is insoluble except by reference to the circumstances of each particular case, we can hardly hesitate to say, taking those circumstances into view,—considering the situation of the civilized world at the time when the tendency to change began,—that this tendency was, on the whole, a beneficial one, and of course that the party which was acting under its influence,—that is, the Democratic party,—though subject, like all other individuals and masses of men, to occasional error of every kind, was mainly, as to its great objects, in the right; and the opposition party, which sustained the existing establishments with all their abuses, in the wrong. We can hardly hesitate to admit, that the first great practical result of this tendency, the Religious Reformation, notwithstanding the excesses,—the horrors, we may say, by which it was disgraced,—not inferior to those of the French Revolution,—was a public benefit:—that its next great practical result, the British Revolution of the seventeenth century, to which we owe the British Constitution of 1688,—the great exemplar of all the representative Governments that have since been established, including our own, was a public benefit:—that its third great result, our own Independence, was a public benefit:—and finally, that the French Revolution, with its consequences throughout the world, including among them the emancipation of Spanish America, and the reform now in progress in the British Government,—with all its unpardonable excesses, which none can lament and abhor more sincerely than ourselves,—will prove in the end a public benefit.

If either of those points were regarded as questionable, it would probably be the last; but even this may now be looked upon as settled, so far at least as any point can be settled by the unanimous consent of the whole English community on both sides of the water. The two parties, which respectively supported and opposed the French Revolution, are still in the pres-

ence of each other on the continent of Europe, and animated by as deep and deadly a hostility as ever. But in England, as in France, the party which opposed the Revolution has dwindled into a feeble minority, exercising no influence whatever in political affairs. The British Government, once its main champion, is now enlisted on the other side. In this country the party, corresponding with that of the supporters of legitimacy in Europe, has entirely ceased to exist. Although Russia, the head of this party, is, under some points of view, our principal political ally,---she finds no sympathy, as the champion of the Holy Alliance, in any American bosom. The same course of argument on the part of the Continental champions of legitimacy, which was formerly echoed with transport by the Government presses of England and those of the Federal party in this country, is now urged with remarkable ability and eloquence by the writers under Russian influence, and is just as plausible, and, as far as it has truth in it, just as true as it was before. But in England it now finds no friendly response, excepting from a few lingerers of the last generation, such as Wellington and Eldon, to whom we must add the joyous whisky-drinkers of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, if we can suppose them to be in earnest in their tumultuous and *avowedly drunken* disputations in defence of the strictest construction of morals and law,—in this country none at all. The argument, which Ames illuminated with the rainbow hues of his brilliant fancy ;—which Lowell so long rendered plausible by his close, pointed, and ever ready logic,—is now abandoned. From Maine to Missouri, not a voice was raised in opposition to the Revolution of the Three memorable Days in France,---or to the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill in England ; not a whisper was heard in justification of Charles the Tenth, or in support of the theories or pretensions of the Holy Allies. This country was the first to acknowledge the independence of the Spanish Colonies : England the first European power that followed our example, and in both, the prudence of the Government could hardly keep pace with the general enthusiasm of the people. When the late rebellion broke out in Poland, what was done in this city, which twenty years ago celebrated with so much enthusiasm the victories that placed that kingdom under the government of Russia ? We now celebrated with equal enthusiasm the patriotic effort of the Poles, and sent them out a pair of beautifully painted stand-

ards as tokens of our sympathy. In their hour of misfortune, the generous Polish exiles come to us for relief and refuge. What was our feeling in regard to the attempts at political improvement during the last twenty years in Belgium, Germany, and Italy? With what sentiments did the American people hail the re-appearance of Greece among the nations,—with what sentiments did they receive, by the latest arrivals, the intelligence that liberty is finally to triumph in the Spanish Peninsula? But we need not push these inquiries any farther. It must be apparent to all, that, though the general question now in agitation throughout the Christian world is, as we have said, in substance, precisely the same as it was twenty years ago, when it formed the subject upon which our domestic parties were divided,—it has now ceased to be a question with us. On this point at least we are happily all agreed.

It may therefore be assumed as certain,---so far at least as the general consent of the English and American public can make it so,—that the tendency, under which the Democratic party acted after the adoption of the Constitution and when the controversy had begun to turn upon the foreign policy of the country, was not only perfectly natural but substantially a right and beneficial one:—that it was, in short, the tendency of the age. It does not however follow, that their opponents were always in the wrong in regard to particular measures. They were strong in the superior correctness of their views in regard to the Federal Constitution, which, though no longer the principal subject of controversy, was occasionally brought into discussion; and they were often strong in the errors of their opponents. While the Federalists remained in power, the Republicans, as is usual with opposition parties, opposed almost every measure of the Government,—and in this way often placed themselves in the wrong. After 1800, the case was reversed in this respect; and the Federalists, from the natural tendency to indiscriminate opposition, were led to disapprove some of the wisest and most fortunate measures that the Government has ever adopted; as, for example, the purchase of Louisiana. While the contest was carried on with activity between these parties, (and it did not subside until the close of the war in 1814:) it was accompanied of course with the bitterness of feeling, which is always generated by such a struggle. Neither party at the time probably did full justice to the other. The serious charges of perversity,

foreign influence, and even direct bribery and corruption, were bandied about with great freedom. This merely partisan coloring has long since disappeared, with the feelings of which it was a transitory and unsubstantial reflection. It is now admitted by the whole American people, (with the exception of the few individuals remaining in active life, who were themselves engaged in the old controversy,) that these parties were composed, very much like others, of mixed materials;—that of the members of both, some acted on pure principles and patriotic feelings, and some from interested motives, while the mass were influenced by accidental circumstances, over which they had little control;—that taking the parties throughout, the proportion of the different sorts of ingredients was nearly the same in both, although each, in the section where it greatly predominated, naturally included a larger share of the intelligence, property and influence of the community. The strength of the Federalists lay, as is well known, in the North; that of the Republicans in the South.

Notwithstanding the severe reproaches that were lavished by each of these parties on the other, it will now be admitted by every impartial observer, that the manner in which the controversy was conducted, is highly honorable to the character of both, and to that of the country. No where and at no time, especially in a community of such extent, has a civil war of this description been urged with so much moderation,—such uniform regard on both sides for the wholesome restraints of order and law,—such tenderness for human life. Compare the history of these divisions with that of those which distracted the ancient Republics, or the modern free States of Greece, Italy and the Netherlands. Compare the manner in which the controversy was conducted here with that in which substantially the same controversy,—between the great principles of Liberty and Law,—was carried on at the same time in France, England, or any other part of Europe. In the general respect which was here habitually felt for order and life,—in the mutual courtesy which prevailed in public and private discussions,—a few slight aberrations from decorum were magnified into mighty matters; but the worst excesses that occurred here would hardly have been thought worth notice in the newspapers of any other country. There were hard thoughts, and hard words,—more perhaps than charity would always justify;—but there the matter ended. When the fury of passion had reached its

height, it was quieted by the effusion of ink instead of blood. A debate in Congress, or in town meeting,—a discussion in the newspapers,—were the only broils and battles that were known to our fathers. This was a great improvement on the mode in which such controversies have heretofore and elsewhere been managed. For ourselves, although inclined by temperament and habit to take a favorable view of human nature, and to indulge in rather sanguine prospects of the improvement of society, we see no reason to expect that the principle of evil will ever be wholly extirpated, or will cease to influence in some degree the progress of affairs, whether public or private; and if any scope at all is to be allowed for the action of this principle; if human nature is to remain, here as elsewhere, with all its improvements, at a point somewhat below that of absolute perfection; if varieties of character and situation are to create, as they have always done, differences of opinion among the members of the same communities;—we are unable to conceive, from any examples yet recorded in the annals of the world, how such differences, and the controversies that must of course grow out of them, can possibly assume a milder shape than they have hitherto done with us. Happy will it be for our posterity, if the moderation of the party controversies of the last generation be not as strongly illustrated by contrast in the future history of this country, as it is in the past and present history of almost all others.

In farther illustration of this view of the subject, let us glance for a moment at the personal composition of the parties, and at the character of some of the principal measures of each, which were regarded by the other as most objectionable. We shall see at once, that particular circumstances, in their personal situation, will account satisfactorily for the difference in the courses taken by the prominent men, without supposing in any of them any extraordinary obliquity or perversity, still less any actual corruption, and that many very plausible considerations might have been and were urged at the time on both sides of measures and doctrines, in regard to which the public opinion, whether in approbation or disapprobation, is now pretty nearly settled.

In considering the characters of the prominent party leaders of the period, we may perhaps without impropriety exclude entirely from the number, the names of Washington and John Adams, although they have in general been ranked, in the pop-

ular language, with the Federalists. They concurred with that party in the first controversy about the Constitution, and were supported by it successively for the Presidentship, but were never completely identified with it after the questions in dispute turned upon the new ground of foreign policy. Mr. Adams in fact came to an open rupture with the leaders of the party on this subject, which probably defeated his re-election, and with it their ascendancy in the country. Washington, in constituting his Cabinet, studiously attempted to reconcile discordant opinions; and his personal tendencies were in accordance with those of the time, and of the Democratic party. But both these great men had been aiming too exclusively all their lives at American objects, to take a very strong interest in a party division, which looked at all beyond the sphere of our own country. The most conspicuous persons in the new parties, as they were organized after the Constitution went into operation, belonged to a younger class, of which JEFFERSON on one side and HAMILTON on the other, may be looked upon as the representatives and leaders.

Jefferson and Hamilton were both men of first-rate talent and the most elevated private character; they were both devoted, heart and soul, to the cause of independence; and by their unwearied and effectual exertions in support of it had given to the country the strongest possible pledges of the sincerity of their patriotism. During the struggle with England, they acted entirely in concert, though in different spheres. After the conclusion of peace, their courses gradually diverged, until they at length came into open opposition; but it is easy, without disparagement to the merit of either, to find, in the circumstances in which they were respectively placed, causes that led them to take different views of the general principles of Government and of the characters of particular measures and men.

Immediately after the close of the war, Mr. Jefferson went to Europe and took his station as the representative of his country at the Court of France, where he resided until about the time when the Constitution of the United States went into operation. This was precisely the period of the opening of the French Revolution. Unsullied as yet by any excesses,—its theories untried by the test of sober reality,—it appeared to intelligent and philanthropic men throughout the world, as the opening of a sort of millennium. For the people of this coun-

try, who had just been engaged in a successful struggle of the kind then approaching in France,—who saw in the most active leaders of the popular party the very men who had fought their battles and shared their counsels, and were now, as we have remarked above, practising upon their example,—it was impossible not to watch the progress of the action with more than ordinary interest. Such was the natural feeling of every American in regard to this subject. Mr. Jefferson, by his position in France and the part he had taken in our own Revolution, was looked up to by the friends of reform as a sort of oracle. They constantly recurred to him, as an experienced and successful champion of the same cause in which they were engaged, for counsel and direction. The prominent patriots often met at his house. The Declaration of Rights, which preceded the first French Constitution, was drafted, we are told, in concert by him and Lafayette. With a committee so composed, it is easy to imagine from what quarter proceeded the principal suggestions. The first Constitution was proposed after a consultation among the leading patriots, which took place at Mr. Jefferson's residence. In giving his approbation, his sympathy, his concurrence,—as far as he could do it with official propriety,—to the earliest movements of the French Revolution, he found himself sustained by the unanimous consent of all the men, whose opinions could with him be supposed to possess much value. Even the far-reaching vision of Burke had not yet discerned the symptoms of the approaching storm. The 'monster Pitt' was at this time an avowed friend of the contemplated reform in France. A few individuals, including Gouverneur Morris, who was then at Paris, sympathized with the Court in opposing them, but were unable to give any reasons for their opinions, which were likely to satisfy a mind like that of Jefferson. Was it unnatural, then, that under these circumstances the tendency in favor of popular principles of government, which he carried with him to Europe, should have been confirmed and fixed forever as the ruling bias of his mind? Is it necessary to suppose him either imbecile, corrupt, or inconceivably perverse, if under these circumstances he continued to dwell habitually upon the existing abuses of power, rather than the possible abuses of Liberty? Is it just to represent him as feeling, thinking, or acting under French influence, while he was simply pursuing the same tone of feeling, thought, and action as before, and was in fact himself one

of the principal channels though which the people of this country were then exercising upon France that *American influence*, which, as we have said, was one of the most efficient causes in determining the course of events in Europe?

Let us now look at the position of Hamilton. At the time when Mr. Jefferson went to Europe he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, and continued till the adoption of the Constitution to take the most active concern in the political affairs of the country. He was now for the first time called upon to give his attention to the principles of civil polity, the sphere of his action having been during the war exclusively military. During this period, the situation of the United States was, as we have had occasion to remark, a sort of exception to that of all the rest of the civilized world. It was a time of reaction. While the evils chiefly complained of every where else, (as with us until the accomplishment of independence,) were the abuses of constitutional power, in our case the difficulty now lay in the want of an efficient and properly organized government. While the natural tendency among the intelligent and well-meaning every where else, (as with us before the Revolution,) was in favor of reforming established institutions, correcting abuses, restraining the action of Government and enlarging that of individuals, or in one word, of *Liberty*,—the natural tendency among the same class of persons in the United States at that period, was in favor of strengthening established institutions,—re-enforcing the Government, increasing and extending the influence of the *Law*. The political affairs of the Union were in a state of confusion:—the taxes could not be collected; the treaties with foreign powers were not executed; commerce and manufactures were entirely at a stand for want of proper legal regulation and protection; credit was unknown; in some of the States there were already open insurrections; every thing in short indicated weakness in the main springs of the political machine. The tendency therefore in favor of such reform as would give them more efficiency, was a just and natural one. It resulted, happily for the country, in the adoption of the present Constitution. In the whole movement which terminated in this most salutary measure, Hamilton, as is well known, took a most active part. With an ardor belonging to his age and temperament, he carried his views of the extent of the reforms that were necessary considerably beyond those of most of his fellow labor-

ers in the work. He proposed his own plans with manly frankness, but when he found that they were not relished, acquiesced with perfect readiness in those that were preferred, and exercised all his talents and influence in procuring their adoption. He is understood however to have believed, that the Constitution would not ultimately prove to be practicable, and that, after giving it a proper trial, it would be found necessary to recur to a stronger system. In this opinion he probably died. But however this may be, it was the obvious effect of the whole course of thought, reasoning, writing, and action in which he was engaged during the period between the peace and the adoption of the Constitution, to divert his attention from the abuses of power and fix it upon the dangers of liberty, to impress in short upon his mind a tendency opposed to the general spirit of the times, and similar to that which was felt by the party in Europe, that sustained the existing Governments against the movement of the French Revolution.

It may be added, that the military career, in which Hamilton had passed the preceding period of his life, was the one of all others best fitted to prepare him to receive such an impression. A free association with the most intelligent and polished classes of society, and a free communication through the medium of books with the minds of the best and wisest men of all other times and countries, will in general be likely to suggest a somewhat favorable view of human nature and a disposition to believe in the possibility of keeping down the evil principle, without the employment of much actual force. On the other hand, a larger intercourse with the world, especially in the form in which it is presented in camps, and an habitual observation of the modes of discipline which are there found necessary, may very probably generate a low estimate of individual character and a belief in the general expediency of the severest systems of civil government. We find accordingly, that such appears to have been the effect of these different courses of training upon the opinions of these two eminent statesmen. Jefferson has been charged with indulging in visionary theories of political improvement, and in general confined his strictures on the state of society to the habits of the privileged orders of Europe. Hamilton thought less favorably of men in general, and is said to have regarded the corrupt means which were formerly employed by the British ministry to maintain their influence in Parliament, as

indispensable to the practicability even of that form of government.

Prepared in this way, by the influence of the situations in which they had been placed since the close of the war, to take distinct and even opposite views of the tendency of the age, these two eminent men, upon the first organization of the Government, found themselves called upon to occupy the two first places in the administration, and to act together as they best might, under the superior direction of Washington, in the conduct of the public affairs. Equally intelligent, upright and patriotic as they were, they would probably have been able, notwithstanding the differences in their general views, to concur as to most matters of practice in which that difference was not immediately involved; but under the particular circumstances in which the Government and the country were then placed, it was brought more or less into discussion by almost every new measure that was proposed. They agreed in considering the Constitution as on the whole a great improvement, although Jefferson regarded it as too strong, and Hamilton as too weak: but in what spirit was it to be administered? Jefferson, with his views of its general character, would naturally adopt the principle of a strict, and Hamilton of a liberal construction. Hence the difference between them upon the Bank and the Funding System, which embarrassed the first steps of the new administration. While these questions were still in agitation, the French Revolution was rapidly taking such a form as necessarily affected, to a greater or less extent, the policy of all Christendom. France declared war against Austria and her allies: England joined the alliance. What should be the course of the United States? We had positively guarantied the West-Indian Islands to France in the event of war. Jefferson, with his general views of the tendency of the Revolution, was naturally disposed to observe this pledge. Hamilton was anxious, at whatever hazard or sacrifice, to keep clear of any connexion with France. Hence the difference of opinion about the Proclamation of Neutrality. Next came on the questions of Neutral rights and the British treaty;—the war, and then the peace with France,—all of which brought directly into view the points of difference between these two statesmen. It formed in fact the all-absorbing topic of the time, and could not for a moment be kept out of view.

The constant collision in which they were thus placed, of

course confirmed them both in their respective views, and pretty soon became so unpleasant that they both retired from the cabinet. In the meantime, however, the whole American people were agitated by the same controversies, and the two parties looked respectively to Jefferson and Hamilton as their representatives in the Government, and their principal champions and leaders. Each of them gradually became for one great portion of the people a personification, as it were, of the high political principle,—*Liberty* on the one hand, and *Law* on the other,—which formed the watch-word and symbol of his party. Both, though comparatively very young when they acquired this commanding influence over the opinions and feelings of their countrymen, maintained it undiminished to the close of their lives. Hamilton, though a mere private gentleman, ruled with despotic empire in the hearts of his political friends, till the day of his untimely death. Jefferson, representing the ideas to which the force of circumstances necessarily gave the ascendency, rose rapidly to the first places in the Government, swept down all opposition at his re-election as President, and even after his retirement continued to be the oracle of his party, until the close of the war and the further progress of events in Europe terminated the existence of the controversy, and produced, as we have remarked, upon the questions involved in it, a complete unanimity of opinion.

Jefferson and Hamilton therefore stood forward, in their day and generation, before the American people as the respective personal representatives of the great ideas of *Liberty* and *Law;* —the two essential elements of social order, whose combination in one form or another is indispensable in every constituted society, but which the force of circumstances had at that time brought into hostile conflict. Let us now look at the definition which has lately been given of *Great Men* by one of the most distinguished and enlightened philosophers of the day, without the slightest reference to these individuals, or in any way to the history of our country.

'A Great Man,' says Cousin in his Lectures on the History of Philosophy, 'a Great Man, considered as such, is not a mere individual. It is his peculiar character to represent better than any other person, the ideas, the interests, the events of his age. The other individuals of the same nation who are contemporary with him, will also share these ideas, interests and events, but they have not the same energy. They re-

present their age and nation, but they represent it in a feeble, faithless and imperfect way. No sooner does the true representative appear, than they all discern distinctly in him what they had felt before obscurely in themselves. They acknowledge the spirit of the times; the spirit that is moving within themselves. They consider the Great Man as their own real image; their *idéal:* it is for this reason that they worship him, that they follow him,—that he becomes their idol and their chief. The Great Man is in fact nothing more than the people personified, and it is precisely on this account that the people sympathize with him; that they put confidence in him, that they are filled with love and enthusiasm for him, that they give themselves up to him. This is the highest degree of devotion, that we can or ought to expect from one man to another. Men cannot and ought not if they could, to feel a higher one. They serve the man who serves them. The origin of the influence of Great Men is therefore something far more deeply seated than that of any mere external consent of their fellow citizens, which would often be a very questionable proof of respect. It is the deep, spontaneous, irrepressible conviction, that this individual is himself *the People,—the Age.*'

Such was unquestionably the source of the influence exercised by these two statesmen, and particularly Mr. Jefferson, (for as in the works before us no exception is taken to the character of Hamilton, there is the less necessity for going particularly into his defence,) over the American mind. If Cousin be right,—as few reflecting men will be disposed to deny,—in considering the persons who are capable of exercising such an influence, as emphatically *Great Men*, we can have no hesitation in referring Mr. Jefferson to that class. In the *talents*, by which individuals are commonly supposed to acquire and extend their influence, he was almost wholly deficient: he had no military taste or skill; he never spoke in public, and had no peculiar power in writing. It is said by the author of the Familiar Letters, that he ruled the American people by 'the magic of his pen.' This idea appears to be erroneous. Mr. Jefferson wrote through life very little. The little he wrote consisted mostly of private letters, which never went out to the people: in his few published writings, there is no extraordinary force or charm of style. As mere literary productions, they would have attracted no attention; they produced effect not as writings, but as *acts*. Indeed, the author of the

Familiar Letters, after ascribing Mr. Jefferson's influence to the magic of his pen, elsewhere somewhat inconsistently remarks, that a particular state paper, which has never been supposed to possess any extraordinary literary merit, is superior in manner to the Declaration of Independence. Possibly it may be; we have not taken the trouble to compare them; but who ever thought of attributing the effect of the Declaration to the merit of the style? Who that could enter into the spirit of the paper, would dwell with any interest on the language? It was a simple record of the great *Act*, by which thirteen Colonies shook off the British yoke, and sprang into being as independent States. It was only as an *Act* that it drew attention. The total absence of all pretension to literary merit, was the only literary merit which it could possibly possess, and this it has. The case is substantially the same with all the rest of Mr Jefferson's writings. There was no magic in his pen. The witchcraft by which he acquired influence lay, like that of the Maréchale d'Ancre, in his *mental superiority*. The source of his power was the energy, with which he represented in his feelings and opinions and acts the *Spirit of the Age*. It is a common mistake to suppose, that extraordinary skill in some particular accomplishment which depends in a great degree on study or accidental personal qualifications, such as writing, public speaking, or even the technical art of war, will carry with it a great power over the minds of other men. This may sometimes appear to be the case, because skill of this kind is often combined with the moral energy of character which constitutes real greatness. But even in this case, the talent is the mere instrument of the mighty mind, which can work just as well with the talents of others as its own. It was the same thing to Moses, whether he spoke himself or employed his brother Aaron for a mouthpiece. These talents are in the nature of beautiful arts: we admire their possessors as artists; as men, we can only yield our homage to the superior mind: and the only test of general superiority is the mental energy, which renders the language, writings and conduct of its possessor a bolder, firmer, truer expression, than any other to be met with, of the opinions and feelings that prevail at the time in the community.

Such having been the character of Mr. Jefferson, and such the nature of the influence which he exercised over his countrymen, it is not difficult to form an opinion of the correctness of

the charges which were made upon him during his life-time by his political opponents, and which are now revived in the works before us. According to the author of the Familiar Letters, the objects which Mr. Jefferson had in view were three-fold; 'first, the aggrandisement of France, secondly the destruction of England, and thirdly, the demolition of Federalists as a party, and the *expatriation* of the citizens who were of that party.' This statement, though not without some foundation in fact, obviously gives a very incorrect notion of the merits of the case. Mr. Jefferson's object was *Liberty*. He felt and personified for a large portion of his countrymen, the tendency of the times towards a reform of the abuses of Government, and an extension of the sphere of individual activity. The political and military movements, which originated in this tendency, were in Europe led by France and opposed by England. France was strenuously laboring for the accomplishment of the objects which he considered most desirable, England was strenuously opposing it. Under these circumstances, it was a matter of course that he should wish for the success of France and the failure of England: not that he cared any thing for France or England, as such, but that desiring the end, he naturally desired the means. To Hamilton and his friends, on the other hand, whose object and watchword was *Law*;—who felt and represented for the American people the counteracting tendency of the party in Europe that opposed the movement of the French Revolution,—England for the same reason appeared as an ally, and France as an obstacle. Neither party cared any thing for France or England as such; neither was under foreign influence. Foreign influence takes place when individuals or parties, from corrupt motives, espouse the interests of a foreign nation at the expense of that of their own. To wish or to endeavor to promote the success of a nation, whose interests and objects you suppose at the time to be identical with those of your own, is not a proof of foreign influence, but of patriotism, more or less enlightened, accordingly as the view you take of the subject is more or less correct.

The reciprocal sentiments of our domestic parties towards each other were founded in considerations of a precisely similar character. Mr. Jefferson and his friends regarded the existence and activity of the Federal party as an obstacle to the prevalence in this country of their favorite views. It was a

matter of course to desire their *failure*, or, as the author of the Letters expresses it, their destruction and demolition as a party. The position and the views of Hamilton and his friends respecting the Republicans were precisely similar. Neither party had any wish to injure the members of the opposite one, as individual citizens. In saying this, we allude of course to intelligent and prominent men, and particularly to Mr. Jefferson, whose intentions are now under consideration. The mere partisans took an entirely different view of the matter, as happens in all other similar cases. Without distinctly understanding the nature of the difference between the parties, those of each side regarded their own creed as a series of palpable truisms, which could not possibly be doubted by any man of common sense and common honesty, and that of the opposite party as a tissue of mere pretences, which those who employed them could not possibly believe themselves. Their own political friends comprehended all the talents and virtue in the community, while their opponents were a combination of unprincipled profligates, whose real object, however disguised, was to build up their own fortunes upon the ruins of the country. But this was, of course, a merely partial and passionate view of the subject, which could not have been taken at the time by reflecting men, and must now be rejected without hesitation, as entirely at variance with the history of the period, and the usual principles of human action.

The object of Mr. Jefferson through life was, therefore, as we have said, to increase and extend the influence of the great principle of *Liberty*, to which he had attached his faith, and which formed as it were his religion. In his first effort, when still a mere youth, he moved, as a representative in the General Assembly of Virginia, the immediate emancipation of all the slaves;—in his bold, vigorous and effectual exertions in the cause of independence;—in his long, sagacious and successful campaigns as the acknowledged leader of the Republican party;—and finally, in the tenor of all his writings, public and private, we see the steady operation of this one predominating motive. It would be difficult to find another political character, of equal distinction, in whose course there is less appearance of any variableness or even shadow of turning; and this, independently of other considerations, which place the matter beyond a doubt, is a strong proof of his entire sincerity. If it were intended to indicate the weak points in

his character, it would be more natural, instead of imputing to him a *belle passion* for one foreign nation, accompanied by a corresponding hatred for another, and a malignant and inconceivable desire to exterminate a large portion of his own fellow citizens,—suppositions which refute themselves on the mere enunciation,—it would be more natural, we say, instead of making these impossible and unimaginable charges, to represent him as governed by selfish motives; as employing the pretence of a zeal for liberty, to aid him in securing his own personal elevation. There is often some mixture of selfish purpose in the views of those who act in the main upon principle, and a charge of this kind would have at least some appearance of plausibility, which does not belong to the others. But in the case of Mr. Jefferson, the suspicion of interested and selfish motives will be found to be in a very remarkable degree inconsistent with the tenor of his conduct. Indeed, the fact that an individual acts through life under the influence of a high principle, which he embraces and adheres to with a sort of passion, almost excludes the possibility of any considerable mixture of merely selfish purpose. In regard to this point, Mr. Cousin we think does injustice to the character of his Great Men. He supposes them to be themselves unconscious of the influences by which they are moved, and to perform their exploits with a view to some paltry object of a secondary character. But this view of the subject is obviously incorrect. The Great Man is great precisely because he feels in tenfold measure, and has the power of expressing in his actions with tenfold energy, the common impressions of his age. This is Cousin's definition, and to say at the same time that he is a mere unconscious agent, doing he knows not what, under influences which he does not understand, is a plain contradiction in terms.

In the case of Mr. Jefferson, the suspicion of selfish motives is, as we have said, very slightly supported by facts. The youth, who could stand up in an assembly of slave-holding planters, with a proposal for immediate emancipation, the idea of which even now, and in the free States, curdles the blood of every judicious friend of humanity, was no mere calculator, and we may boldly say, could never have become one. In like manner the man who, still in the vigor of life, being scarcely over thirty years of age,—after appearing with so much distinction in the Continental Con-

gress, after writing the Declaration of Independence, could resign his seat and retire to his paternal acres and state politics, was evidently not under the influence of selfish ambition. The difficulty would rather be to reconcile this and some passages of his after life with the line of conduct prescribed by patriotic feeling and an enlightened sense of duty. After his retirement from Congress he declined the appointment of Minister to France, the most attractive certainly that could then have been offered to a man of his age and character. He preferred a seat in the Virginia Legislature. He is elected Governor of the State, and after reëlection retires from the office. He finally goes out to France as Minister, is transferred from that post to the head of the Cabinet of Washington, from which, after serving through the first Presidential term, he again retires to private life. It may be said, that thus far his moderation was merely affected, as a means of attaining with greater certainty the ultimate objects of his ambition. But if this were so, how can we account for the resolute determination with which, after the close of his second term, he retires forever from political life?

> 'Lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
> Whereto the climber upward turns his face,
> *But having once attained the topmost round,*
> *He then unto the ladder turns his back,*
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend.'

Mr. Jefferson, after 'attaining the topmost round,' and when his popularity was such that he might without difficulty have continued to occupy it for the rest of his days, voluntarily resigned it, at an age when the mere lust of power and office is as hot as at any other, and passed twenty years in complete retirement, without, so far as we can judge from his correspondence, casting a single longing, lingering look at the elevation which he had left.

'—— Was this ambition?'

Let us then be just to human nature;—let us consent to admit that there may be such things as principle, patriotism, and public virtue, when we have before us an overwhelming mass of unquestionable facts, which cannot be accounted for in any other way. If we wish that our children should look back

with tenderness, respect and gratitude to us, let us not blaspheme, with wanton and groundless accusations, the memory of our political fathers,—the founders of our institutions,—the givers under Providence of all the blessings we enjoy. Let us, if it must be so, while engaged in the struggles of active life, rail at each other to our hearts' content, but let us not pour out the furious ebullitions of party spirit upon the sacred ashes of the dead. Why indulge in harsh suspicions of men, whose career was one long, unbroken act of public service, because they occasionally differed on particular questions, when we know that they had themselves, long before their deaths, forgiven and forgotten these differences, and gone down together in kindness to their honored graves? Such were not the feelings with which, a few years ago, we laid them side by side in one sepulchre,—the great twin civil fathers of our Liberty,—lovely in their lives, and in their deaths not divided,—whom Providence, as if to ratify forever the amnesty of all unfriendly feeling, upon which they had agreed themselves many years before, called to their account on the very same day, and that the anniversary of their country's independence. Such were not the feelings with which WEBSTER, KIRKLAND, and a hundred others of the greatest and best men, of all parties and opinions, united on that occasion in unanimous acknowledgment of the equal and unparalleled services and virtue of both; with which the whole people, in the beautiful language of Homer,—'smiled through their tears,' in a kind of mournful rapture at the strange and charming coincidence in the time of their departure. Such *is* not now,—such, we are bold to say,—*never will be* the feeling of the country. The amnesty thus agreed upon,—thus ratified and sanctified,—cannot, must not, will not be broken.

The great value of the public services of Mr. Jefferson is generally acknowledged, but the full extent and variety of them can hardly be appreciated, except by those who have studied with some attention the course of his life: certainly not by those who know him only or principally by the part which he took in the political controversies of his latter days. The labors of one of the least conspicuous portions of his public career, when he acted as a member of the Virginia Legislature after his retirement from Congress, would be enough of themselves to found the reputation,—we had almost said, to fill the life of most other great men. During the two or three

years of this period, in addition to the ordinary routine of legislative and other political business connected with the general state of the country, in which he was involved, he digested the whole Common Law of England and the Statutes up to the time of James I., so far as they required to be altered for application to this country, into bills ready for the action of the Legislature,—most of which have since been adopted, and now form the basis of the Code of Virginia. This was a great work, considered as a mere monument of industry; but is hardly worth notice under this point of view, in comparison with its importance as a medium for the introduction of new principles of legislation. Among these principles, were the abrogation of the laws of entails and primogeniture;—the establishment of religious freedom;—the complete reform of the criminal code, including the abolition of capital punishment in all cases excepting treason and murder;—the emancipation at a certain age of all the slaves born after the passage of the act;—the division of the counties into wards or towns;—and the introduction of a system of popular education, providing for a school in each town, an academy in each county, and a university for the State. The three first of these improvements were carried into effect: most unfortunately for the interest of Virginia, the three last did not receive the assent of the Legislature. So completely had the mind of Mr. Jefferson distanced that of the mass of his contemporaries in his modes of thinking on political subjects, that in the earlier part of his career he rarely succeeded in obtaining their assent to his plans, excepting when he was present in person to explain them. His fellow laborers, with the best intentions in the world, were not only not equal to him, but were incapable even of comprehending him. Before the bills which provided for these invaluable innovations were taken up, the author had gone abroad: and the three last were either not acted on or were rejected. Had they been adopted, the situation of Virginia would have now been very different from what it is. To repair this omission in regard to Education, was one of the principal employments of Mr. Jefferson after his retirement from office. Such, we repeat, his were more than Herculean labors, during two or three of the least conspicuous years of his life. Those who, in the course of a long and active career, have been fortunate enough to render to the public a service equal in importance to the introduction of any one of these great improvements, will be

most competent to understand and least disposed to depreciate the claims of this distinguished statesman to the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen.

Let it be remembered, too, that the person by whom all these mighty works were effected,—these responsibilities assumed,—these dangers encountered,—was a gentleman of the first social connexions and of large hereditary fortune,—unaffected of course by any of the accidental motives, which are generally supposed to be the only effectual spurs to extraordinary exertion. On a view of all these circumstances, we do not well see how any judicious observer can feel himself authorized to attribute the course of Mr. Jefferson's political conduct to any other motive than an ardent zeal for liberty,—indiscreet perhaps at times, but always honest, and tending, as he understood it, to the general good.

The agreeable task of defending a distinguished public benefactor, against imputations on his character which we consider unfounded, has led us somewhat farther than we anticipated from the more general view of the subject. Our principal object was to intimate, that the prominent members of both the old parties were equally men of honor, principle, and patriotic feeling, although they took different and even opposite views of the great questions which then agitated the Christian world; and we cited the examples of Jefferson and Hamilton in support of this remark. It would probably be found to be equally correct in its application to the other distinguished politicians of the same period, but we have now no room to push this branch of the inquiry any farther. We had also intended to examine some of the prominent measures which were supported respectively by the two parties, for the purpose of showing, that though each at the time thought very hardly of the other, their opposition may fairly be attributed to the radical difference in their general political principles, to which we have adverted, aud was quite consistent with the supposition of substantial honesty, intelligence, and patriotic feeling in both. The length to which our remarks have already been extended, will prevent us from going into much detail upon this head. We shall however advert very briefly to a few of the more interesting questions, which came up successively in the long course of these debates.

Let us look, for example, at the policy observed by the Government at the opening of the war between England and

France, particularly the Proclamation of Neutrality and the prohibition of the fitting out of French cruisers in the ports of this country. Although it is understood that these measures were agreed to unanimously in the Cabinet, they were nevertheless warmly opposed by a portion of the citizens, and were considered at the time by their opponents as proofs that the then prevailing party were under British influence. At the present day, the opinion is almost universal that the policy adopted was the true one,—but it is nevertheless certain, that there were arguments of a very urgent character in favor of the other. It is even now doubtful, considering the matter as a strict question of right, whether we were not bound to take part with France in the war, unless that power had voluntarily consented to release us from the obligation.

By the eleventh article of the treaty of alliance of 1778, France guaranties to the United States their independence and their possessions in America, and the United States in turn guaranty to France her possessions in America,—the obligation on both sides being to remain in force from that time forward forever,—*dès-à-présent et pour toujours.* The twelfth article provides that in case of a rupture between France and England, the mutual guarantee shall take effect from the moment the war shall break out. It can hardly be denied, that these stipulations amounted to a permanent alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and the United States in all their future wars with other powers;—and that such an alliance involved, as one of its incidents, a right in each to fit out cruisers against the common enemy in the ports of the other. It was, in fact, admitted by Hamilton and the other advocates of the neutral policy, that such was the proper construction of these stipulations; but it was contended that they could only be supposed to apply to the case of a defensive war, and that the existing war was on the part of France an offensive one. This reasoning, though plausible enough, was far from being clear of an at least equally plausible objection. In the first place, the treaty made no distinction between offensive and defensive wars; the stipulation was to take effect in the case of a rupture,—*dans le cas d'une rupture;*—from the moment that the war shall break out,—*dès le moment qu'une telle guerre viendra à éclater;*—and admitting even that, notwithstanding the generality of these expressions, they are to be understood as limited to the

case of defensive wars, it is far from being clear that the war in which France was then engaged was not of that description. It is true that the formal declaration was made by that power, but this is by no means the only fact to be taken into view: it is only one, which is to be considered in connexion with a variety of others. The declaration of Independence by our own Congress was virtually a declaration of war, but it will not readily be admitted in this country that the Revolutionary war was, on our part, offensive. In all such cases the real question is, which party committed the outrages upon the other which rendered an appeal to force indispensable, and of course justifiable? In the case of the French Revolutionary war, and of our own, this question would have been decided differently by different persons, according to their respective views of the merits of the case, and was in fact just as doubtful as they were. It was also contended, by those who were disposed to admit that we were bound under the treaty to take part with France, that the changes in the government of that country, and the outrages committed on our commerce by some of the revolutionary authorities, had in fact cancelled the treaty itself; and this view of the subject finally so far prevailed in the public councils, as to produce a formal declaration to that effect by the Government. But, in the earlier periods of the controversy, this consideration will now probably not be thought to have had much weight.

On the whole, it may be regarded as at least a very doubtful question, whether we were not actually bound by the treaty to take part with France in the Revolutionary war, unless we could obtain her consent to our neutrality. Had the Government considered it politic to go into the war, they would probably have done so with very few scruples of conscience. The strong considerations of policy which operated against such a course, and the general inclination of the party, which had then the preponderating influence in the Government, to take an unfavorable view of the French Revolution, had doubtless very great influence in deciding the question in favor of neutrality. It is now, we suppose, very generally admitted that the decision was a fortunate one. War is in all cases so tremendous an evil, that it would rarely if ever be resorted to, did not the impulse of mere feeling come in aid of the dictates of cool calculation; and there is hardly a conceivable case, not absolutely involving the existence or honor

of a nation, in which a cool observer, fifty years afterwards, would regret that it was avoided. But it is due to the character of a considerable portion of the patriotic and intelligent men of the last generation,—including probably Mr. Madison,—to admit that the arguments in opposition to the course pursued by the Government in regard to France, at the opening of the Revolution, were not only exceedingly plausible, but had much foundation in actual truth and right, and that the question was settled on a variety of considerations, among which that of mere expediency had a very important place.

The case is nearly the same in regard to the course pursued towards England, which met with an opposition even more violent and general, than the Proclamation of Neutrality and the other measures operating immediately on France. Even in Boston, as we are told by the author of the Familiar Letters, there was only one man of any note who ventured to express in public his approbation of Jay's Treaty. The Cabinet were divided upon the propriety of ratifying it. Washington himself entertained great doubts upon the subject; and it was with infinite difficulty that the House of Representatives, even after it had been ratified, could be brought to vote the appropriations necessary for carrying it into effect. It was certain at the time, that if the treaty were rejected, the consequence,—under the feeling that prevailed on both sides,—would have been an immediate war with Great Britain. This consideration probably had very great weight in determining the course that was pursued, and must have still more in justifying it in the view of the present generation. But if,—for the reason just now stated of the great preponderance of the argument in favor of peace, in almost every imaginable case where the influence of feeling is entirely removed,—we admit that the policy pursued was right, it must also be admitted that the objections to the treaty were not only plausible but were really of the most serious character.

The most pressing point in the whole negotiation was the trade in provisions. Great Britain, at the opening of the war, had not only revived the so-called rule of 1756, by virtue of which she undertook to restrain the neutral to the same extent of trade in war which he was allowed to carry on in peace,—a pretence obviously without a color of authority, either in natural justice or the practice of civilized nations:—but she declared provisions an article contraband of war, and claimed and exer-

cised the right of seizing all neutral vessels loaded with them and bound to an enemy's port. As provisions were then the only considerable article of export from the United States, this pretension,—now for the first time advanced or even heard of,—amounted to a claim to interdict our whole trade with the enemies of England,—that is,—as the case then stood,—with almost all the rest of the world. It excited, of course, an unanimous burst of indignation throughout the whole country, and especially, as might have been expected, in the commercial cities. In addition to this, Great Britain put forward at that time,—as she has done ever since, and in theory still does,—the equally modest claim of a right not only to search our merchant vessels on the high seas,—a thing in principle wholly inadmissible, though in some degree authorized by the practice of other nations,—but to muster their crews, and to take by force, and compel, without trial or any means of self-defence, except the slow process of negotiation between the Governments, into her naval service any person whom the subaltern officer employed in the search might choose to pronounce a British subject;—the burden of proof that he is not such being thrown upon the American. These were the only difficult points that Mr. Jay had to settle; the others were in a great measure formal.

What then was the amount of the arrangement which he brought home with him? Not a syllable on the subject of impressment, which, with the augmented power of the nation and the consequently increased sensibility to any outrage on the national honor, would probably now be considered as the more important of the two questions:—not a syllable, we repeat, on the subject of impressment; and as to the trade in provisions, a sort of compromise, by which Great Britain was allowed to seize and carry into port vessels loaded with provisions, as contraband of war, but was bound, through the captors, or in their default, as a Government, 'to *indemnify* the owners for their loss, by paying to them the full value of all articles, with a reasonable mercantile profit thereon, together with the freight, and also the damage incident to such detention,' it being understood that the seizures already made should be considered as included in this arrangement. This compromise, which, looking at it coolly at the present day, seems more like a piece of solemn mockery than a serious stipulation between mutually independent governments,

was the substantial article of Mr. Jay's treaty, and the one which involved its whole merits, as they were then understood by all parties,—the impressment question not having yet, as we have said, assumed its paramount importance. Is it to be wondered at,—especially when we take into view the very general disposition of the people to look with an eye of favor on the cause of France and with aversion on that of Great Britain,—is it to be wondered at, we say, that under such circumstances a large proportion of the citizens should, in the language of Marshall, 'have rushed impetuously to its condemnation?' Is it absolutely necessary to impute to this large majority,—including, with a single exception, the whole population of Boston, which took the lead in opposition to the treaty,—either corruption, French influence, or some strange perversity and obliquity of intellect, which incapacitated them from seeing the true merits of a perfectly plain case? We apprehend not. On the contrary, we doubt very much whether the treaty as ratified could ever have been carried into effect; whether the people would have submitted to the exercise by England of the right of seizing provision vessels, which was conceded by it. The ratification was accompanied by a strong memorial against the exercise of this right, which Great Britain, in consideration probably of the generally friendly disposition then manifested towards her by our Government, and the doubtful relation, bordering very nearly on actual hostility, which existed between us and France, was content for the time to waive, and which has never been renewed in precisely the same shape.

Passing over a long series of intermediate events, which our limits will not permit us to notice, let us come at once to the war, the measure for which the Republican party were at the time, and are still by those who retain the partisan feelings of the time, most severely censured. It is difficult, as we have already remarked in reference to the two measures we have been considering, for a mere observer,—looking coolly at events twenty years after their occurrence,—not to regret, in almost every supposable case, that recourse was had to war for the adjustment of a controversy between two governments. But so far as the merits of the questions in dispute in this instance are concerned, it would be equally difficult to deny that the right was wholly on our side; nor can it be concealed, that attempts to settle them by negotiation had been made and

renewed so often, that they could not consistently with self-respect be continued any longer, and that the time had come when it was necessary either to acquiesce silently under intolerable outrages, or to repel them by force.

Upon the renewal of the war in Europe, after the truce of Amiens, the British Government not only undertook, as before, to interdict all neutral trade which was not permitted in time of peace,—to search neutral vessels on the high seas for contraband of war, and enemies' property,—and to take from them by violence all persons, who could not prove themselves to the satisfaction of the searching officer not to be British subjects, —but reviving in a still more sweeping and oppressive form, their pretension to intercept the neutral trade with their enemies in provisions, they now extended the interdiction to the trade in all other articles. They declared the whole coast of the Continent of Europe in a state of blockade, and by a sort of political *Rule of False*, they deduced from this avowedly *constructive*, that is, factitious and imaginary blockade, the substantial and very important right of prohibiting the people of the United States from trading with any other nation except Great Britain. Was it, then, or was it not possible for the people of the United States to acquiesce in or submit to this pretension? The author of the Familiar Letters declines to enter into any examination of this question, remarking that the subject is a dry one, and may as well be passed over. It is true, that many very dull books and pamphlets have been written upon the subject of neutral rights, but as the case stood at that time between Great Britain and the United States, the point in question was in substance the one we have stated:—is it, or is it not possible for the people of the United States to allow Great Britain to interdict their trade with all the ports of Europe, excepting her own? With a perfectly cool and tranquil state of public feeling, the controversy might probably have been settled by amicable methods; but with passions wrought up on both sides to a high degree of excitement in regard to the more general questions involved in the subject, and on ours constantly inflamed by the recurrence of fresh outrages committed on the persons and property of our citizens, not only on the high seas, but within our own waters, and in sight of our own shores, it had become apparent, long before negotiation was abandoned, that it must be unsuccessful, and that the only alternative was

submission, or forcible resistance. Was the Government right in adopting the latter? Or rather, without undertaking to decide this question, is it absolutely necessary to impute to the Government for so doing, and to the party that supported them, either corruption, French influence, or some extraordinary perversity and obliquity of intellect? We think not.

The opponents of the war often inquired at the time, and the author of the Familiar Letters renews the question: Why select Great Britain as the enemy? France had injured us as well as her great antagonist. If we must go to war, why not at least go to war with the great foe of social order and good government, rather than a power, who may fairly be regarded as their great champion throughout the civilized world? This was a natural thought with the Federal party, but could not of course be assented to by the opposite one, forming an immense majority of the American people, who took then, as they now do, a directly opposite view of the questions agitated in Europe, believing the French Revolution, under all its successive phases, to be substantially a political Reformation, and the counter-revolution a mere effort to sustain existing abuses. This, as we have said, is now the opinion of the whole American people, and of the British Government itself. If the American Government had intended to go to war upon the general questions involved in the great European struggle, the war would still have been with England and not with France. It was however admitted, that as to this great struggle neutrality was our true policy, although the views entertained upon its merits in some degree colored the sentiments of both our domestic parties as to the questions in which our own rights as a neutral power, were involved. Still the practical inquiry was, shall we, on account of these questions, declare war against England or France? Now in regard to all these questions, France was in principle with us. She had professed for centuries our own doctrines on the subject of neutral rights, and there was no reason to doubt the sincerity of her professions, because they were in accordance with her interest as an inferior maritime power. She had retaliated the pretended blockade of England with a similar pretended blockade of the British Islands, and an exclusion of British produce from all the countries under her influence. The principle of retaliation, as implied in this measure, was of course entirely inadmissible, but as France had no power to

carry it into effect, it was a mere menace. If then our controversies with the two powers had reached a point when war had become inevitable, would it have been natural to *select* as our enemy the nation which agreed with us entirely, and was ready to make common cause with us on the subject of our rights as a neutral power, because she had adopted, for the purpose of showing her dissatisfaction at our supposed remissness in asserting these rights, a measure in itself entirely indefensible, but which, being also entirely inoperative, could hardly be regarded as a sufficient course of war,—rather than the one, which asserted in principle, and was able to and actually did carry into effect in practice, the pretensions of which we complained? Or, without undertaking as before to discuss this question, is it absolutely necessary to suppose that the Government, in declaring war under these circumstances against England rather than France, was acting under corrupt French influence or some strange and inconceivable perversity of mind, equivalent in its effect to virtual insanity?

This question too will be answered, we think, by the verdict of impartial posterity in the negative. It has been, if we are not mistaken, already decided in that manner by the present generation, which holds the place of posterity in reference to the original parties to this controversy. While we may perhaps regret that the war, at whatever sacrifice of feeling, had not been delayed a short time longer, when the course of events in Europe would have rendered it unnecessary, we attribute to the statesmen who declared and the party who supported it, no other than honorable and patriotic motives. We believe that on the points in controversy they were entirely in the right; and that, in the long negotiations that preceded the war, as well as in those which brought it to a close,—they exhibited throughout, as well in point of learning, logic, and even mere literary accomplishments, as in the high and generous tone of feeling which prevailed in their writings, a decided, and what we may well consider under all the circumstances, as it was pronounced to be by one of the ablest of the British statesmen in open Parliament, 'an astonishing superiority,' intellectual and moral, over the British politicians with whom they were matched. When we recollect that these included such men as Castlereagh and Canning, this was no mean praise. Indeed we venture to affirm, without the fear of being contradicted by any one who has had occasion to ex-

amine the records of modern diplomacy, that there is no case to be found in them of an international controversy that has been argued with equal ability. From the commencement of these negotiations, in the celebrated letters of Mr. Jefferson, down to their fortunate termination in those of the Commissioners at Ghent, they exhibit in every part a thorough investigation of the points in dispute,—an extent of general historical learning,—a large, correct and liberal conception of natural and national law,—a power, skill, and taste in the use of materials, and a coolness, good temper, and courtesy in the mode of treating opponents, in the highest degree creditable to the persons employed, as well as to the administrations that appointed, and the country that produced them. It is impossible, we think, to peruse these finished productions in connexion with the tissue of meagre information, sophistical reasoning, impertinent assumption, and often paltry sarcasm, which was in general opposed to them by the negotiators on the other side, without being satisfied, on the most irresistible internal evidence, of the substantial justice of the American claims, and of the conscious integrity and purity of purpose with which they were maintained by the Government.

But while the present generation renders this justice to the Republican administrations, which declared and prosecuted the war, they are also disposed to admit, with equal cheerfulness, the purity and patriotism of the motives which influenced the opposition to it. Firmly believing, as they did, that Great Britain was fighting the battles of the civilized world, ourselves included,—that she was the great champion of social order and the bulwark of our religion,—they were not disposed to quarrel with her about minor points, either of doctrine or practice; and we ought not to consider it surprising, that, under these circumstances, they should have sustained, with extraordinary tenacity, pretensions on her part which now appear entirely and obviously untenable. In their practical proceedings, they sometimes went a little beyond the limit of legal and constitutional right. Their doctrine in regard to the authority of the General Government over the militia, has not been confirmed by the Supreme Court. Although there was nothing illegal or unconstitutional in the actual proceedings of the Hartford Convention, it was certainly a measure of dangerous tendency. What its ultimate results might have been, had the war been continued, can now be matter of conjecture only, and it would

be injurious to hazard, on the strength of mere conjecture, unfavorable judgments of the character of individuals of acknowledged patriotism. It may be remarked, however, that whatever may have been in other respects the character and tendency of the Hartford Convention, it was in both particulars decidedly *Anti-federal.* Its intended effect, as well upon the administration of the Government as upon the Government itself, through the amendments of the Constitution recommended by it, was to restrain and diminish the authority of the Union and increase that of the States. It illustrates therefore very curiously the facility with which, as we have already remarked, a Federal party in this country, when it is placed by circumstances in opposition to the General Government, gradually assumes an Anti-federal character; as many of the proceedings of the Republican administrations shew how readily an Anti-federal party, on coming into power, adopts a large and liberal construction of the constitutional authority of the General Government.

Hence, too, we see why, notwithstanding the inflamed state of opinion and the really critical position of the country, the Hartford Convention was not unanimously approved at the time, by the Opposition party. This party was composed, to a considerable extent, especially in its prominent members, of Federalists, and it was quite natural that they should enter with great reluctance, on any grounds of temporary expediency, however urgent, into a measure directly contrary in its tendency to all their favorite principles of government. We find accordingly, that out of New England the Convention found but little acceptance even with the Opposition, and that it was publicly disapproved by the Pennsylvania Legislature, where the Federal party then had the majority. Of the then five New England States, three only concurred in this proceeding. Hence too, we see why, even in Massachusetts, some of the prominent Federalists, including such men as John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Samuel Dexter, publicly opposed this and some other measures of the Opposition. The author of the Familiar Letters remarks, in reference to the last of these gentlemen, that 'during Mr. Madison's war, he separated from the Federal party, and that it is not known that the true causes of this separation have ever been assigned.' We presume that there has never been much doubt upon this point in the minds of

reflecting and impartial men. Mr. Dexter had been, through life, a decided Federalist; and though he disapproved the embargo, the war, and the general course of the Republican administrations, he probably retained so strong an attachment to his Federal principles, that he did not like to sacrifice them to the considerations of policy, which were considered as of paramount importance by some of his friends. He was freely charged, at the time, with deserting his party,—the highest of all offences in the opinion of mere partisans:—but it is now apparent that it was he who continued to act upon the *principles* of the party, the body of which, in the States that were concerned in the Convention, had been led by circumstances to assume an *Anti-federal* position; and to adopt opinions upon Government in general, and upon the character and construction of the Federal Constitution, directly opposed to the whole tenor of their former professions and practice. If we give full credit, as we are disposed to do, for intelligence and honesty of purpose, to that portion of the Federal party who were induced by the strong pressure of merely political motives to change or waive their general principles, it would surely be the height of injustice to refuse it to others, who only differed from them in retaining with more firmness, or acting with more consistency, upon the old common creed.

We believe, therefore, that we express the prevailing sentiment of the men of the present generation, when we recognise in the controversies of the last, only such differences as may fairly and naturally exist among honest, intelligent, and high-minded citizens; when we recognise as belonging to that class the prominent individuals of the two principal shades of opinion,—the Jeffersons, Madisons, Pinkneys, Clays, and Wirts on the one hand; and the Hamiltons, Parsonses, Ameses, Cabots, and Otises, on the other. It was one of those cases that so often occur, when the best and wisest men in the community, among whom all these must undoubtedly be ranked, happen, from varieties of temperament or accidental position, to take opposite views of the great political questions which engage for the time the public attention. In the heat of controversy they, or more commonly their friends and partisans, are naturally led to suspect and accuse each other of insincerity;—but as passion subsides, they gradually learn to respect each other; and posterity, at any rate, does full justice to them all.

These controversies, like most others of much extent and

duration, were terminated, not by a victory of either party over the other, nor yet by any direct amicable compromise, but by changes in the situation of the country and the world. The close of the war in Europe reduced the disputes about neutral rights, for the time, to mere questions of theory, and rendered the conclusion of a treaty with England a matter of course. The general satisfaction that was felt throughout the country at the restoration of peace, poured at once a flood of oil over the tempestuous surges of party warfare, and brought in what was denominated at the time the 'era of good feelings.' At no period in the history of the country has it been so free from internal dissensions on political subjects, as during the administration of President Monroe. In the mean time, the progress of events in Europe was such, as to render it from year to year less and less probable that a party division could ever grow up again in this country, corresponding with that which had just subsided; and this may now be regarded as in the nature of things impossible. The controversy between the great divisions of the Christian Commonwealth, which rally respectively under the banners of *Liberty* and *Law*, is still kept up, but with such an arrangement of parties as renders it altogether improbable,—to say the least,—that it can ever become a matter of much interest in the United States. The great point of difference between this new arrangement and the former one is, that Great Britain is now upon the side of Liberty. The first indication of the approach of this change in her position, was her refusal to accede to the treaty commonly called the Holy Alliance, in 1813. The next was her neutrality in regard to the several military revolutions that successively occurred on the Continent of Europe, in 1820 and afterwards,—particularly that of Spain. The recognition of the independence of the Spanish Colonies in South America, in opposition to the wish of Spain and the great Continental Alliance, was the third; and now the question has been finally settled by the triumph of the liberal party in the domestic policy of Great Britain, and the consequent reform of Parliament.

With this change of policy in England, disappears entirely the probability, we may say the possibility, that this country can ever again be agitated by the quarrels of Europe. While Great Britain stood at the head of the great *legitimate* alliance,—while its doctrines prevailed at Court, and with the majorities in Parliament, and gave, to a very considerable

extent, the tone to public opinion and the press, it was natural that a strong impression in their favor should be made upon the public opinion of this country. All this is now changed. The spirit of legitimacy has retired from the Court, the Parliament, and the press, or appears there in a feeble and crest-fallen condition, like a deposed sovereign, who having lost his power at home, has ceased of course to command respect or exercise influence abroad;—and it is obvious that the former state of things can never be revived. If the doctrine of *legitimacy*, as understood by the great Continental Allies, be destined ultimately to triumph over that of Liberty, Great Britain may possibly come again under its influence; but it can only be as a conquered province. In the mean time, and while the contest endures, she must necessarily retain the place which she has now taken in the fore-front of the hosts of Liberty, and exercise over all other countries, and particularly this, an influence corresponding with that position. Thus the only channel through which the doctrine of legitimacy could be brought home in a powerful and persuasive shape to the feelings of the American people, as connected with the politics of Europe, is closed forever. We find accordingly,—as we have already had occasion to remark,—that since the changes alluded to in England, there has been no expression of opinion in this country in favor of that doctrine, as understood and acted upon on the Continent. The parties, into which our fathers were divided on the great argument of Liberty and Law, can therefore, never be revived. The same question may perhaps present itself hereafter under new shapes, and in direct application to the circumstances of our own country,—but as it came up before, connected with the policy of Europe and the rival interests of France and England, it is now disposed of beyond the possibility of any future rehearing or appeal. Whatever troubles may be in store for us, that root of bitterness at least is extirpated forever. If the sons must be divided into parties, as the fathers were before them, they will have the satisfaction, such as it is, of contending with each other upon interests exclusively American. Happy will it be for the country,—as we have already remarked,—if their future controversies shall be carried on with equal moderation and terminated with as little injury to the public welfare as those which preceded them.

The 'era of good feelings,' which followed the close of the

war, and lasted through the greater part of the administration of Mr. Monroe, was brought to a close by the contest for the succession to the Presidency. This was, however, a mere matter of personal competition, involving no question more general than the comparative qualifications of the several candidates; and the same has been the case with the subsequent divisions of parties up to the present day, excepting so far as they have been modified from time to time by the state of public opinion in regard to particular measures. An attempt was made to revive the old controversy, on the occasion of the contest for the succession to Mr. Monroe; but the result proved that the materials were deficient. Should the same attempt be renewed, as it probably may be, it must always be with the same result. In the episode of Nullification, the original controversy between the Federal and Anti-federal principles came again into view; and on that occasion the party now in power,—which had assumed, as a popular title, that of the Democratic party,—professed the old Federal doctrines in a more exaggerated shape than any in which they had ever appeared before. This controversy upon the respective powers and pretensions of the Union and of the States under the Constitution, is, as we have said, the one which we consider most natural to our form of Government, and as consequently likely to recur from time to time while the Government endures, and to enter more or less into all our differences upon all other subjects. Upon the question of Liberty and Law, as argued in Europe,—that is,—upon the relative powers and rights of individuals and the whole body politic,—we all are or profess to be agreed. No change in this respect will probably be attempted or desired by any portion of the people considerable enough to form a party, unless future events, which cannot now be anticipated, shall make great changes in the state of the country. Now and then, a political *Working Man*, (who is commonly in his individual capacity very much at leisure,) proposes the abolition of Property,—or a warm partisan, in the first agony of disappointment at the defeat of a favorite measure or candidate, declares that rather than be so governed he would prefer the British Constitution, 'monarchy and all;' but in ordinary times, the whole people are pretty well satisfied with things as they are. In regard to the relative rights and powers of the Union and the States, the case is different. On that subject there always have been, are, and always will be

differences of sentiment among the prominent politicians and the different States and sections of the country. All admire the Constitution, but each asserts the privilege of construing it in his own way: and, in the text of the instrument, the debates in the General and State Conventions at the time of its adoption, and the contemporaneous history of the country, the political metaphysician will always find ample materials for an ingenious argument on either side of the question, (looking of course at that side only,) in connexion with almost any particular subject. This controversy will form, we imagine, (as far as general principles are concerned) the staple of most of our future disputes. The administration will generally be formed by the prevalence of personal parties, combined in support of particular individuals; and, under whatever pretences they may push their respective claims before the public, it will commonly be found hereafter, as it has been heretofore, that the party in office will be a Federal, and the party out of office an Antifederal one.

What influence the progress of events may have upon this controversy,—that is, whether the general tendency of the government be towards a consolidation or a separation of the States, can only at present be matter of conjecture. While the constantly increasing relations between the States are yearly and daily strengthening the formal bands of Union,—the rapid progress of population and wealth is augmenting on the other hand, in a corresponding proportion, the importance of the individual States. Thus the two conflicting elements in our political constitution are regularly strengthened, in almost equal degrees, by the general causes that operate on both; and the conclusion would of course be, that the tendency (for the present at least) is in favor of the continuance of the existing system. For ourselves, we have no wish to see the balance adjusted in any other way. We believe that if the States were absorbed more deeply into the Union than they now are, a Republican General Government would be impracticable. Even now the elective Chief Magistracy is found in practice almost too dazzling a prize to be entrusted to the chances of a popular election, consistently with the public tranquillity. Such an alteration of the Constitution as should diminish the power, patronage and influence of the President, would probably be the most salutary one that could be made. Any great increase in the attributions of the Exec-

utive or Legislative departments of the General Government, —supposing them to remain elective,—would be the certain prelude to civil commotion. On the other hand, however, any sensible diminution of the powers of the General Government, as defined by the Constitution and as generally understood, would bring us back at once to the anarchy of the Old Confederation. Such would undoubtedly be the effect of the South Carolina doctrine, that each State has a negative on the acts of the General Government, should it ever be recognised as the true theory of the Constitution; and it is therefore an event of good omen that this heresy met with so little favor even with the professed advocates of State Rights. As it can hardly be sustained on any future occasion with greater talent, zeal, and weight of character than it was on this, we may perhaps conclude that it has received its final *quietus*. The other controversies that have been and still are carried on about the construction of the Constitution, though by no means of trivial consequence, are yet unimportant in comparison with this, and may be decided in either way without any serious detriment to the permanent interests of the country.

Note. The note on page 222 was accidentally misplaced. It should have been printed at the bottom of page 216.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXV.

OCTOBER, 1834.

ART. I.—*Periodical Literature of the United States. The Republic of Letters; being a weekly Republication of Works of Standard Literature.* New York. 1834.

HERE is a weekly periodical, consisting of sixteen large quarto pages, well printed on a fair paper, and sold for six cents a number. The two first numbers exhibit the whole of Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; which two works accordingly contain but one eighth part of the matter to be had in this form for a dollar, the transportation moreover to places, which cannot be reached at less cost, being at newspaper mail rates. The scheme, for any thing we know to the contrary, is, in part of its details, a new one. If it can be maintained at so low a charge,—a thing, we confess, which seems to us scarcely possible, but about this the party most concerned knows best,—and if the selections continue to be judiciously made, the effect will be to put the standard works of English literature into the hands of every man, woman, and child among us, who cares to have them. We wish the enterprising publisher all possible success, for the sake of the improvement of the public mind, for the ease of private pockets, and very cordially for his own sake; for the least, which the projector of such an enterprise deserves, is, plenty of the best of good wishes.

We are not pluming ourselves for a review of the Vicar of

Wakefield, and the Man of Feeling. But the addition of yet another new form of periodical literature, to those which every year or month has been of late multiplying beneath our eyes, seems to us a fit enough occasion for retracing, in a superficial way, the early course of the history of this sort of reading on our side the water.

Recent as is the origin of periodical literature with us Americans, we are not herein very much behind the rest of the world. The fact, on its first statement, may excite surprise, accustomed as we are to a different way of doing such things, but sure it is, that every political revolution, from the beginning of time down to the movement which subsided into the English Commonwealth, was somehow effected without so much as the help of newspapers. The first thing of the sort is said to have been issued at Venice, in the year 1531, that is, ninety years before the Plymouth settlers came over; and one of the etymologies of the word Gazette refers it to the name of the Venetian coin, Gazetta, for which the sheet was sold. It was issued monthly, in manuscript, by the government.* The first English periodical of the kind is said to date from 1588, when the Spanish Armada was in the channel.† There was no other for about twenty-five years, when they began to multiply, but with not so much rapidity as from the beginning of the session of Charles the First's Long Parliament; and in the single year 1642, no less than twenty were established. News from Hull, Truths from York, Warranted Tidings from Ireland, Coranto from beyond Seas, Heraclitus Ridens, Democritus Ridens, Jesuita Vapulans, Mercuries with all sorts of epithets, the Scots' Dove, the Parliament Kite, the Secret Owl, the Smoking Nocturnal, were some of the significant titles.‡ The most ancient specimen of

* D'Israeli, Curiosities of Literature, I. 213.

† Says Nichols; (Literary Anecdotes, IV. 34.) 'it appears, to the honor of our own country, that to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, mankind are indebted for the first printed newspaper. The epoch, when the Spanish Armada approached the shores of England, in April 1588, is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper, under the title of the English Mercury. The earliest of these which is preserved is No. 50. It contains the usual articles of news, like the London Gazette of the present day; an article from Whitehall, July 23, 1588; and on the 26th, a formal account of the introduction of the Scots' ambassador to the Queen.'

‡ Nichols appends to his very full list, a few notes, containing

English newspapers, in this country, is perhaps that in the cabinet of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester. It is of the year 1660, the year of the Restoration. It was published weekly in London on two small quarto sheets, under the name of 'Mercurius Publicus, comprising the Sum of Forraign Intelligence; with the affairs now in agitation in England, Scotland, and Ireland. For information of the People. Published by Order.'* In the troubles respecting the succession, towards the end of Charles the Second's time, some severe restrictions were imposed on the publication of newspapers, which substantially continued in force during the following reign. The day after James's abdication, three new ones were set on foot, and in Anne's golden age there was already a daily paper. But newspapers speedily became, and have ever since continued subjects of heavy taxation,† so that one of the larger London prints costs a shilling sterling.

France was a little later than England in respect to Newspapers, the first having been set up in that kingdom in 1631; and the rest of the continent of Europe later yet. Of other periodicals, the earliest appears to have been the French Journal des Sçavans, dating from 1665, and followed by Bayle, in 1684, with the Nouvelles de la République de Lettres, and by Le Clerc, near the same time, with his Bibliothèque, continued, in its different parts, to eighty-two volumes. In 1709, Steele, in the Tatler, struck out the new, and, for a time, exceedingly attractive path, in which he was followed by Addison and himself in the Spectator and Guardian, and later by Johnson, Cumberland, Goldsmith, and others, in the Ram-

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some curious extracts; among others, an advertisement relating to a pirated edition of Hudibras, and another of Dryden, offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of an assault on him in Covent Garden.

* History of Printing, I. 185.—We may note here, once for all, that to this highly valuable, but not equally well-arranged book, of the venerable printer and antiquary, Isaiah Thomas, we are indebted for very many of the facts and specimens which follow.

† 'Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of Parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet a half-penny.' Swift's Journal to Stella; July 9, 1712. 'Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. The Observator is fallen. The Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post. The Examiner is deadly sick. The Spectator keeps up and doubles its price. I know not how long it will hold.' Ib. Aug. 7, 1712.

bler, World, Observer, Freeholder, Adventurer, Englishman, Idler, Lounger, Connoisseur, Looker-on, Mirror, and so on. The Gentleman's Magazine, the pattern of later works of the same name in England, instituted in 1731, and sustained through its early life by the struggles of Dr. Johnson for bread, has been kept up to the present day. Of later changes in the fashions of this department of literature, perhaps the most important occurred in the institution, in 1749, of the Monthly Review; a form of lucubration, which again sustained a marked modification in the establishment, in 1806, by the Edinburgh wits, of the Review, which glorifies the name of their city.

One or the other of these great forms our Anglo-American periodical literature has, for the most part, taken, following the varieties which they were meanwhile assuming in the parent country. Printing, which had been earlier practised in other parts of the continent, that is, in Peru and Mexico, was however introduced into the English colonies as early as 1639, when, as the ancient records of the college mention, Mr. Joss or Jesse Glover, gave to the college 'a ffont of Printing Letters,' and some gentlemen of Amsterdam 'gave towards furnishing of a Printing Press with letters, forty-nine pounds and something more.' The college employed their press under the management of Stephen Daye, a rather incompetent person, as appears, for about ten years, at the end of which time it was placed under the care of Samuel Green. It was thirty-five years after its appearance at Cambridge, before the art had proceeded as far as Boston; and fifty years before its coming to Philadelphia, which was the next step. In all this time, and indeed for many years more, the invention of newspapers, of which, as we observed, there is no trace whatever even in the parent country till within about thirty years of the landing at Plymouth, had not been adopted. The editions were almost all of laws, religious treatises of various kinds, and especially almanacs. Without any such aid, to keep up the spirit of their own people, or make known their dangers and successes, or put to shame an opposing faction, or demolish heresies, our fathers managed to get through with their disputes with the Indian tribes till far beyond the decisive termination of Philip's war, their controversies with the government at home till long after the provincial charter of William and Mary, and other more verbose disputes till long after the settling of the synodial Confession of Faith.

How they did it, may be a riddle worth the reading. It is pleasing, however, to reflect, that the very want of this instrument, may, in their circumstances, have been a means of more perfectly consolidating the infant state. The absence of those facilities for intelligence, which every man can now command so cheaply in his solitude, favored their social habits. They sought each other, and resorted more freely to the great centre of information, from the necessity of acquainting themselves thus, if in any way, with whatever was going on in the world. We have not seen it suggested, but it has occurred to us, that here was very probably a leading element in the strong interest attached throughout the seventeenth century to the Boston weekly Thursday lecture; a service so attractive for some cause, that even the schools in different towns on that day dismissed masters and boys from their tasks.* The canvassing of news on Sunday would not have been tolerated, even if, on Sunday, it had not become every good citizen to be at his home. The Thursday lecture at the capital, in the existing state of things, would naturally become a central exchange, where matters of common interest would be communicated and discussed. It would be a sort of distributing post-office, to circulate into the neighborhood the knowledge of the latest events, fashions and opinions. And if there be any thing in this view, the multiplication of means for coming at the large and small gossip of the day, may have had as much to do, as the decline of piety, in causing that institution to become, what the few among us, who know any thing of it, know it to be, the wreck and shadow of its former glory.

But however this might be, the publication of the first newspaper in these colonies, in fact began, about the same time with the first Scottish Gazette, in the year 1704. It was called 'the Boston News-Letter, published by authority,' and was issued every Monday, at a house, part of which is, or was lately standing, behind what was No. 56, Newbury Street. The printer was Bartholomew Green, son of Samuel, whom we have mentioned as printer to the college; a person of consideration, and several years a deacon of the Old South Church. Among other subjects of commendation urged in his obituary, is his

* A curious vestige of this practice, remains in Salem, where holidays in the schools are still called lecture days; a generalization of the term originally applied to the dispensation given for the purpose of going to hear the lecture at Boston.

'caution of publishing any thing offensive, light, or hurtful.' The proprietor, however, for the first eighteen years, was John Campbell, a Scotchman by birth, the postmaster of the town, whose office, without supposing it to have exercised, in him, the sharp intuition of his countrywoman, the post-mistress of St. Ronan's Well, naturally gave him the freest access to intelligence useful to his work. At the end of eighteen years it fell into the hands of Green, and by him and his successors was continued till the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in 1776, being in later years the organ of the Tory party, and the only paper continued in Boston through the siege.

William Brooker, being appointed Campbell's successor in the post-office, resolved to turn his official advantage to similar account, and accordingly, Dec. 21st, 1719, set up the second newspaper in the colonies, called the Boston Gazette, employing James Franklin for his printer. In two or three months after, Brooker, in his turn, was superseded by Philip Musgrave, who accordingly coming into possession of the newspaper, gave the printing of it to Samuel Kneeland, a former apprentice of Green, who issued it for eight years from his printing house at the corner of Prison Lane, (now Court Street) and Dorset's Alley, an estate constantly occupied in this manner from the year 1718, till within the life-time of the present generation.

At the end of this term, a new postmaster, coming into possession of the Gazette, naturally looked to his own line of patronage in the way of printing; and Kneeland, experiencing the common lot of dependants on the great, and thrown again upon his own resources by a like turn in the wheel to that on which he had risen, indemnified himself by setting up the New England Journal on his private account, with the benefit of his past experience, and the knowledge acquired, in his palmy days, of matters behind the veil of state. This journal was largely aided by such considerable men as Judge Danforth, and Mather Byles the elder, and took a leading part in the religious disputes of the time, on the side of Edwards and Whitefield. Its publication was carried on for fifteen years, at the end of which time it was united with the Gazette, under the name of the Boston Gazette, and Weekly Journal, and so continued to be published till 1752, when Kneeland, separating himself from a partner in the printing business, took another departure on the editorial voyage, with the name of

the Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser, containing, as its inscription read, 'the freshest advices, foreign and domestic.' It was published but two years, being one of the victims of the provincial stamp act.

Meanwhile, there had been a great episode in the newspaper history; great, as the event connects itself with an immortal name. The first number of the New England Courant, the third journal in Boston, which was continued but six years, was issued Aug. 17th, 1721, by James Franklin, who, as was mentioned above, had been previously employed a short time in printing the Gazette. The two first papers had helped each other, for the News Letter languished till the Gazette was set up, and never languished after. But the profits of collision have a limit; and in order to get forward under the disadvantages of so undue a competition, as that of two other newspapers in such a village, it was needful to strike some new and bold stroke for popularity. Franklin took the obvious course of free and offensive comment on the respected men and opinions of the day; calculating, no doubt, that there were enough who would relish seeing their betters called in question, to secure to him a prompt patronage, and perhaps, if he looked further, persuading himself, that having become a troublesome, and feared, and so a prosperous and important man, he might, whenever the time was ripe, become a forbearing, and then a courted and trusted man at his leisure. He was aided in his editorial labors by a society called by moderate people, the 'Free-thinkers,' and qualified by others with the less euphonious appellation of 'the Hell-fire club.' But the master-spirit in the Courant's better days was Franklin's brother Benjamin, then a boy apprenticed in the office. The paper provoked the severe displeasure of the clergy and the government, which the latter did not fail to manifest in the processes of legislative and judicial action. All this it might have continued, with good management and a portion of the popular favor, to brave or evade, and thrive upon, but Franklin was indiscreet enough to quarrel with his brother; and with his elopement to Philadelphia, the glory departed from the Courant, and its weak life soon expired. After Benjamin had abstracted himself, the Courant continued to be published in his name, as it had been for some time before,—though he was a minor, —in consequence of an order of the General Court, forbidding its publication on the part of James.

Four years after the Courier had come to its end, the Weekly Rehearsal was set on foot by the famous Jeremy Gridley, afterwards attorney general of Massachusetts Bay, then a young lawyer of brilliant promise. At the end of a year, he wearied of the work, on which he had expended much classical lore, and the labor of weekly essays full of sense and entertainment; and it went into the hands of Thomas Fleet, an Englishman by birth, and a printer by trade, who had brought himself into trouble in London by his antipathy to the high church party, manifested in a studied affront to the procession in honor of Dr. Sacheverel. He then lived, as his posterity do now, at the corner of Washington Street and Water Street, a spot long distinguished by the sign of the Heart and Crown, and afterwards, when crowns went out of credit, by that of the Heart and Bible. Fleet was a humorist, —a man of talent and energy, and possessing uncommon resources, in his mind and experience, for his present undertaking. His satire was generally good-natured, and always free and copious. He fully preserved the latter strain, and somewhat abandoned the former, in an attack on Whitefield, then at the height of his popularity. For some unexplained reason, he changed the name of the Rehearsal, after printing it about two years, to that of the Boston Evening Post. This he continued thirteen years longer, to the time of his death, and it was undoubtedly much the best paper of its time. It was brought down by his two sons to the month of the Lexington battle.

Before the year 1750, only two newspapers, in addition to what have been mentioned, were established in Boston; the Weekly Post Boy in 1734, and the Independent Advertiser, in 1748. The first, which was continued about twenty years, was, like others before, established by a postmaster; that official, it would seem, in our ancient times, not being expected, more than an aspiring statesman in the modern, to be without a paper of his own. The latter, set up in 1748, was, through its short life of two years, of political importance; and, among other leading names in the whig circles, is said to have had Samuel Adams for one of its contributors.

The two first newspapers in the colonies, out of Boston, were the American Weekly Mercury, printed in Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford, begun Dec. 22d, 1719, and the New York Gazette by William Bradford, dating from Oct. 16th, 1728. Up to the year 1750, besides the seven Boston papers, already

spoken of, the whole number undertaken in British America was thirteen, viz. the Rhode Island Gazette, begun in Newport in 1732; in New York, the New York Gazette, already mentioned, and three others; in Pennsylvania, the American Weekly Mercury, mentioned before, the Pennsylvania Gazette, purchased by Franklin in 1729, within a year after its establishment, and conducted by him for thirty years, and two others, one in German; the Maryland Gazette, published at Annapolis, and dating from 1728; the Virginia Gazette, from 1736; and two successive South Carolina Gazettes, at Charleston, from 1731 and 1734.

In the excited times, which followed the year 1750, the French war then about coming on, and afterwards the disputes which eventuated in the revolutionary struggle, the number of newspapers increased with comparative rapidity. We shall not undertake to follow their history further; but, before leaving this part of our subject, will select a few facts illustrative of similarity or difference between their remote and their recent relations to the community which they illuminated, and partially of the taste, resources, manners, and feelings of the times.

The first papers were commonly printed on a half sheet of pot paper. Occasionally, when there was a special press of matter, like what now calls forth a supplement, a whole sheet was used. Sometimes they were printed in folio, sometimes in quarto, no scrupulous regard being had to the convenience of binding. The News-Letter introduced itself with an advertisement as follows.

'This News-letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farms, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares or Merchandizes, &c., to be sold or let, or servants runaway, or goods stole or lost, may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed, who may agree with Nicholas Boune for the same at his shop next door to Major Davis', apothecary in Boston near the old Meeting House. All persons in town and country may have said News-letter weekly upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbell, postmaster of New England, at Boston, for the same.'

There were only four or five post-offices at this time in British America. There was one advertisement in the News-Letter's first number, and two in the second.

Campbell had his editorial trials. At the beginning of the

fifth year of his enterprise, he found himself compelled to refresh his patrons' memories thus.

'All persons in town or country who have not already paid for this fourth year, are hereby desired now to pay or send it in; with their resolution if they would have it continued and proceeded on for a fifth year, life permitted, which is only to be known by the number who take it weekly throughout the year; though there has not as yet a competent number appeared to take it annually, so as to enable the undertaker to carry it on effectually,—yet he is still willing to proceed with it, if those gentlemen that have this last year lent their helping hand to support it, continue still of the same mind another year, in hopes that those, who have hitherto been backward to promote such a public good, will at last set in with it.'

In 1718 he makes public another of his embarrassments.

'After near upon fourteen years experience, the undertaker knows that it's impossible with half a sheet in the week to carry on all the public news of Europe. He now intends to make up that deficiency by printing a sheet every other week for trial, by which in a little time all will become new that used formerly to be old.'

And some months after, he refers to the gratifying success of this experiment, remarking that 'since,' that is, since his proposal,

'he has printed every other week a sheet, whereby that which seemed old in the former half sheets becomes new now by the sheet, which is easy to be seen by any one who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time twelve months; we were then thirteen months behind with our foreign news, beyond Great Britain, now less than five months, so that by the sheet we have retrieved about eight months since January last; and any one that has the News Letter since that time to January next, life permitted, will be accommodated with all the news of Europe that are needful to be known in these parts. And in regard the undertaker had not suitable encouragement, even to print half a sheet weekly, seeing that he cannot vend three hundred at an impression, tho' some ignorantly concludes he sells upwards of a thousand, far less is he able to print a sheet every other week without an addition of four, six, or eight shillings a year, as every one thinks fit to give, payable quarterly, which will only help to pay for press and paper, giving his labor for nothing.'

A disinterestedness this, how rarely imitated in these iron times! But our admiration of it must be qualified by the fear, that he partly compensated himself, by what the postmaster-general at home might have reckoned some official freedoms. 'The author,' he says,

'being still desired and encouraged to carry on the same by the gentlemen, merchants, and others his usual customers, he intends, life permitted, to answer their expectation, and to forward still as regular account of affairs as our part of the world will admit of, preventing a great many false reports. If he does not print a sheet every other week this winter time, he designs to make it up in the spring, when ships do arrive from Great Britain. And for the advantage of the post-office, an entire sheet of paper, one half with the news, and the other half good writing paper to write their letter on, may also be had there for every one that pleases to have it every Monday.'

This latter scheme seems to have been the postmaster's honorarium to the editor's patrons, in the way of charging *their letter* with only newspaper postage.

Campbell skirmished with the Gazette, on its first demonstration of poaching on his manor; but it treated him rather magnanimously, and he soon had the sense to see that it rather multiplied than divided patronage. His sore trial was in the institution of Franklin's Courant, whose heavy hand was against every man's; and Campbell seems to have had his share of the bilious humor, which may be the venial besetting sin of displaced public servants. In its introductory address to the public, the Courant said downright, that the News-Letter was 'a dull vehicle of intelligence;' by which unequivocal remark Campbell was spirited to say, in his next paper, that 'on the 7th instant came forth a third newspaper in this town, entitled the New England Courant, by *homo non unius negotii*, (Franklin's motto,) or Jack of all trades, and it would seem, good at none, giving some very, very frothy fulsome account of himself.' He avers that 'the Courant's lucubrations smell more of the ale-tub than of the lamp,' and much more to the same purpose. The competition provoked from him a whole weekly sheet for about two months, after which he fell back within his primitive dimensions. This patriarch of New England editors, lived to be seventy-five years of age; and his respectability may be inferred from his dying one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, an honor then even more rarely conferred than now on gentlemen not possessing distinguished claims.

From the time of its coming into Green's hands, the Newsletter assumed and preserved a more temperate and conciliating tone. A writer of the day, animadverting on so early a licentiousness of the press, had observed that it had 'long groaned in bringing forth an hateful, but numerous brood of party pamphlets, malicious scribbles and Billingsgate ribaldry, which had produced rancor and bitterness, and unhappily soured and leavened the tempers of persons formerly esteemed some of the most sweet and amiable.' Green started with professing his design,

'not merely to amuse the reader, much less to gratify any ill tempers by reproach or ridicule, to promote contention or espouse any party. He would strive to oblige all his readers by publishing those transactions only that have no relation to any of our quarrels, and may be equally entertaining to the greatest adversaries. Agreeable to this design, he desires of all ingenious gentlemen, in every part of the country, to communicate the remarkable things they observe; and he desires them to send their accounts post-free; and nothing but what they assuredly know, and they shall be very gratefully received and published; that so the things, worthy of recording in this as in other parts of the world, may not proceed to sink into eternal oblivion, as they have done in all the past ages of the Aboriginal and ancient inhabitants,—and all the reverend and ministers and other gentlemen, who may at any time receive any thing worthy of publishing are desired to send it, and it will be thankfully received, and communicated to the public. And it will be endeavored to make this weekly paper as informing and entertaining as possibly can be, to the satisfaction of all who do or may encourage it.'

An address to the public in the Courant announces its 'main design,' to be,

'to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life, which, in so large a place as Boston, will not fail of a universal exemplification. Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersion of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of life.'

The frankness, and absence of circumlocution, of its style, in the prosecution of this plan, may be inferred from the following specimen.

'The most famous politicians in the government, as the infamous Gov. D— [Dummer] and his family, have ever been re-

markable for hypocrisy; and it is the general opinion that some of the rulers are raised up and continued as a scourge in the hands of the Almighty, for the sins of the people. Thus much we could not forbear saying, out of compassion to the distressed people of the province, who must now resign all pretences to sense and reason, and submit to the tyranny of priestcraft and hypocrisy. P. S. By private letters from Boston we are informed that the Bakers there are under great apprehensions of being forbid making any more bread, unless they will submit to the Secretary as Supervisor General and weigher of the dough, before it is baked into bread, and offered for sale.'

This latter fling of course relates to some recent arrangements for a censorship of the press. The Provincial Council called the Courant to account 'for boldly reflecting on his Majesty's government, the ministry, churches, and college.' How ministers in those simple days deported themselves, when the gentlemen of the periodical press took them in hand, may be worth observing in the following address to the public, through the Boston Gazette, by Increase Mather, pastor of the Second Church, and formerly president of the college. 'Whereas,' writes that famous divine,

'Whereas a wicked libel, called the New England Courant, has represented me as one among the supporters of it, I do hereby declare that, although I had paid for two or three of them, I then, before the last Courant was published, sent him word I was extremely offended with it. In special, because in one of his vile Courants he insinuated, that if the ministers approve of a thing, it is a sign it is of the devil,—which is a horrid thing to be related. And he doth frequently abuse the ministers of religion, and many other worthy persons, in a manner which is intolerable. For these and such like reasons, I signified to the printer, that I would have no more of their wicked Courants. I can well remember when the civil government would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a cursed libel. Which if it be not done, I am afraid that some awful judgment will come upon this land,' &c. 'I cannot but pity poor Franklin,—and I cannot but advise the supporters of the Courant to consider the consequences, and no more countenance such a wicked paper.'

Fleet, in the first number of the Rehearsal,

'invites all gentlemen of leisure and capacity, to communicate their productions for the entertainment of the polite and inquisitive part of mankind, provided that they are not overlong, and confined within modesty and good manners. To all gentlemen who are

willing to hold a correspondence, and shall frequently favor him with any thing which may tend to the embellishment of the paper, the undertaker offers to supply them with one constantly, free from charge. And considering it is impossible for half a sheet of paper to contain all the remarkable news that may happen to be brought in upon the arrival of ships from England, or other extraordinary occurrences, he proposes in such cases to send a sheet of what he judges most material to all such as have hitherto taken it, until he is advised to the contrary by those determined to drop it, which he hopes will not be many. And all the readers in town may depend upon having it left at their houses some time before dark, unless upon extraordinary occasions, which may be a diversion after the business of the day, now the evenings are grown pretty long.'

Fleet's pleasant wit was thought to have some of its happy exercises in the composition of children's books, ballads, and especially, which is to our purpose, of advertisements; and certainly the prosaic character of that form of literature is seen somewhat relieved, in such specimens as these, painful as is the subject concerned. We do not absolutely give them as wit. They have no great pretensions to it. But, as specimens of what amused our fathers, and gave their author a name.

'To be sold by the printer of this paper, the very best negro in this town; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver.'

'To be sold by the printer of this paper, a negro man about thirty years old, who can do both town and country business very well, but will suit the country best, where they have not so many dram shops as we have in Boston. He has worked at the printing business, can handle an axe, saw, spade, hoe, or other instrument of husbandry as well as most men, and values himself, and is valued by others, for his skill in cookery and making of soap.'

We close these extracts from early papers with one of a different tone, and certainly a very noble one, from the address to the public of the Independent Advertiser in 1748.

'As our present political state affords matter for a variety of thoughts of peculiar importance to the good people of New England, we purpose to insert every thing of that nature that may be pertinently and decently wrote. For ourselves, we declare we are of no party, neither shall we promote the narrow and private designs of any such. We are ourselves free, and our paper

shall be free,—free as the constitution we enjoy, free to truth, good manners, and good sense, and at the same time free from all licentious reflections, insolence and abuse. Whatsoever may be adapted to state and defend the rights and liberties of mankind, to advance useful knowledge and the cause of virtue, to improve the trade, the manufactures, and husbandry of the country, whatever may tend to inspire this people with a just and proper sense of their own condition, to point out to them their true interest, and rouse them to pursue it, shall at all times find a most welcome reception.'

Of periodical literature, in our country, in its less ephemeral forms, we find, as might be expected, very little, before the Revolution. The Boston Weekly Magazine, which appeared March 2d, 1743, on a half sheet octavo, reached only its fourth week. The Christian History, also issued once a week, and in the same form, was originated by the revival under Whitefield and his associates, and was continued from 1743 to 1745. The American Magazine and Historical Chronicle, was of more pretension and longevity. It was issued monthly for more than three years from 1743, consisting of fifty octavo pages, edited by Jeremy Gridley, after his retirement from the Rehearsal. The New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure, containing sixty pages, 12mo. did not survive, in 1758, its fourth monthly number, excogitated though it had been, as the poetical advertisement declares,

> 'With something suited to each different Geû,
> To humor him and her, and Me and You.'

The Royal American Magazine, by the veteran Isaiah Thomas, began the year 1774; but the times were not auspicious to works of that character, and it languished but a year. There was a monthly magazine printed at Woodbridge in New Jersey, for two years from 1758, under the title of the New American Magazine. It had honorable supervision, its editor, Samuel Nevil, being Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mayor of Amboy. Besides this, and the Boston works, there was no other attempt of the kind before the Revolution, except the following in Pennsylvania. The American Magazine, or Monthly View of the British Colonies, which merely breathed to expire in 1741. The General Magazine, by Franklin, nearly contemporaneous with that just mentioned, which owed

its birth to some discontent of Franklin at not being admitted into the partnership of the former, and which scarcely outlived the object of its animosity. The American Magazine, by a society of gentlemen, '*veritatis cultores, fraudis inimici*,' who, in 1757, found only a three months' market for their commodity. The American Magazine, of a year's continuance, through 1769, to which were subjoined the transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Nichola, a Frenchman, its editor, being an academician. The Royal Spiritual Magazine, or Christian's Grand Treasury, issued through some months of 1771. And finally, the Pennsylvania Magazine, begun with the year 1775, by Robert Aitken, a work which owed its celebrity, which continued till the hot martial times, mainly to frequent contributions of Thomas Paine. As Lord Byron said that his genius was gin, so that of Paine, it is well known, was in those days brandy. On one occasion, when the press was waiting its dictations, Aitken said, that he insisted on Paine's accompanying him home, where 'I seated him at the table,' said he, 'with the necessary apparatus, which always included a glass and a decanter of brandy. The first glass put him in a train of thinking; I feared the second would disqualify him or render him untractable; but it only illuminated his intellectual system; and when he had swallowed the third glass, he wrote with great rapidity, intelligence, and precision; and his ideas appeared to flow faster than he could commit them to paper. What he penned from the inspiration of the brandy, was perfectly fit for the press, without any alteration or correction.' Of course, there is nothing extraordinary in this phenomenon. The habits of the man had wholly unstrung his nerves, so that only strong temporary stimulus could revive any power for temporary action.

If this enumeration is complete, which, of course, we would not affirm it to be, twelve periodicals, of a class above newspapers, had been set on foot before the Revolution, in British America; viz. five in Boston, one in New Jersey, and six in Philadelphia. No one of them, however, survived that great political shock, nor was the aspect of the remaining quarter of that century upon such enterprises much more benign.—Having led this form of literature forth from its cradle, it would hardly be worth our while to proceed with it step by step in its leading-strings; and we know of nothing of the sort, within the period in question, which exerted any particular influ-

ence, marked any memorable progress, attracted any distinguished notice, or on any account demands now special commemoration. The longest-lived aspirants in this way to public regard, were, the Columbian Magazine, and the American Museum, of Philadelphia, both continued from 1787 to 1792; the New York Magazine and Literary Repository, from 1790 to 1797; and the Massachusetts Magazine, from 1789 to 1795. To the latter, Rev. Drs. Freeman and Harris are understood to have made contributions, and Mrs. Morton wrote for it under her well-known signature of 'Philenia.' Under cover of the popularity acquired by his Wieland, Ormond, and Arthur Mervyn, Charles Brockden Brown, in 1794, tried a Monthly Magazine and American Review, in Philadelphia. But it would not do. The French Revolution had come on; our fellow-citizens found other 'metal, more attractive;' and the enterprise was abandoned within the year.

The present century opened more auspiciously to this cause, the first number of the famous Portfolio having been published on the third day of January, 1801. Many of our readers remember the interest, with which its eight quarto pages used to be unfolded in its earlier and best days, when, having been issued in Philadelphia on Saturday, it arrived in Boston with the speed of the mail, on the second following Sunday morning. Joseph Dennie was undoubtedly a person of brilliant qualities, and, both in society and in his writings, of uncommon fascination. He was born in Lexington, and partly, at least, fitted for college at the Boston town-school, then under the care of Master Hunt. At college, he was a classmate of the present President of that Institution, having been graduated in 1790. He studied law; but his attachment to the profession of his choice may be inferred from the current anecdote, true or not, that he used to lock his office door, not from fear that accounts and conveyances should get out, but that a client should get in. He came speedily into notice as editor, in Walpole, New-Hampshire, of the Farmer's Museum, the series of papers published in that Journal under the name of the Lay Preacher, especially acquiring an extraordinary popularity. This industriously and worthily obtained capital of fame, he invested in his larger speculation at Philadelphia, announcing in his prospectus to the Portfolio, that 'a young man, once known among village readers as the humble historian of the hour,

the conductor of a Farmer's Magazine, and a Lay Preacher's Gazette, again offers himself to the public as a volunteer editor.' We infer, from the tone of some of the editorials, that it was never any thing like a gainful concern to its author. As early as the end of the first year, there is an out-break of defiance of hostility, and contempt of neglect and desertion, which too clearly manifests the sensibility it disclaims. At the end of the second year, he says plainly, in language, if of exaggeration, of evident feeling too, that 'his sketches have scarcely been lucrative enough to pay for the oil consumed in their composition,' confessing, at the same time, in language implying a strong consciousness that the confession was both true and called for, that his own want of steady purpose and assiduous self-tasking shared largely among other causes of his disappointment. In fact, all accounts agree that he had no habits of application, capable of sustaining, if any thing can, the burden of a weekly exhibition of one's self, of a nature to demand that one should be always pointed and brilliant. In respect to natural gifts, he was, possibly, not over-rated; but undoubtedly his reputation in some particulars was factitious. The felicities of his style, for instance, were decidedly ostentatious; and some of his earlier papers have a display of classical learning, such as is only to be made in two ways; either by drafts upon the memory of a first-rate scholar, such as Bentley and Porson, which, of course, Dennie was not, or else by dogged reference to indices, a kind of work which one, whose taste and whose forte is to be light and sparkling, will not long find patience to sustain.* Society solicited him with a dangerously flattering importunity; the irregular habits of application, and exasperated sensibility, which in those days more than now, were unhappily thought to belong to genius, naturally, by a constantly reciprocal action, aggravated each other, and he died in 1812, a mortified, disappointed man, surviving his

* A friend tells us, that an eminent magistrate, yet surviving, when Secretary of State, created an office in his bureau, which, however demanded by the public service, he intended should also benefit Dennie. It was that of a critical supervisor of the public documents in that department, to secure their literary exactness, before they should go abroad to the world. But Dennie, when repeatedly summoned to his post, still failed to make his appearance, and, as far at least as he was concerned, the plan was relinquished.

highest fame, and leaving no strong claim on the gratitude of posterity, though scarcely surviving a certain enthusiastic and indefinite public admiration, and long survived by friendships which his attractive qualities of mind and heart were always prompt to win.

Brown, another of our great early names in elegant literature,—early with us, though first bruited within half a century,—and a name with claims to commemoration at least more solid and elaborate, had meanwhile added to his high consideration by his novels of Edgar Huntly, Clara Howard, and Jane Talbot, and on the strength of the reputation which these won for him, set up, in 1803, the Literary Magazine and American Register; and in 1806, an Annual Register; the gravest periodical enterprise, this latter, which the country had yet witnessed. He carried it through five volumes, and the former work through eight, conducting the two together, besides occasional contributions to the Portfolio and other works, with most praiseworthy industry, distinguished and various talent, and a very sober, enlightened, and generous spirit. The last volume of the Register was issued but a few weeks before his death. Brown's is a name which ought not to 'be willingly let die.' A grateful justice has recently been done it, in the biography by our coadjutor, Mr. William H. Prescott, published in Mr. Sparks's collection.

Salmagundi, there is of course no describing. But we, who are old enough, 'cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to us.' To its contemporaries, its name is its history. To speak it, is to evoke the spirits of the crowd of bright fancies which it stood for, and make them rush again in their motley, if now sad procession, through the mind. Unfortunates, who were not its contemporaries, if they will not read its own five hundred 18mo. pages, may do the next best thing by conning its fifty fruitful pages of index. It began and ended with 1807. Irving, not yet a longed-for exile, Verplanck, not yet a statesman, and Paulding, still in process of breaking for the more regular literary races, made the mysterious trio of Langstaff, Evergreen, and Wizard.

But, though thus, from the starting-point of the century, seduced away to the South by the mention of the Portfolio, it is time for us to be again at our own home, where the press meanwhile had not been rusting. Phineas Adams, who was

graduated at Cambridge in 1793 or 1801,* being engaged in teaching at Boston, in 1803, issued in November of that year, from the press of E. Lincoln, under the editorial name of Sylvanus Per-se, the first number of the Monthly Anthology, consisting of forty-eight pages octavo. He is understood to have been aided by Rev. Dr. Channing, and his distinguished and lamented elder brother. What other high support there was, we do not know; but the editor had to write enough himself to be soon discouraged, and after the sixth number he abruptly disappears, one of his papers left incomplete in that number not being continued in any subsequent one, and an advertisement contained in it implying no anticipation of a change, but the contrary. The seventh number was issued by Munroe & Francis, under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Emerson, of the First Church, though without his name, the change being noticed only in general terms. This number took for its second title, the Massachusetts Magazine, instead of Magazine of Polite Literature, borne by it heretofore; which again was changed with the tenth number to Boston Review, and the name thus modified continued to belong to the work until its termination in 1811. With the second volume, fifty-six pages became the size of a monthly number, which, with the sixth volume in 1809, was enlarged to seventy-two.

Mr. Emerson had associated with himself some literary friends, enabling him to announce his work as 'conducted by a society of gentlemen.' This was the beginning of the famous Anthology Club. Its resident members met weekly in the evening, to arrange the matter for the coming number, and enjoy each others' society.† The records of these meetings, which have been preserved, are sure to be objects hereafter,—they are objects already,—of a stronger interest than that of curiosity.

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* We believe the latter; but the college catalogue shews the name in both years, and we have no means at hand for making the distinction.

† Theoretically, the work had, in its later years, no editor. The gentleman who had discharged that office having proposed to withdraw from it, on account of the inconvenience necessarily attendant on being such a mark for unkind notice from abroad, the Society, in its characteristic sagacity, easily found a resource for the exigency. They voted, that they would themselves be joint editors, but would do the work by a Commission; that it should be done by a Committee of one, and that Brother E. [the gentleman hitherto editor] should be that Committee.

Though there was a most honorable uniformity in the principles of criticism maintained in the Anthology, there was, as was to be expected and indeed desired, no great uniformity of matter in its pages, where the talents and tastes of contributors were so various; nor any great uniformity of merit, where all had other objects, which, sometimes more, sometimes less, drew them away from this. But there are jewels of speculation, criticism, and taste, scattered with no grudging hand over its pages. They wrote as convenience allowed, fancy prompted, or some serious occasion dictated, as of course they wrote gratuitously, the income of their work never so much as defraying the charge of their meetings. The literary taste and spirit which they animated in each other, and the feeling for letters which they excited in this community, have produced and are producing very palpable and increasingly important results. And they erected one monument to their association, far more durable than their work, or any interest directly attaching to it. The Boston Athenæum was first the Anthology Reading Room. Mr. Shaw, long afterwards its devoted and indefatigable patron, first proposed the plan. Several members of the club, among whom Rev. Dr. Gardiner is particularly commemorated, gave books; the number was increased by contributions of other public-spirited individuals; and the collection was first deposited in a room on Pemberton's hill. When it became too large to find accommodation there, it was removed, we think about 1812, to a house in Tremont Street, next north of King's Chapel cemetery, and lastly, about ten years ago, to the establishment provided for it in Pearl Street by the munificence of Mr. Perkins.*

On late works of note among us, we shall, for obvious reasons, forbear from particular comment, contenting ourselves with the mention of a few dates and facts, and thus presenting a partial outline, which memory and hearsay will aid many of our readers to fill up. Two volumes octavo of the Literary Miscellany were issued in 1806, at Cambridge, under the superintendence of a committee of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, consisting, we believe, of Rev. Dr. Harris, Professor

* The Anthology club-room has, perhaps, secured to itself a place in the inquiries of a gratefully inquisitive posterity. Whoever wishes to put them in possession of an answer to their inquiries, is to be directed up the now somewhat uninviting avenue from Washington Street, called Williams' Court.

Willard, and Professor Cleveland, now of Bowdoin College; and four of the General Repository and Review, a quarterly publication of over two hundred pages in a number, were issued at the same place in 1812 and 1813. The latter had a Theological, a Miscellaneous, and an Intelligence department, and a department of Reviews. Mr. Norton, its editor, received contributions from twenty-seven gentlemen, all then, or since, of unquestioned distinction, and some of the first eminence, in our republic of letters. The fourth volume was published under the direction of an association of gentlemen, and with it the work was discontinued.

The North American Review was established by the late lamented William Tudor, afterwards Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at the court of Rio Janeiro, in May, 1815. It was originally published every two months, in numbers of a hundred and fifty pages each, which included, besides reviews, the variety of miscellaneous and poetical articles usually found in magazines. In March, 1817, the work was transferred by Mr. Tudor to Mr. Willard Phillips, and by him, in the course of the same year, to a small association of gentlemen, who took measures for carrying it on, at frequent meetings, the execution of their arrangements being confided to Mr. Sparks, then a tutor at college. After the seventh volume, the work was published quarterly, in numbers of two hundred and fifty pages each, the departments of poetry and intelligence were suppressed, and the contents were made to consist entirely of reviews and miscellaneous essays. On the removal of Mr. Sparks to Baltimore, in 1819, the management was transferred to Mr. Edward T. Channing; and on his appointment the same year, to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, which he still holds, it was again transferred to Mr. Edward Everett, who had recently returned from Europe. At this time, a new series commenced, in which the miscellaneous department was omitted, and the work conformed throughout to the type of European publications of the same character. Under the administration of Mr. Everett, its circulation increased with so much rapidity that it became necessary to print two or three successive editions of some of the earlier numbers of the new series, and to reprint several of those of the first series, in order to supply the augmented demand for the whole. In 1822, the work was again transferred to Mr. Sparks, and in 1830 it passed into the hands of

the present editor. Under all the changes in its editorial management it has been chiefly sustained by the labors of the same persons who were originally the principal contributors, and to whose valuable aid our readers are still indebted for much of whatever entertainment and instruction may be found in its pages. Some of these, including Mr. Tudor, were among the members of the Anthology Club, so that the work may be considered as in some sense a continuation of the Anthology. It has long been our intention to offer a tribute to the memory of the accomplished founder, who died at his post in Rio Janeiro in the year 1829. Accidental circumstances have hitherto defeated this purpose, but we still hope to be able to carry it into effect at no distant period.

In 1827, those enterprising publishers, the Messrs. Carey of Philadelphia, established the American Quarterly Review on the same plan, placing it under the conduct of Mr. Walsh, who, having returned from Europe with the fame he had won by his Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government, and by contributions to the Edinburgh Review, had previously, in 1811 and 1812, published four volumes of the American Review and Repository, and two volumes of an Annual Register in 1817. The number of such publications, which was diminished last year by the discontinuance of the Western and Southern Reviews,—the former commenced in 1827, in Cincinnati, by Mr. Timothy Flint, the latter in Charleston, in 1828, under the editorship of Mr. Legaré, now our Belgian Chargé d'Affaires,—has been kept full by the institution of Mr. Leonard Woods, Jr.'s Quarterly, in New York, and the United States' Review in Philadelphia. Mr. Blunt's American Annual Register, which enlists some of the high talent of the different sections of the country, has been published at New York since the beginning of 1827.

A character mainly the same with that of the leading Reviews last mentioned, attaches to the Christian Examiner and General Review, published in Boston, and the Christian Spectator, in New Haven, with the difference that each is devoted to the defence of a system of theological opinion. The second series of the latter work, by which we suppose it is principally known, was begun in 1827. The former was first issued monthly for six years, from 1813 to 1818, under the name of the Christian Disciple, by that eminent philanthro-

pist, Noah Worcester of Brighton, being in his hands chiefly devoted to the cause of international peace. With the second series, begun in 1819, and continued through five years, was assumed a controversial character. In 1824, it took an enlarged form, along with its present name. During these changes, it has been in the charge of different individuals, generally clergymen of Boston.

We could add largely to the list, from memory; and the Analectic Magazine, furnished with its biographies of naval worthies by Irving, and for some time edited by Paulding,—and the Red Book, the most successful experiment perhaps at imitation of Salmagundi, by Mr. Cruse of Baltimore, one of the precious victims to the late dreadful pestilence, would demand particular commemoration. There was the Thespian Mirror at New York, a specimen of wonderful precocity of genius, edited by John Howard Payne, in his fourteenth year. At home, there was the Gleaner, published by Mrs. Murray in a separate form, after the pattern of the Spectator; the Ordeal, by a now valuable civic magistrate, which, though a magazine, magnified its office into the assumption of a political character, containing letters, on the model of Junius, in the high party times of 1808; the Polyanthus, issued from the press of the present editor of the New England Magazine, and ornamented with prints from the graver of that remarkable young orientalist, Harris, who came to an untimely death, while a member of college, bathing in the Charles river. There was the Emerald, an octavo magazine, issued from the office of his Honor the present Lieutenant Governor, continued through the years 1806 and 1807, and then merged, along with the Times, a weekly quarto literary newspaper, in the Mirror, also a weekly newspaper on the same plan, but of a larger size. This was issued, (under the management of J. H. Payne, then preparing here for his scenic laurels,) from the office of Mr. Monroe, since the able conductor of the Baltimore Patriot. But it is impossible so much as to name all such undertakings, except in a barren catalogue, nor does any eligible principle of selection appear.

We will add only some brief statements, touching the comparative amount of periodical publication at different periods of our history. In the year 1750, four newspapers only were issued in New England, all of them in Boston, and seven in the other colonies, viz. two in New York, three in Pennsylvania, one in

Virginia, and one in South Carolina. In 1775, there were seven in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island, and three in Connecticut, (thirteen in all New England,) three in New York, eight in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, two in Virginia, two in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, and one in Georgia; making twenty-one in all, in the Southern provinces, and thirty-four in the territory of the now United States. Soon after the Revolutionary war, daily papers, instead of weekly as heretofore, were introduced in Philadelphia and New York; but we had none here, till so late as 1813. In 1800, according to Thomas, at least one hundred and fifty newspapers were printed in the United States; and in 1810, three hundred and fifty, already nearly half as many again as in the British islands. The same writer computed the number of single papers, then annually issued here, at twenty-two millions and a half. A French document, inserted in the American Almanac of the current year, gives the number of newspapers in the United States at eight hundred and forty, while all Europe has only a little over two thousand, all Asia but twenty-seven, Great Britain four hundred and eighty, Austria and Russia each eighty, and Spain but twelve; making in the United States a newspaper for less than every fourteen thousand souls; in Europe, one for every hundred and six thousand souls; and in Asia one for every fourteen millions; or a thousand times as many, in proportion to the population, in our country, as in the latter continent. The learned editor, however, of the Almanac, reckons the number of our newspapers last year at not less than twelve hundred; the number in Massachusetts alone having reached a hundred, including forty-three in Boston. The other periodical literature in Boston, last year, was diffused through no less than forty-seven publications, viz. three semi-monthly, twenty-two monthly, five two-monthly, seven quarterly, one semi-annual, and nine annual, including six almanacs. We have heard it confidently stated, in a highly trustworthy quarter, that, apart from newspapers and religious magazines, the periodical publications of this city exceed the sum of those of the rest of the country. But we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact.

ART. II.—*Diplomatic Correspondence.*

The Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States of America, from the signing of the definitive Treaty of Peace, 10th September, 1783, to the Adoption of the Constitution, March 4th, 1789, being the Letters of the Presidents of Congress, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, American Ministers at Foreign Courts, Foreign Ministers near Congress, and Reports of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs on various Letters and Communications, together with Letters from Individuals on Public Affairs. Published under the direction of the Secretary of State, from the original Manuscripts in the Department of State, conformably to an Act of Congress, approved May 5th, 1832. In seven volumes 8vo.

IN our number for October, 1831, we reviewed 'the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution,' the work of which that now under consideration is the Sequel. In that review we observed that, in obedience to the terms of the resolution of Congress of 1818, ordering the publication of various portions of the contents of the Archives of the old Congress, the Diplomatic Correspondence, selected for the press, terminated abruptly at the close of the war, in 1783. We expressed ourselves strongly in favor of the continuation of the work, down to the time of the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. We observed that a resolution had been reported to the House of Representatives at its preceding session, (that of 1830—1831,) authorizing the Secretary of State to continue the work down to that period, under the editorship of Mr. Sparks. The committee, that reported this resolution, recommended that the proposed work should be entrusted to the editorship of Mr. Sparks, in consequence of the extraordinary qualifications known to be possessed by that gentleman, for an undertaking of this kind, and the success with which he had performed the duty of an editor toward the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. He was known to have bestowed more attention upon the general subject, than any other individual living. In his laborious researches in the public offices of Great Britain and France, he had collected ample materials,

which enabled him to fill up numerous and important chasms, in the various parts of the Correspondence of our public agents, preserved in the Department of State; and of the liberality with which he was disposed to make use of these materials, for the advantage of the great national work confided to him, the volumes published under his editorship bore ample testimony. In addition to this, there seemed an obvious propriety in confiding the continuance and completion of a work to the judgment and discretion, which had been exercised in commencing and carrying it on. It was of importance enough to require a unity of plan and execution:

'servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.'

The resolution alluded to, and which was reported at the first session of the twenty-first Congress, was thrust aside by the multitude of matters of more urgent interest, and failed to pass. In the following year, a clause was introduced into the general appropriation bill, providing a sum of money to 'enable the Secretary of State to cause to be printed a selection from the Diplomatic Correspondence between the peace of 1783 and the 4th of March, 1789, remaining unpublished in the department of State.' The office of Secretary of State was, at that time, filled by Mr. Edward Livingston. This distinguished gentleman was well aware of the reasons, which existed, for confiding to Mr. Sparks the care of the continuation of the work, of which he had edited the commencement, in a manner equally creditable to himself and acceptable to the public. Had it been in his power to do so, uninfluenced by considerations foreign to the merits of the question, as one of a character purely historical and literary, Mr. Livingston would have put the preparation of the proposed work into the same able hands. Unfortunately, the law making the appropriation, forbore to specify the name of the gentleman, who had so many claims to be selected as the editor. Reasons of State, if they may be dignified by that name, transformed the publication into a printer's job, and compelled the Secretary to dispose of it on the principles, which usually govern the dispensation of public patronage. It was necessary that the work should be printed at Washington. Fortunately, the Secretary of State was as well qualified for the general superintendence of such a selection, as any gentleman could possibly be, who

had not made that branch of our documentary history a particular study. He is understood to have directed himself the selection of the materials for a portion of the work, and probably gave to this task as much time, as could be spared from the other duties of his elevated and laborious station. It is, however, no disparagement of him to say, that this could be but inconsiderable. It is notorious to all persons conversant with the subject, that it is beyond the physical ability of the most laborious and industrious Secretary of State, personally to superintend the *editing*, so to call it, even of some of the voluminous documents, pertaining to matters of current legislation, and frequently required to be prepared at the department, by calls of the two houses of Congress. It is in our power to name documents of the highest present importance, consisting of papers relative to immediate subjects of legislation, and containing not the Diplomatic Correspondence of times long past, and now become matters of literary and historical curiosity, but that of our ministers at the present day, on topics of the most urgent interest, the publication of which has been delayed month after month, from the actual impossibility of finding time to make the requisite selection from the papers. In this state of things, there is plainly nothing invidious in the remark, that it was out of the question for Mr. Livingston, to give any great portion of his time to the editorship of the work before us. By whom the selection and preparation of the papers contained in it were actually made, we are not informed. We presume that some of the gentlemen in the department of State were employed for that purpose; and bestowed upon it the time and attention which could be spared from their other labors. We have not the slightest disposition to reflect unkindly on the manner, in which the duty was performed by them. We have no doubt they did all that could reasonably be expected, under the circumstances of the case. But no one, who has but walked through the rooms of an extensive public office,—who has seen a department of government, beset with the crowd of idlers and visiters, who throng it from curiosity,—harassed with the legion of office hunters, mousing about for holes where they can creep in,—wearily trod by the long-suffering band of claimants, languishing with hopes deferred,—bustling to meet the urgency of Congressional calls,—perplexed with party troubles, cares, and intrigues,—alternating from the gratified officiousness of

new incumbents, eager to signalize their ministry, to the overplied assiduity of the departing, anxious to save the credit of their administration,—we say no one, who has glanced at this scene, needs to be told that this is not the place where a literary labor is to be performed. There is no calmness or tranquillity in it. The air is hot and close. Hurry, and anxious expectation, and fear of change prevail. Pains-taking, laborious merit is a contemptible thing; plodding, conscientious research, a quality, to say the least, as far removed from the daily walks of life, as the fossil remains of lost animals, which professor Buckland has detected in rocks of slate and limestone, are from the living race of quadrupeds. With respect to the typographical execution of the work before us, it is greatly deficient in correctness. The punctuation is neglected, so as to produce continual confusion; and all the other imperfections incident to printing done like this, in a newspaper office, disfigure the pages.

Thus much we have said, not censoriously nor unkindly, but with a strict regard to truth and justice; and as all concerned in the labor or expense of the publication have been amply remunerated by the government, the usual considerations of tenderness in alluding to the defects of costly works, of course, fail. But with these qualifications, the Diplomatic Correspondence from 1783 to 1789, possesses its due share of the interest and value of that of the Revolution. It is, in fact, part and parcel of the same work. It records the continuance of the same negotiations, often by the same individuals. It covers a period of time less familiar in our political history, than that of the Revolution, and a larger portion of the seven volumes is new matter than of the twelve that preceded them. Many points in our history are illustrated, and as the former volumes showed, in the most convincing manner, the inadequacy of the Confederation, to carry on the diplomatic intercourse of the country, with the utmost desirable effort, in time of war, the present work establishes the same fact, and still more conclusively, of a time of peace. There is one illustration of this, so signal and instructive, that it has been thought worthy by the writer of the introduction to the work,—apparently Mr. Livingston,—to be quoted at length in that paper. We allude to the letter of the Duke of Dorset to the commissioners appointed by the Congress to negotiate treaties of amity and commerce, with the various powers of Europe. These commissioners, (Messrs. Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin,) had apprized the British

Minister of their being furnished with full powers to negotiate such treaties, and their readiness to remove from Paris to London for the purpose of entering into such a negotiation with Great Britain. In reply to their communication, the Duke informs them, that he is directed to inquire, as to 'the real nature of the powers with which they are invested; whether they are *merely* commissioned by Congress, or whether they have received separate powers from the respective States.' From this sentence, and the rest of the letter, it would appear, —what indeed other portions of the work render certain,—that it would have been impossible, without an alteration in the character and an enlargement of the powers of the General Government, to conclude a commercial treaty with Great Britain.

The first volume opens with the Correspondence of Mr. Boudinot, then president of the Congress, with the American minister in France, Dr. Franklin. Mr. Boudinot conducted the Correspondence with the foreign ministers, in the interval between Mr. R. R. Livingston's retiring from the office of Secretary for foreign affairs, and the choice of his successor. Mr. Boudinot's first despatches to Dr. Franklin contain an account of the mutiny of a part of the troops of the Pennsylvania line, stationed at Lancaster, their march to Philadelphia, and their audacious and insulting treatment of Congress. This incident is here related with more particularity than it appears in the general histories of the period, and Mr. Boudinot's despatches are accompanied with original papers, which, we believe, have not been elsewhere preserved, nor previously published. The following interesting summary of the ultimate views of the leaders, is extracted from Mr. Boudinot's despatch to the ministers of the United States at Paris, of the 15th of July, 1783.

'As soon as it was known that Congress was going, (to Princeton) the council were informed, that there was great reason to expect a serious attack on the bank, the night following; on which the President of the State collected one hundred soldiers and kept guard all night. On Wednesday, it was reported that Congress had sent for the Commander-in-chief, with the whole Northern Army and the militia of New Jersey, who were to be joined by the Pennsylvania militia, in order to quell the mutiny, which was no otherwise true, than ordering a detachment of a few hundred men from the North River. The sergeants being alarmed, soon proposed a submission, and the whole

came in a body to the President of the State, making a most submissive acknowledgment of their misconduct, and charging the whole on two of their officers, whom they had commissioned to represent grievances, a Captain Carbery and lieutenant Sullivan, who were to have headed them, as soon as they should have proceeded to violence. These officers immediately escaped to Chester, and there got on board of a vessel bound to London. The sergeants describe the plan laid by these officers as of the most irrational and diabolical nature, not only against Congress and the Council, but against the city and the bank. They were to be joined by straggling parties from the different parts of the country, and after executing their horrid purposes, were to have gone off with their plunder to the East Indies. However incredible this may appear, the letters from Sullivan to Colonel Moyland, his commanding officer, from Chester and the Capes, clearly shew that it was a deep-laid scheme.'

Among the documents appended to the despatch, is one of the letters of lieutenant Sullivan alluded to, from which it appears that this amiable young officer, concerned in the praiseworthy attempt of bayonetting Congress and plundering the bank, had left his native land, (the Emerald isle) and engaged in the American service from 'the purest motives of patriotism and disinterestedness.' This incident in our revolutionary history, however insignificant in itself, and discreditable to those concerned in it, has seemed entitled to the space we have given to it, as the leading cause, which led to the adoption of the fixed purpose of establishing a permanent seat of Government, under an exclusively Federal jurisdiction. The tardiness with which, (as it was thought), the authorities of Pennsylvania engaged in the defence of the Congress, against the violence with which they were threatened, seemed to demonstrate unanswerably the necessity of a seat of Government, where Congress might itself be clothed with all the authority, required for its own protection, without being in any measure dependent on the co-operation, or at the mercy of the discretion, of another power. In this view of the subject, it is matter of curious remark, that exclusive jurisdiction over a seat of Government of narrow extent, as for instance, ten miles square, appears to furnish, but to a very partial degree, the means of defence against precisely the kind of outrage, which is supposed to have demonstrated the necessity of such a protection. The Continental Congress in 1783 wished the coun-

cil of Pennsylvania to call out the militia, to defend them against a mutinous portion of the regular army. The militia of any ten miles square, in which the seat of Government was likely to be established, must be considered but an indifferent defence against a revolt in the regular army. Nor is it less noticeable, that the Constitution of the United States gives to the President, as the Chief Executive Officer of the Federal Government, all that power over the militia, in every part of the Union, which it was thought necessary to obtain, at a seat of Government, by placing it exclusively under Federal jurisdiction. If these remarks are correct, it follows that the establishment of such a seat of Government does not answer the original end of its erection, and that this end would be as effectually answered by the provisions of the Constitution without a seat of Government, exclusively under Federal jurisdiction, as it could be with it. That there are no other objects of convenience, in such an exclusive jurisdiction, we are not disposed to affirm, but whether they outweigh the great and hitherto unbalanced evils of the half Babylon and half desert, in which the Government at present is *located*, we shall not now discuss.

But it is time to return to the work before us. The remainder of the first volume comprises chiefly the Correspondence of Mr. Jay, the Secretary for foreign affairs, with the French ministers and Chargés d' Affaires in the United States, in which the important subject of the Consular Convention fills a prominent place; the Correspondence of General Lafayette with the French ministers and Mr. Jay, on the political and commercial interests of the United States, and the Correspondence of Mr. Barclay, who was appointed by Congress a commissioner, to examine and liquidate the accounts of the servants of the United States in Europe. The contents of these letters are all interesting, many of them highly curious; but we do not find, on our notes, any topic of sufficient importance to be detached from the rest, and made the subject of particular remark. We cannot however forbear a passing observation on the additional light thrown by them on the talent and skill of Mr. Jay, which shine in every page; and on the restless activity, the unextinguishable zeal, the judgment and discretion, which marked the efforts of General Lafayette in the service of the country. In his conferences with the French ministry on the American trade, his instances with the other Continen-

tal governments in behalf of our commerce, and in his Correspondence with Mr. Jay on these topics, he evinces a practical business talent, and a sober common sense, as remarkable and as admirable, as the chivalry, which led him to plunge into the more fascinating exposures and labors of the war. Ten of the letters contained in the Correspondence of Lafayette are to be found in Mr. Sparks's collection, and needed not to be repeated in the present work.

One of the topics in Mr. Barclay's Correspondence is the still mysterious claim of Beaumarchais. A very eloquent memorial to Congress from that extraordinary personage may be found at page 474 of the first volume. In our article on the former series of the Diplomatic Correspondence, we submitted to our readers a summary statement of this claim, which has so long haunted our legislation and diplomacy, and we expressed the opinion that delicacy and the self-respect, which the Government owes itself, requires its payment. Since that period, it has been included in Mr. Rives's arrangement with the French Government. The extraordinary refusal of the Chamber of Deputies to appropriate the funds necessary to enable the French Government to redeem the public faith, as pledged in that arrangement, gives new strength to the desire, which we then expressed, that the United States would refund to France the subsidies, which they received from her in the Revolution. The aid thus afforded was all-important, nothing less than essential to the cause; and the liberality, with which it was afforded, is beyond all praise and entitled to our lasting gratitude. But the subsequent change in the relative position of the two powers, the unprecedented growth of this country and its ability to pay off this debt, and especially the long delay of France to indemnify our suffering merchants, and now the strange refusal of the Chamber, under pretences stranger than the act itself, to give effect to the Convention of indemnity, make it, as appears to us, of the highest concernment to the honor of the United States, to pay back these gratuities. We do not see how this country can creditably remain under an obligation of such a character to a foreign power, pursuing a policy like that of the legislature in France, in reference to these indemnities.

The second volume of the work before us, opens with the Correspondence of Franklin. This Correspondence, with the exception of a few letters between Dr. Franklin and Sir

Edward Newenham, relative to the appointment of a son of the latter, as American Consul in France, and one or two letters, scattered up and down in the series, is contained in Mr. Sparks's Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. That it should be thus repeated in a work avowedly undertaken as the sequel of its predecessor, is an illustration of that want of an efficient editorship, to which we have already alluded. This is an inadvertence the more to be regretted, as, after all, the work before us does not contain the whole of the Franklin Correspondence for this period. Although it presents us with some letters of Dr. Franklin, which we believe are not found in Mr. Sparks's collection, there are others in the latter, which are not repeated in the present work. A similar inadvertence, but still more out of taste, is the publication of the same document twice in different parts of the present work, and this in several instances. Thus Mr. Jefferson's letter to Mr. Jay, of the 14th of August, 1785, which appears at page 371 of the second volume, is given page 330, as the eighth report of the Commissioners appointed, with general powers, to negotiate treaties of amity with the various European governments. In like manner, are given twice in this volume, within the same distance of forty or fifty pages, the letter of Baron Thulemeier to Mr. Jefferson of 19th July, 1785, Mr. Jefferson's reply, the instructions of Messrs. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson to Mr. Short, and their instructions to Mr. Dumas, relative to the ratification of the Prussian treaty. There is no possible interest in these documents, requiring their repetition, and it is ascribable to mere inadvertence.

The correspondence of Mr. Adams, at the Hague, principally with the Baron de Thulemeier, relative to the treaty with Prussia; that of Messrs. Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson, as Commissioners for negotiating treaties, with the various powers of Europe, and the commencement of that of Mr. Jefferson as minister of the United States at Paris, fill the residue of the second volume.—We extract from the latter the following letter of Paul Jones, who had been requested, by Mr. Jefferson, to inform himself, as far as possible, of the objects of the expedition of La Peyrouse, under the supposition that it might have been projected with a view to the establishment of a French colony, on the Western Coast of America. The eagerness with which Mr. Jefferson, at this early period, cast a glance toward that region, prepares us for the

zeal, with which, twenty years after, and under very different circumstances, he labored so successfully for its acquisition by the United States. Paul Jones had been requested by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of the 3d Aug. 1785, to make inquiry into all the circumstances, relative to La Peyrouse's expedition, particularly 'what number of men and of what vocations, he had on board? What animals, their species and numbers? What trees, plants, or seeds? What utensils? What merchandise or other necessaries.' His reply was in the following terms:

'Paris, October 5, 1785.

'Sir, the following is the best information I am able to give you, in compliance with the letter dated at Paris, 3d August, 1785, which you did me the honor to address to me, at L'Orient.

'The Boussole and Astrolabe, two Gaberts (Gabarres?) of six hundred tons each, sheathed with copper, and equipped in the best manner, sailed from Brest, the first of August, 1785, under the command of Messieurs de la Peyrouse and the Viscount de Langle, captains in the Royal Navy. They had on board a great variety of trees, plants, and seeds, that suit the climate of France, manufactures in linen, woollen and cotton goods, and in iron and copper, &c.; mechanical tools of all sorts, a great quantity of trinkets and toys; ploughs and all sorts of utensils and implements of culture, and a quantity of unwrought iron. Each ship had on board a large shallop in frames, and a million of French livres, in the coins of different nations.

'Each ship had also on board twenty-one soldiers, drafted from the two regiments at Brest; all of whom were either mechanics or farmers.

'They had on board no women; nor any animals, except such as appeared destined for the refreshment of the crews. The crew of each ship is one hundred men, including officers and men of genius.

'The King himself planned the expedition, and made out all the details with his own hand, before he spoke a word of it to any one. His Majesty defrays the expense out of his private coffer, and is his own minister in every thing, that regards the operation of his plan.

'There is no doubt but the perfecting the geography of the southern hemisphere is one of the objects, which his Majesty had in view; and it is not difficult to perceive that he had others equally worthy of a great prince; one of which may be to extend the commerce of his subjects, by establishing factories at a future day for the fur trade, on the North-west coast of America; and

another to establish colonies in New Holland, after having well explored the coast, and made experiments on the soil of that vast island, which is situated in so happy a climate, and so contiguous to the establishments of France in the East Indies.

'I am, Sir, with great respect, &c.,

'J. Paul Jones.'

The second volume contains interesting documents, relative to the commencement of our relations with Morocco and the other Barbary powers. The schedule of presents by the Dutch to the Emperor of Morocco is misplaced on the 383d page, in the middle of a letter from the Count Florida Blanca, of which it furnishes a rather abrupt complement. The advertisement on the 501st page should have been suppressed from considerations of delicacy. Mr. Jefferson's correspondence is continued through a third and a part of the fourth volume. In addition to his public correspondence, we notice occasionally a private letter;—as for instance some of those to Mr. Carmichael, and one at least to Mr. Madison. These letters, we suppose to have been taken from Mr. Jefferson's Correspondence, as published by his grandson, and if that be the case, they cannot be considered as properly introduced into the present work, under the act of May 5th, 1832. Had any letter, before unpublished, although purely a private one, been thus introduced into the collection, we should not have considered it a matter of complaint. On the contrary, we should have regarded it as a favor done the public. We cannot take this view of letters, simply transferred from volumes already accessible in every part of the country. The letter of Mr. Jefferson to Count Montmorin, to be found volume III, page 317, is repeated in volume IV, page 13,—without any apparent occasion whatever for the repetition.

This Correspondence places Mr. Jefferson's character, as a man of business, in a very favorable light. His attention to the subjects referred to him, and to every thing which required his interference, was unremitted. His letters and conferences with the French ministry, on the commercial interests of the United States, show a minute acquaintance with the details of this branch of his duty, and a comprehensive regard to all the concerns of the country. The rice and tobacco of the South and the fisheries of the North are equally the subject of his laborious and faithful exposition. The reader will find in volume IV, page 16, a memoir on the subject of the

Whale fishery, which will well repay a perusal. It may also be found in Jefferson's Works, Vol II, 390. It is strangely disfigured by the gallicism of *Nantuckois* for *Nantucket men.* In all his negotiations on these subjects, Mr. Jefferson acknowledges, in the most emphatic terms, his obligations to General Lafayette, whose powerful interest was exerted with the Ministry to procure the most favorable terms for the American commerce and navigation. This circumstance, to which we have already alluded, furnishes a new and gratifying illustration of the undoubted truth, that justice,—full justice,—has not yet been done to the various excellencies of Lafayette. His solid merit, his business talent, his most useful services in matters of detail, would have given an enviable celebrity to any minister of state ; but have been overshadowed, in him, by the romantic boldness and dazzling vicissitudes of his political career.

The Correspondence of Mr. Adams, as minister to England, succeeds that of Mr. Jefferson, commencing in the middle of the fourth volume. Time sweeps away the impressions made by great events on the imagination ; and the familiarity of a few years strips them of every thing but their intrinsic importance.—The position of the revolted colonies, in their foreign relations toward the established governments of the world, was novel, exciting, and critical. There was, in our diplomacy, upon the broad scale of a nation's interests, the sensitive and feverish temperament,—by turns assured and diffident,—at once resolute, proud, and anxious,—with which the high-spirited youth makes his entrance into the circle of men. We longed for foreign countenance, but disdained to court it. We were resolved to fulfil the great destinies of the republic, but at times the day-star of hope was scarcely to be discerned, by the tearful eyes of the patriot, through the stormy clouds that hung over Europe and America. But there were two points of more than common anxiety :—in which the entire interest of our foreign relations was concentrated,—leaving to every thing else but a qualified and relative importance. These were, the alliance with France, in its connexion with the fate of the war, and the negotiation with England, which, after peace was concluded, was to ascertain the footing on which the new States were to stand with the mother country. It fell to Dr. Franklin to be substantially the organ of his fellow citizens,—to feel, and think, and speak for them,—in con-

summating the alliance with France: and, with the exception of the moment when he received from the cord of his kite the electric spark, which he had drawn from the clouds, no moment of his life could have been so full of intense and overmastering excitement, as that when he put his pen to the treaty of alliance. Armies, navies, gold, supplies, victory, independence followed in their train.

But there was a scene of more moral and affecting interest in reserve. The contest was over; the political yoke broken; —the struggle of twenty years brought to its great close; and a new State introduced into the family of nations. There was much in the necessity of the case to agitate men. A mighty republican Confederation was itself new in the world;—an experiment, tried with doubtful success within the walls of ancient cities,—in the recesses of the valleys and hills of Switzerland,—and the narrow limits of the Netherlands, was now to be tried, over the wide expanse of a continent. A great convulsion of the political system of Europe had taken place. As far as England was concerned, a tremendous blow had been struck upon the solidity of the Colonial system. The peace of 1763 had laid France in the dust; in that of 1783, she waved the palm branch of victory over her prostrate rival. These fearful and perplexing changes,—ominous of further revolution,—had their natural effect upon the imaginations of men; and under their full influence, the first minister of the United States of America,—a born subject of the British King, —appears in his Court,—the representative of the new sovereignty. Himself among the most prominent and efficient agents of the Revolution, he comes to stand before the monarch, whose crown he had contributed to rob of its brightest jewel. It was a scene of the highest interest to the King and to the minister, one in which all the excitement of mighty events, of achievements of vast magnitude, and consequences still more momentous, seems crowded into a moment, claiming to be felt, and expressed by a single man. The ordinary intercourse of nations presents few such occasions. Their interest rarely recurs in the discharge of diplomatic duty. At the present day, a minister to France or England, presents his credentials, with as much *sang froid*, as he feels in engaging his passage in the vessel which is to carry him to Europe. The great excitement is over,—the romance is worn away,—the grand uncertainty of the future is cleared up, and all is quietly arranged into a matter of business.

We have thought these reflections suitable, as an introduction to the despatch, in which Mr. Adams describes his presentation at court. The reader must recollect that it is from the man, who started in life the son of an humble yeoman, in a remote province,—who, twenty years before the Revolution began, so far penetrated the future, as to announce the necessity of a navy to the defence of the then colonies,—who heard the words of fire and defiance that dropped from the lips of James Otis in 1762,—and who stood forth in his strength in 1776, in the language of Jefferson, 'the Colossus of Independence.' Its champion within the walls of the Congress of Philadelphia, he was now its accredited Representative at the Court of St. James. The despatch is in the following terms:

'*From John Adams to John Jay.*

'Bath Hotel, Westminster, June 2, 1785.

'Dear Sir,—During my interview with the Marquis of Carmarthen, he told me it was customary for every foreign minister, at his first presentation to the King, to make his Majesty some compliments, conformably to the spirit of his credentials, and when Sir Clement Cottrel Dormer, the master of the ceremonies, came to inform me, that he should accompany me to the Secretary of State and to Court, he said that every foreign minister, whom he had attended to the Queen, had always made an harangue to her Majesty, and he understood, though he had not been present, that they always harangued the King.

'On Tuesday evening, the Baron de Lynden called upon me, and said he came from the Baron de Nolken, and had been conversing upon the singular situation I was in, and agreed in opinion, that it was indispensable I should make a speech, and that it should be as complimentary as possible. All this was parallel to the advice lately given by the Count de Vergennes to Mr. Jefferson; so that, finding it was a custom established at both these great courts, and that this Court and the foreign ministers expected it, I thought I could not avoid it, although my first thought and inclination had been, to deliver my credentials silently, and retire.

'At one, on Wednesday, the first of June, the master of ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland Row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me, and introduced me to his under Secretary, Mr. Frazier, who has been, as his Lordship said, uninterrupted in that office, through all the changes in administration, for thirty years, having first been appointed by the Earl of Holderness. After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my

effects from Holland and France free of duty, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to Court. When we arrived in the anti-chamber, the *Oeil-de-Boeuf*, of St. James's, the master of the ceremonies met me and attended me, while the Secretary went to take the commands of the King. While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of ceremonies, the room very full of ministers of State, Bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the King's bed-chamber, you may well suppose, I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me, and entertained me in a very agreeable conversation, during the whole time. Some other gentlemen whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments to me, until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned, and desired me to go with him to his Majesty. I went with his Lordship through the levée room into the King's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and the Secretary of State alone. I made the three reverences, one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his Majesty, in the following words:

'"Sir—The United States of America have appointed me their Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express command, that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and that of your royal family. The appointment of a minister from the United States to your Majesty's Court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first, to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character, and shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and in restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the old good nature and the old good humor, between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood.

'"I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have some time before been intrusted by my country, it was never, in mywhole life, in a manner so agreeable to myself."'

'The King listened to every word I said, with dignity, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, (for I felt more than I did or could express,) that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said;—

'"Sir,—The circumstances of this audience are so extraordiary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, Sir, to believe, that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest, but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do,. by the duty I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States, as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

'I dare not say that these were the King's precise words, and it is even possible that I may have in some particular mistaken his meaning; for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated some time between his periods and between the members of the same period. He was much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense; and I think that all that he said to me should at present be kept a secret in America, unless his Majesty or his Secretary of State should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his Majesty's meaning as I then understood it, and his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

'The King then asked me whether I came last from France; and upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling, or rather laughing, said, there is an opinion among some people, that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France. I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion and a departure from the dignity. I was a little embarrassed; but determined not to deny the truth, on one hand, nor leave him to infer

from it any attachment to England, on the other. I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety and a tone of decision, as far as was decent, and said, "that opinion, Sir, is not mistaken; I must avow to your Majesty I have no attachment but to my own country."

'The King replied, as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other." The King then said a word or two to the Secretary of State, which being between them, I did not hear; and then turned and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes when they give the signal to retire. I retreated, stepping backward as is the etiquette, and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber, I went my way.

'The master of the ceremonies joined me, the moment of my coming out of the King's closet, and accompanied me through the apartments to my carriage. I have been thus minute, as it may be useful to others hereafter.

'The conversation with the King, Congress will form their own judgment of. I may expect from it a residence less painful than I once expected, as so marked an attention from the King will silence many grumblers. But we can infer nothing from all this concerning the success of my mission. There are a train of other ceremonies to go through, the audience of the Queen and visits to and from ministers and ambassadors, which will take up much time and interrupt me in my endeavors to obtain what I have at heart, the object of my instructions. It is thus the essence of things is lost in ceremony in every country in Europe. We must submit to what we cannot alter; patience is the only remedy. With great respect, &c.

'John Adams.'

It will abundantly appear from the perusal of the despatches of Mr. Adams, that it would be doing him a gross injustice, to infer from the manner of his expressing himself on his presentation, that he was a whit behind the most ardent patriots at home, in his fear and jealousy of British policy. Mr. Adams, it is true, at a period still earlier than this, entertained a distrust of the sincerity of France; a subject upon which we expressed ourselves, in our review of the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. But this distrust had not led, in the slightest degree, to the opposite feeling toward Great Britain. The Whig passion of 1776 burned with unabated ardor in his bosom. The King mistook the purport of the courteous expressions made use of by Mr. Adams, at his presentation. This is afterwards stated by Mr. Adams himself, in commenting on the King's curious use of the word 'prefer-

ence,' in his speech as just cited. Besides this, whatever kind feelings Mr. Adams might have carried with him, to the Court of St. James, must have been in no small degree chilled by the fortune of his mission. Personally he was treated with kindness; but no minister was accredited by Great Britain in return, although he was at times amused with suggestions, that this would take place; and all his attempts to bring the British ministry to negotiation, on the great matters in controversy between the two countries, proved utterly abortive. We accordingly find him, throughout his despatches, expressing himself with considerable bitterness, on the subject of the ministers as men, and of the most decided denunciation of their policy toward America.

It is evident that the British Government were somewhat at a loss, how to treat the United States. The first idea,—happy if it could have taken effect,—was to seize the earliest opportunity of making the reconciliation hearty and entire; and allowing the United States all the commercial privileges, which they had enjoyed as British provinces. Mr. Pitt went so far as to introduce a bill to this effect into the House of Commons. But the evil genius of the Navigation Act was at once in motion: a clamor from several different sources arose; the Canadian influence,—the refugee influence,—the tory influence, were brought to bear on the measure, and it was nipped in the bud. Great Britain evidently felt an unaffected doubt, how far she could safely commit herself to a negotiation with a government constituted like ours; and there is scarce a letter of Mr. Adams or Mr. Jay, which does not justify her hesitation. In the recency of the Revolution, and the unsettled state of European politics which succeeded, the idea of a speedy reconquest of America,—of turning back the dark and disastrous pages of the Revolution, and repeating the glorious chapters of the war of 1756, did doubtless present itself to the Minister's mind. Who can wonder that the son of Chatham should think it no impossible thing to re-clutch the sceptre of America? Mr. Adams, writing on the spot and under the impression produced by passing events, freely and confidently ascribes these views to the King and a portion of his ministers.

But there was another cause, why Great Britain was slow to enter into a commercial arrangement with the United States, less creditable to the latter; and perhaps full justice is for the first time done to the British government, on this point, by

the publication of the documents, contained in the present work. We allude to the acts of several of the States, in contravention of the provisions of the treaty. Mr. Jay, in his most masterly reports to Congress, is very full and explicit on this subject; and admits that the governments of several States set the example, which was too diligently followed by the British, of those infractions of the treaty, which led to a controversy so long protracted and of a spirit so prejudicial. The obstruction thrown in the way of recovering debts due to British subjects was the first step, and was pleaded by the English ministry as the justification of the deportation of negroes from New York, contrary to the express provisions of the treaty, and the much more serious evil of detaining the Western posts. It is true, that Congress strove steadily and faithfully to obtain a remedy to these evils; but not being possessed of power to control the legislation of the States, the failure of their recommendations furnished but too sufficient a justification to a foreign power, not merely to retaliate the infractions of the treaty, (as, to be sure, they did with large interest) but to decline all further negotiations with a Government, which thus showed itself incompetent to coerce from its constituents the observation of the treaty already made. This state of things naturally turned the minds of Mr. Adams and of Mr. Jay to the defects of the Confederation, and the necessity of a change in the Constitution. No topic is, proportionably, more the burden of their correspondence. Mr. Adams's letters as well as Mr. Jay's replies were regularly submitted to Congress, and as we know from tradition, were among the efficacious causes, which brought about a conviction of the absolute necessity of a change. The volumes before us are very full and very instructive on this subject, and throw much light even on recent discussions of constitutional law. Take for instance the following passage of a report of Mr. Jay to Congress, on the subject of acts of the State governments, alleged to be in contravention of the treaty of 1783.

'If this reasoning and these principles are right, as your Secretary thinks they are, it follows, of consequence, that no individual State has a right, by legislative acts, to decide and point out the sense, in which their particular citizens and courts shall understand this or that article of a treaty. A contrary doctrine would not only militate against the common and received principles and ideas, relative to this subject, but would prove as

ridiculous in practice, as it appears irrational in theory ; for in that case, the same article of the same treaty may by law mean one thing in New Hampshire, another in New York, and neither the one nor the other in Georgia.'

What would a logician like Jay have thought of the nullifier of that day, who should have attempted to escape the wholesome and direct common sense of this argument, by maintaining that, if the treaty was unconstitutional, the States might annul it? As if a claim on the part of the State to annul the acts of the Confederated Government were any the less 'ridiculous and irrational,' because it was founded on a right first to pronounce them unconstitutional. So with the modern doctrine of nullification. The citizens of the States are bound to obey all constitutional laws of Congress; their State governments cannot absolve them from this obligation. It would be 'as ridiculous in practice as it would be irrational in theory,' for a State to arrogate the power of annulling constitutional laws. But then, it has the power, at all times,—amidst the heats of party and in the turmoil of elections, and under the influence of whatever, in a popular government, can disturb the calm empire of the understanding and give force to the passions, to declare any law unconstitutional, and then pronounce it null, and release the citizens from obedience.

The train of reflection, into which we have fallen, leads us to add, that numerous passages occur in the correspondence of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay, which give strength to a topic of argument, in support of the system of protecting manufactures by law, drawn from the reasons urged, under the Confederation, in favor of a stronger Federal government. This topic of argument was brought into the discussion somewhat later than others. It has ever appeared to us to possess great force; and deserves illustration by new researches into the documentary history of the period, between the peace of 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution. The present volumes therefore, as might have been expected, furnish several pertinent authorities, or rather show that it was taken for granted, that the encouragement and protection of the manufactures of the country, by duties and prohibitions, were among the specific objects to be accomplished, by the establishment of the new government. The following may serve as specimens.

In a letter to Mr. Jay, of February 27th, 1786, Mr. Adams writes :

'It remains with the States to determine what measures they will take, to discourage a commerce, the most impoverishing and ruinous that can be imagined,—to promote a more beneficial intercourse with the rest of Europe,—and *to support their own manufactures* and navigation; for on such measures alone can they have any dependence in future.'

The measures alluded to were such a reorganization of the Government, as would enable Congress to pass laws to promote the ends alluded to.

The following alludes to the proceedings of 'the Boston association of manufacturers and tradesmen' in 1785, and to their resolutions for the encouragement of domestic industry. It is from a letter of Mr. Adams, dated June 17th, 1785.

'I forgot a circumstance of some consequence. His Lordship said he had seen, in the gazettes, some proceedings in Boston, which he was very sorry to see. I answered that I had seen them in the same gazettes, as I supposed, and had no more authentic account of them; that I had no authority to say any thing officially about them; but as an individual I might say, that the observations I had just had the honor to make to his Lordship, concerning the state of the commerce between the two countries, would be sufficient to explain to his Lordship the motives of those proceedings, and to convince his Lordship of the probability of such sentiments and proceedings becoming general throughout the United States, and alienating the commerce of that country from this, either *by increasing manufactures in America*, or opening new channels of commerce with other countries, which might easily be done, unless some arrangements were made which might facilitate remittances.'

But we have already exceeded the limits proposed to ourselves in this article, and can allude only with brevity to a few other points. Very valuable papers relative to the North-eastern boundary, are contained in the fourth volume of the work; among them a deposition of Mitchel,—the author of the map, which was used in drawing up the article on this subject, in the treaty of peace. Mr. Barclay's memoir on the empire of Morocco, in the same volume, is excellent. The whole conduct of this gentleman in the successful negotiation of a treaty with Morocco, is a model of prudent and successful management with a barbarous prince; if *barbarous* he ought to be called, who displayed, throughout the negotiations, a liberality and good faith, which might be studied to advantage by half the governments of Christendom. A separate treatise on the commence-

ment of our relations with the Barbary powers might be drawn up from the rich materials contained in these volumes. The negociations with Gardoqui, the Spanish Chargé d' Affaires, are full of interest. They were conducted by Mr. Jay, on the part of the United States, with the ability and discretion which characterized that great man, we had almost said, beyond all his contemporaries. It is certainly not too much to say, that with any thing less than his unerring sagacity and never surpassed perception of right, in the office which he filled,—that of Secretary for foreign affairs to the Continental Congress,—the efforts of our ministers abroad, to conduct our relations with foreign powers from 1783 to 1789, with any tolerable respectability, could hardly have succeeded.

The last volume closes with very curious papers relative to the opening of the China trade. Our readers, we are sure, will think us warranted, in quoting the whole of the following letter.

'*From Samuel Shaw to John Jay.*

'New York, May 19th, 1785.

'Sir,—The first vessel, that has been fitted out by the inhabitants of the United States of America, for essaying a commerce with those of the empire of China, being, by the favor of Heaven, safe returned to this port, it becomes my duty to communicate to you, for the information of the fathers of the country, an account of the reception their subjects have met with, and the respect, with which their flag has been treated, in that distant region; especially as some circumstances have occurred, which had a tendency to attract the attention of the Chinese towards a people, of whom they have hitherto had very confused ideas; and which served, in a peculiar manner, to place the Americans in a more conspicuous point of view, than has hitherto attended the introduction of other nations, into that great and extensive empire.

'The ship employed on this occasion is about three hundred and sixty tons burthen, built in America, and equipped with forty-three persons, under the command of John Green, Esq. The subscriber had the honor of being appointed agent for their commerce, by the gentlemen, at whose risk this first experiment has been undertaken.

'On the 22d of February, 1784, the ship sailed from New York, and arrived on the 21st of March at St. Jago, the principal of the Cape de Verd Islands. Having paid our respects to the Portuguese Vice Roy, and with his permission taken such

refreshments as were necessary, we left those islands on the 27th, and pursued our voyage. After a pleasant passage, in which nothing extraordinary occurred, we came to anchor in the straits of Sunda, on the 18th July. It was no small addition to our happiness, on this occasion, to meet there two ships, belonging to our good allies, the French. The commodore, Monsieur Dordelin, and his officers, welcomed us in the most affectionate manner; and as his own ship was immediately bound to Canton, gave us an invitation to go in company with him. This friendly offer we most cheerfully accepted; and the commodore furnished us his signals by day and night, and added such instructions for our passage through the China seas, as would have been exceedingly beneficial, had any unfortunate accident occasioned our separation. Happily we pursued our route together. On our arrival at the island of Macao, the French consul for China, Monsieur Vieillard, with some other gentlemen of his nation, came on board to congratulate and welcome us to that part of the world, and kindly undertook the introduction of the Americans to the Portuguese Governor. The little time we were there, was entirely taken up by the good offices of the consul, the gentlemen of his nation, and those of the Swedes and Imperialists, who still remained at Macao. The other Europeans had repaired to Canton. Three days afterwards we finished our outward bound voyage. Previous to coming to anchor, we saluted the shipping on the river with thirteen guns, which were answered by the several commodores of the European nations, each of whom sent an officer to compliment us on our arrival. These visits were returned by the captain and supercargoes in the afternoon, who were again saluted by the respective ships, as they finished their visit. When the French sent their officers to congratulate us, they added to the obligations we were already under to them, by furnishing men, boats, and anchors, to assist us in coming to safe and convenient moorings. Nor did their good offices stop here. They furnished us with part of their own banksall, and insisted further, that until we were settled, we should take up our quarters with them at Canton.

'The day of our arrival at Canton, and the two following days, we were visited by the Chinese merchants, and the chiefs and gentlemen of the several European establishments, and treated by them in all respects as a free and independent nation. As such, during our stay, we were universally considered. The Chinese themselves were very indulgent toward us, though ours being the first American ship that had ever visited China, it was some time before they could fully comprehend the distinction between Englishmen and us. They styled us *the new people;* and

when by the map we conveyed to them an idea of the extent of our country, with its present and increasing population, they were highly pleased at the prospect of so considerable a market for the productions of theirs.

'The situation of the Europeans at Canton is so well known, as to render a detail unnecessary. The good understanding commonly subsisting between them and the Chinese was, in some degree, interrupted by two occurrences, of which, as they were extraordinary in themselves, and led to a more full investigation of the American character by both parties, than might otherwise have taken place, I will, with your permission, give a particular account.

'The police at Canton is, at all times, extremely strict, and the Europeans there are circumscribed within very narrow limits. The latter had observed, with concern, some circumstances which they deemed an encroachment on their rights. On this consideration, they determined to apply for redress to the Hoppo, who is the head officer of the customs, the next time he should visit the shipping. Deputies accordingly attended from every nation, and I was desired to represent ours. We met the Hoppo on board an English ship, and the causes of complaint were soon after removed.

'The other occurrence, of which I beg leave to take notice, gave rise to what was commonly called the *Canton war*, which threatened to be productive of very serious consequences. On the 25th of November, an English ship, in saluting some company who had dined on board, killed a Chinese, and wounded two others, in the Mandarin's boat along side. It is a maxim of the Chinese law, that blood must answer for blood; in pursuance of which they demanded the unfortunate gunner. To give up this poor man was to consign him to certain death. Humanity pleaded powerfully against the measure. After repeated conferences between the English and the Chinese, the latter declared themselves satisfied, and the affair was supposed to be entirely settled. Notwithstanding this, on the morning after the last conference, (the 27th,) the supercargo of the ship was seized while attending his business, thrown into a sedan chair, hurried into the city, and committed to prison. Such an outrage on personal liberty spread a general alarm; and the Europeans unanimously agreed to send for their boats, with armed men, from the shipping, for security of themselves and their property, until the matter should be brought to a conclusion. The boats accordingly came, and ours among the number; one of which was fired on and a man wounded. All trade was stopped, and the Chinese men-of-war drawn up opposite the factories. The Eu-

ropeans demanded the restoration of Mr. Smith, which the Chinese refused, until the gunner should be given up. In the mean while, the troops of the province were collecting in the neighborhood of Canton; the Chinese servants were ordered by the magistrates to leave the factories; the gates of the suburbs were shut; all intercourse was at an end; the naval force was increased; many troops were embarked in boats ready for landing; and every thing wore the appearance of war. To what extremities matters might have been carried, had not a negotiation taken place, no one can say. The Chinese asked a conference with all the nations, except the English. A deputation, in which I was included for America, met the *Fuen*, (Fo-yuen,) who is the head magistrate at Canton, with the principal officers of the province. After setting forth, by an interpreter, the power of the Emperor, and his own determination to support the laws, he demanded that the gunner should be given up, within three days; declaring that he should have an impartial examination before their tribunal, and if it appeared that the affair was accidental, he should be released unhurt. In the meantime he gave permission for the trade, excepting that of the English, to go on as usual; and dismissed us with a present of two pieces of silk to each, as a mark of his friendly disposition. The other nations, one after another, sent away their boats, under protection of a Chinese flag, and pursued their business as before. The English were obliged to submit; the gunner was given up; Mr. Smith was released; and the English, after being forced to ask pardon of the magistracy of Canton, in the presence of the other nations, had their commerce restored. On this occasion, I am happy that we were the last who sent off our boat, which was not disgraced by a Chinese flag; nor did she go, until the English themselves thanked us for our concurrence with them, and advised to the sending her away. After peace was restored, the Chief and four English gentlemen visited the several nations, among whom we were included, and thanked them for their assistance, during the troubles. The gunner remained with the Chinese,—his fate undetermined.

'Notwithstanding the treatment we received from all parties was perfectly civil and respectful, yet, it was with peculiar satisfaction that we experienced, on every occasion, from our good allies the French, the most flattering and substantial proofs of their friendship. "If," said they, "we have in any instance been serviceable to you, we are happy; and we desire nothing more ardently, than further opportunities to convince you of our affection." The harmony maintained between them and us was particularly noticed by the English, who more than once observed, that it was matter of astonishment to them, that the descendants of

Britons should so soon divest themselves of prejudices, which they had thought to be not only hereditary, but inherent in our nature.

'We left Canton the 27th December, and on our return refreshed at the Cape of Good Hope, where we found a most friendly reception. After remaining there five days, we sailed for America, and arrived in this port on the 11th instant.

'To every lover of his country, as well as those more immediately concerned in commerce, it must be a pleasing reflection, that a communication is thus happily opened between us and the extremity of the globe; and it adds very sensibly to the pleasure of this reflection, that the voyage has been performed in so short a space of time, and attended with the loss of only one man. To Captain Green and his officers every commendation is due, for their unwearied and successful endeavors in bringing it to this most fortunate issue, which fully justifies the confidence reposed in them, by the gentlemen concerned in the enterprise.

'Permit me, Sir, to accompany this letter with the two pieces of silk, presented to me by the *Fuen* of Canton, as a mark of his good disposition towards the American nation. In that view, I consider myself as peculiarly honored, in being charged with this testimony of the friendship of the Chinese for a people, who may, in a few years, prosecute a commerce with the subjects of that empire, under advantages equal, if not superior, to those enjoyed by any other nation whatever.

'I have the honor to be, &c.

'Samuel Shaw.'

We take this opportunity, in passing, to notice an assertion of the British Quarterly Review, which we believe to be incorrect, relative to an unfortunate occurrence, on board an American ship at Canton. The following is the remark to which we allude:

'From the moment that our violation of the Chinese law is of such a nature, as to drive the Chinese government to the extreme measure of *seizing* the persons of the offending parties, the die is cast, and we fear that hostilities will become inevitable. The last instance of the kind, that occurred, was in 1784, when one of the supercargoes of a private ship was *seized* to answer for homicide, and subsequently, after a good deal of blustering and preparations for commencing hostilities, was redeemed, by the surrender of another individual, equally innocent, though of an humbler station. Much as we regret the probability of a rupture with the Chinese, we fervently hope that we may never see it averted by such another disgraceful compromise, which has only for its parallel, one made by the Americans a very few years ago, when an innocent Italian was given up to be strangled,

to save the life, *(it has never been denied,)* of a guilty American.'*

How the learned writer knows that this statement has 'never been denied,' we are unable to say. We suppose he means, that it has never been denied in his hearing. We will not undertake now positively to deny it, but we are informed, on what we deem the best authority, that the statement in the Quarterly Review is wholly incorrect;—and that the Italian taken out of an American ship, fourteen or fifteen years ago, by the Chinese authorities, was unquestionably the author of the homicide, for which, (under the law of China) he suffered. Whether, as was stated on his behalf, the homicide was purely accidental, we do not know; and supposing it to have been so, Heaven forbid we should justify his execution under the Chinese Law. But as a question in the Law of Nations and casuistry, it would bear an argument, whether the United States could rightfully go to war against the Chinese, for administering their own laws on persons voluntarily coming within their jurisdiction. The Quarterly Reviewer seems to lean to the affirmative of that question.

In the same volume, from which we quote the foregoing letter, may be found two or three other long letters from Mr. Shaw, written the following winter from Canton, on his return to that place, containing an admirable sketch of the condition of the trade with China at that time. We regret that we can only refer to them.

The fifth and sixth volumes of this work exhibit the same marks of inadvertence, in preparing the materials, of which we have spoken in reference to the former volumes. Thus the letters of Mr. Barclay, contained in the third volume, pages 128 and 141, are repeated in the fifth, at pages 412 and 418. In the sixth volume, Sir John Temple's letter is repeated, page 7, from volume IV, page 404. In the same volume a letter of Count Florida Blanca is repeated, page 127, from a former volume. At page 183, volume VI, a letter of General Lafayette is given, which is contained in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution, volume X, page 30. M. Rayneval's memoir, relative to the Western boundary of the United States, which appears in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution, volume VIII, page 156, is repeated in the present work, volume VI, page 189. The letter of R. H. Lee

* London Quarterly Review, Vol. L, p. 462.

to the King of Spain, and one of Mr. Jay to the Count Florida Blanca, are given twice in the sixth volume. The editorship of the seventh volume is decidedly superior to that of most of its predecessors.

These imperfections are blemishes in the work; but its substantial value, as a repository of important historical documents, remains unimpaired. It completes the series of publications made at the public expense, in pursuance of the joint Resolution of March 27th, 1818. The preceding works, published under the same Resolution, are the Journal of the Convention which formed the Constitution, the Secret Journal of the old Congress for foreign affairs, their Secret Domestic Journal; and the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. The papers remaining in the archives of State yet unpublished, from this important period of our history, will find a place in the work of Messrs. Clarke and Force, just commencing under the auspices of Congress; and those of the period since the adoption of the Constitution are contained in the great collection of Messrs. Gales and Seaton. Of this important and valuable work seven volumes in folio have already appeared, and to these, and the volumes which may succeed them in the same publication, we may perhaps, on a future occasion, invite the attention of our readers.

Art. III.—*The Italian Drama.*

Tragedie di Alessandro Manzoni, Milanese, Il Conte di Carmagnola e l'Adelchi, aggiuntevi le poesie varie dello stesso, ed alcune prose sulla Teorica del Dramma tragico. Parigi. 1826.

Tragedies by Alexander Manzoni of Milan, entitled, The Count of Carmagnola and the Adelchi: to which are added miscellaneous poems, and some remarks on the theory of the tragic drama by the same author.

The Moderns have separated the useful from the beautiful, and have placed in the class of superfluities many of those enjoyments, which the wisest amongst the ancients considered as essential to the well-being and happiness of mankind. Little of the poetry of life remains to us. The wells in the

desert are unheeded, or dried up. The traveller in his progress may hear the sound of the harp and the viol, but they no longer accompany him to cheer his journey. We are invited, like Hercules, to choose between virtue and pleasure, as if they were incompatible, and all which cannot be proved necessary is considered as useless and cumbersome, as were the pomps and pageantries which accompanied the march of the Persian Darius. Yet the roses still bloom in our valleys, and the wild-flower wastes its fragrance on the barren moor; and no one is tempted to marvel at the lavish prodigality of nature, which has thus thrown a charm over the most dreary scene.

Is it that the mind of man has become more truly elevated, so that he justly regards with scorn the puerilities which enchanted his forefathers, or is it that the arts themselves have been degraded from their high places, and employed for purposes less exalted, less noble and refined? that the cups of the Temple have been used in profane sacrifices?

Among the ancient Greeks, music, poetry and dancing, formed a part of religion, were employed with a moral and political view,—were studied by sages, and inculcated by legislators. Tragic authors sacrificed on the tomb of Æschylus. Poets appeared in public, a lyre in their hand, and crowned with laurel, the objects of superstitious veneration. The Athenian child received his first instructions in verse, performed his first movement to the sound of music, and was surrounded from infancy by the most beautiful productions of sculpture. At the theatre, he received an impression of all the arts combined in one brilliant and harmonious whole. There, the splendid choruses, that superb blending of poetry and music,—the dresses and dances, in strict unison with the gravity and sublimity of the subject,—the mighty multitude, breathless with admiration, or transported with enthusiasm, or shuddering with horror, as the virtues, or the sufferings, or the glorious deeds of their godlike heroes were successively represented before them, must have produced an effect, in comparison with which that of any modern drama is necessarily feeble.

In the time of Aristotle, the author and the people, to whom the Greeks were indebted for the invention of Tragedy, were unknown. But all the religious ceremonies of Paganism were of a dramatic nature. At the festivals, held in honor of the gods and their immortal progeny, their different adventures were represented by dances, and verses accompanied with

music. The sorrows and maternal anxiety of Ceres, when she wandered through the world in search of her daughter, —the grief of Venus for the loss of Adonis,—her joy at his restoration to life,—but above all, the adventures of the joyous god of wine,—his victories,—his descent into hell,— formed inexhaustible themes for representation. The wild Bacchante, and the attendant train of fauns and satyrs, in their grotesque and hideous grouping, were well fitted for scenic effect. The poets were divided into two classes,— those who sang the praises of the gods,—and those who indulged in raillery at the follies of men. Hence the distinction between heroic and iambic verse; while the heroic poets were again divided into epic, sententious, and lyric.

The epic poem shadows forth the past,—the dramatic poem brings us face to face with grey antiquity. 'The Homeric epic,' says Schlegel, 'is, in poetry, what half-raised workmanship is in sculpture, and tragedy the distinctly separated group.' Homer may be justly regarded as the Father of Tragedy. His poem was like the fabled Pactolus, throwing on the shore its golden treasures, to be collected in precious heaps by passing generations.

Tragedy, in its origin, was a sacred hymn, sung and danced in honor of Bacchus;—so that Epigenes, having brought forward a Tragedy, of which the subject bore no relation to that god, the astonished spectators exclaimed—'There is nothing there which concerns Bacchus!" A remark which afterwards passed into a proverb, applicable to those who treated of any matter foreign to the proposed question. The scene was at the entry of a Temple or Palace, or in the midst of some public place. It passed between the first persons of the state, and was of a nature to interest the whole body of the people. These were represented by the Chorus, composed, as in the Œdipus of Sophocles, of the wisest and oldest men of the state. As they never left the stage, unity of place was necessary to probability.

Thespis being forbidden by Solon to represent his pieces in Athens, or, as the legislator expressed it, 'to tell falsehoods before so many honest men,'—he and his *troupe* traversed the country in a chariot, after the fashion of modern strolling companies, their travelling equipage serving them for a stage. Then Phrynicus, the pupil of Thespis, first introduced female characters, and in his day, notwithstanding the rude state of

the Drama, no expense was spared in embellishing it. Judges were established to examine into the merits of the new pieces, and the most deserving *obtained the Chorus.* To understand this expression, we must recollect that the Athenians were divided into ten tribes, each having a Magistrate, called *Chorégus,* at whose expense the theatrical entertainment was given. When he had chosen a piece, he granted it the Chorus, that is, he furnished the Poet with actors, dancers, dresses, and decorations, and endeavored by his magnificence and generosity to surpass his rivals. Of this honor, the Magistrate was as jealous as of a victory gained over the enemies of the republic. Thus Themistocles, having, as Chorégus, displayed an extraordinary degree of splendor, caused a monument to be erected with this inscription ;—' Themistocles was Chorégus—Phrynicus had the piece represented—Adimentes presided.'

Æschylus found the drama in its infancy, and yet may be considered as its creator, as Greece herself, though truly the cradle of the arts, is regarded as their birth-place. He rendered it more dignified and serious,—erected a theatre of uncommon magnificence,—invented machinery and decorations of a novel description,—ornamented the scene with paintings, statues, altars, and tombs,—introduced pale shades, and furies with hissing locks,—the noise of trumpets, the sound of thunder. So dignified were the dresses which he gave to the priests, that afterwards, in all solemn fasts and religious ceremonies, the sacerdotal order wore no other. Since the Theatre thus regulated the Temple, we may easily perceive the difference which existed between the opinion of the ancients and that of the moderns, in regard to the Drama. Æschylus himself composed the music and dances. His was the reign of Terror ; when the fearful chorus of the Eumenides so appalled the spectators, that the magistrates were obliged to order a diminution of their number. The heroes of Æschylus were demigods, devoted to their country, insatiable of glory, and expressing themselves in language proportionably elevated. They were moral giants, borne down by the gloomy power of Fate, like the ancient Titans overwhelmed by the weight of their own mountains. They were beings to admire, but not to sympathize with. It seemed as if, proud of his glorious nation, he wished, with a nobler ambition than that of Alexander in a succeeding age, to represent the men of his period to future generations, as beings whose moral

stature was more than human. Love was never described by him, either in its tenderness or its frenzy. He considered it as a weakness or a crime; and, as either, unworthy of his tragic pencil.

Sophocles made Tragedy descend from this unnatural elevation. He described men, not as they are, but as he wished them to be;—more noble in mind, more beautiful in person, than they are to be met with in real life. Perhaps he found their model in himself; for no poet of antiquity is represented to us as endowed with so many divine gifts as Sophocles. Equally celebrated for the graces of his person, as for his valor, genius and piety, he was the object, during a long and happy life, of the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens, and, after a tranquil death, of their gratitude and reverence. His style was magnificent, noble, and flowing. He was equally sublime, but less terrible than his tragic predecessor, —equally bold in conception, but more prudent in execution, —one of equal power, but milder sway.

Euripides pourtrayed his heroes, not as they ought to be, but as they too frequently are. His aim was to please, by whatever means. Ingenious, graceful and amiable, his mind, like an undulating landscape, seemed to possess every variety of elevation and plane,—now noble, now common-place. He took pleasure in describing the faults and failings of heroes, and in laying open their imperfections; not only holding the mirror up to nature, but the microscope to deformity. If the heroes of Sophocles discourage the virtuous, those of Euripides are too apt to console the vicious.

Still, the brilliant and wonderful powers of Euripides have permitted him to take his place as one of the three Fathers of Tragedy. Under these great masters, Tragedy, from its simple and rude beginnings, suddenly attained an elevation which has never been surpassed in ancient or modern times; and so long as, adhering to Grecian rules, without regard to the difference of language, manners, or feelings,—the poets of modern days have consented to fetter their imagination with arbitrary restrictions, their works have at best deserved the applause due to successful copies,—while the noble originals, with all the merit of invention, and with the sacred halo of antiquity thrown around them, must forever appear in all the proud majesty of champions, who vainly challenge their degenerate rivals to surpass them, and mock at their feeble efforts. We

cannot vanquish them with their own arms; but there may be other weapons, better suited to modern strength. The Greek fire is no longer in use; but a modern invention is yet more effective and terrible.

Yet it is pleasing thus to view the lofty stability of true greatness;—to see that after a lapse of ages,—notwithstanding the caprices of fashion, and the revolution of empires, there is yet a splendor in genius which no cloud may extinguish or obscure. It is a proud evidence of the dominion of mind over matter. The sceptre of Alexander is broken,—the empire of Sophocles is yet undisputed. The poet and the philosopher sought for truth, and their fame, like their object, is stamped with the seal of immortality. Like the first settlers in an unknown country, the world was all before them where to choose,—and that world was *Greece*. Surrounded by living models of beauty and grace, their climate, their religion, their sky,—all was harmony. Their religion only taught them to aspire to a continuation of these outward blessings. They but imagined forms of more divine beauty, groves yet more fragrant, melody more perfect than their own. 'The poetry of the ancients,' as is well remarked by a German critic, 'is the poetry of enjoyment, and ours is that of desire; the former has its foundation in the scene which is present, while the latter hovers between recollection and hope.'

Without an antecedent literature, no charges of plagiarism could be brought against them. It was reserved for the modern antiquary to make the accusation. The fear of criticism was not before them, or perhaps they had a prouder consciousness of their own powers than the poets of the present day. The Athenians also were prodigiously sensible to the charms of eloquence, passing at a word from rage to pity, from violence to repentance. The passions and feelings of the multitude were the wires by which superior spirits ruled them; and whilst modern eloquence aspires rather at convincing the understanding than at captivating the feelings, the ancient orators and dramatists aimed at producing a sudden and vehement impression, and at awakening all that was noble and generous in Grecian nature. The great difficulty which the modern imitators of Grecian art have encountered, has been in discovering how far this imitation ought to extend, and how far it was suitable to the age and nation in which they lived and wrote;—how much of the effect produced on the Athenian

stage was due to the character of the people, how much to the nature of their religion; and in what degree these beautiful productions, while they serve as models in the purity of taste and simplicity of plan which distinguished them, ought to be deviated from, when a strict adherence to their rules is found to impose trammels upon genius,—clipping the wings of the eagle, and bidding it soar to the skies.

The true object of the Drama is public instruction. Our sentiments ought to be more noble, our minds more pure and elevated, on leaving than on entering the theatre. On the Grecian stage, the most august and sacred ceremonies were united with the most noble maxims of pagan morality. The theatre was a school of virtue, and continued to be so during the free ages of the republic. The Drama flourished under the protection of religion, and the fine arts were employed in those noble purposes, for which heaven has no doubt designed them.

The Chorus gave a splendor and variety to Tragedy,—rendered it more regular, and yet more brilliant. The part of a confidant in our modern dramas is stiff and unnatural,—a monologue is tedious and improbable,—and moral reflections, introduced by the different characters, are seldom suited to the part which they represent, and are apt to destroy the illusion. These disadvantages the ancient Chorus remedied. It announced in lofty strains the arrival of the illustrious personages; it blamed, approved, deplored, advised, and always took an active part with one or other of the principal characters. In modern tragedy, the different acts form so many separate pieces, played at intervals, the orchestra during these intervals performing music, which has probably no connexion with the subject. The imagination of the spectator grows cold,—his thoughts return to the ordinary affairs of life,—the chain of feeling, thus broken, is with difficulty renewed,—and the scene becomes divested of its enchantment. It has been supposed that the ancient tragedies were sung from beginning to end; the dialogue answering to the recitative, and the choral songs to the air of our modern operas. Yet the difference between the simplicity of a Grecian tragedy, and the fairy-like brilliancy of an Italian opera, must amount to the most perfect contrast. The music was grave, and devoid of ornament,—the dances were suitable to the subject,—but this union of the arts must have produced a constant variety, and offered a bril-

liant succession of new pleasures, occupying, but without fatigue, the mind of the spectator with the one subject represented. Much has been said as to the inconsistency of music and dancing, in connexion with the performance of tragic action; but this is an objection which could not have occurred to the ancients, who were accustomed to consider both in unison with the most sacred and lofty subjects. 'It is,' says an ancient author, 'an act of piety, and one of the principal duties of men to sing the praises of the gods, who, by a signal instance of favor, have granted the use of articulate speech to them alone.' Apollo was the inventor of music. The first of the Grecian chiefs sang to his harp

'The immortal deeds of heroes and of gods.'

As to the objection founded on improbability, so neither do persons in real life speak in verse, nor is it always in the imitative arts the closest copy of nature which pleases us best. A statue of marble enchants us,—a wax figure, so much nearer life, produces a sensation of fear and dislike.

The modern Opera enchants the senses, but fails to gratify the mind. The poetry is a mere accessory, lost in the profuseness and brilliancy of the music, costumes and dancing. The modernized Grecian Tragedy may affect our feelings, but the absence of music, dancing and decoration must render its power over the imagination comparatively feeble. Why may not some master-hand re-unite these enjoyments, and thus gratify at once the understanding and the senses, ennobling the latter, enlivening the former? Why have the moderns, in their imitation of Grecian art, adhered so tenaciously to the rules, and yet retrenched so many of the beauties,—obeyed the letter, and neglected the spirit of the law? Why not preserve the general idea of all that is great and beautiful which they have bequeathed to us, without fettering themselves with imaginary rules, founded on obscure and disputed passages of antiquity? Yet in other respects, saving only in the system of the unities, so long a watch-word for argument throughout Europe, the ancient rules have been violated without scruple. The theatres of the Greeks were on a scale of colossal grandeur,—their actors were masked, and were elevated on the cothurnus. All this has been deviated from. Again,—their theatres were open above; and the gods and heroes addressed themselves to the real heaven. This also is changed, as suits

a colder latitude. When Electra, turning to the sun, addressed the orb of light, then rising in cloudless majesty in a Grecian sky,—'Oh holy light, and thou air, which fillest the expanse between earth and heaven!'—the effect was no doubt sublime; but if a modern Electra thus addressed a shivering audience in our less genial clime, while clouds were driving over the disk of 'Phœbus Apollo,' and a blast of wind and rain was blowing aside her dishevelled tresses, the tragic effect would certainly flow from a different source.

The trifling peculiarities of genius seldom fail of imitators. A few quaint oaths and obsolete phrases, and the writer believes he has infused into his drama the very spirit of Shakspeare. Even the defects of a great author are dwelt on with peculiar complacency by the injudicious critic. It is the modern courtier of an Alexander, recommending the imitation of his monarch's personal deformity, and declaring that in it consists the chief grace of the hero. But the sun is bright in spite of the spots that obscure its disk,—not on account of them. The religious observance of certain arbitrary rules is always advantageous to mediocrity both in the author and in the critic. When the unities have been strictly observed through five acts, and the critic, with his watch in hand, has seen the hero expire and the curtain drop precisely at the appointed hour, he is satisfied that the drama is strictly classical, and that he runs no risk in giving it a certain portion of applause.

The splendid mythology of the ancients furnished their dramatists with one inexhaustible source of power over the feelings of the audience,—with one unfailing spring by which to arouse the deepest emotions of the heart,—pity, terror or anguish. The terrible Furies,—the gigantic Titans,—the fated house of Atreus,—the gods themselves on their eternal Olympus,—the whole is now but a mere display of poetic and classical imagery,—brilliant indeed, but incapable of awakening a deeper sentiment than admiration, in a modern breast. Yet there are advantages possessed by the moderns, of which genius has powerfully availed itself, when, overcoming imaginary barriers, it has dared to choose its own path. Ancient Tragedy was the representation of one great passion. The gloom of Fate hung over their characters,—of dark, unalterable Destiny. Love was a species of frenzy, commanded by the gods, and sent as a punishment to the unhappy mortal who

was afflicted by it. Owing to their restriction from female intercourse, the more delicate shades of character were unknown to them. One princess may generally serve as a model for the whole. Iphigenia, Antigone, Polyxena, were the same characters, placed in different circumstances. A Juliet or a Desdemona could not have been imagined, or, if imagined, understood. Medea in revenge resembles Lady Macbeth in ambition,—the innocent eyes of her children were to her, what the smile of Duncan was to the modern heroine. But Love, in its refinement and purity, was a stranger to the Grecian stage.

In the simple majesty of a statue, in which one great passion alone can be expressed, where shall we venture to hope for a rival to the ancient masters? The human heart beats as warmly,—its depths of anguish, of vengeance, of fury, were as well understood three thousand years ago as now; but the Grecian artist, striving to delineate something even more divine than the Grecian form,—something which should embody Divinity,—now in its awful unity too far removed above mortal comprehension for mortal pencil to delineate;—imparted to his glorious works an ideal grace, which no modern imagination can equal.

The Greeks inherited the dramatic art from no other nation,—they borrowed from no other people,—and their originality was the sign of their power, and the cause of their success. The difference of language between nations is not greater than the difference in spirit. One people is powerfully affected by that with which another has no sympathy. While the strong link of human feeling unites all men, the barrier of national peculiarities effectually separates them. The Romans hold but an indifferent rank as tragedians, and are scarcely known in that department but as translators or imitators of the Greeks. Concerning the tragic authors of the Augustan age, little is known, and the few of their works which have descended to us, give little reason to regret the loss of the remainder. The Roman character was not liable to be affected by tragic emotion. Life was too real,—too abundant in stirring and mighty enterprise, to permit the mind to be captivated by poetic visions. In the days of Roman virtue, the people might admire the spectacle of a hero preferring death to freedom, or with the noble vanity of a Curtius, believing no sacrifice more acceptable to the gods than that of a patriot. In the age of their degeneracy, when, like giants drunk with wine,

they reeled under the weight of their own glory, they could imagine no higher virtue than the stoical indifference which meets death with contempt, when the cup of pleasure is quaffed. Their reigning monsters were types of the one head with which Nero wished the Roman people endowed. Each was in himself a concentration of the extravagant pride with which their position inspired the whole body,—of the insane contempt with which the Empress of the World looked down upon her contemporaries,—of the furious thirst for pleasure, which found no satisfaction in exhausting all that the tributary world could offer of luxury or enjoyment, humanly so considered,—but which, when their eyes were satiated with pomp, and their spirits oppressed with splendor, yet found a demoniac satisfaction in cruelty and bloodshed. Their own history was their tragedy. They beheld the monarchs of the world dragging their chains after the victorious Consul. What fabulous representation could equal such living woe? As for crimes,—emblems of crime were seated on the throne,—tragedies more bloody were daily enacted, than the wildest imagination could have shadowed forth. What effect could tragic pathos have on their steeled nerves? They loved pomp,—pageantry,—triumphs;—where the standards and the pillage of other nations bore witness to the greatness of the Roman name. No mock processions, or fanciful pageants these. The pleasures of sight delighted them more than those of sound. In the midst of a tragic performance, the Roman people, with a voice like the roaring of the ocean-waves, would order the actors to stop, and shout for the bears and gladiators.

With the Greek triumvirate the ancient Drama rose, and with them it sunk, as if exhausted. And then the sleep of the middle ages fell over the world, enlivened by romantic dreams of chivalry,—of stately barons and noble dames, and cowled monks,—of knights and tournaments,—of love, pomp and courtesy. When mankind awoke from the slumber of ages, they thirsted for classic lore; but some nations were imbued with this chivalrous spirit, and their works bear its impress,—with others, it seemed as if the slumber had been more intense, and that their imagination, which had received no visions of a stirring or novel nature, reverted to the fables of mythology, and sought for inspiration at Grecian fountains alone.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for one nation to judge

impartially of the literature, and especially of the poetry of another; and eternal gratitude is due to those candid and learned critics, who, divesting themselves of national prejudice, have devoted their time and talents to an investigation of the respective merits of the various candidates,—have acted as interpretors and mediators between the literati of different nations,—have done justice to talent, of whatever country it is a native; and, judging each performance by its own laws, have bowed before genius, though flourishing on a foreign soil.

The English and Spaniards, both possessing a rich dramatic literature, have in that department no connexion with the Italians or French. The theatre of the former is entirely independent of that of the latter, in its formation and in its history. In vain have critics condemned their dramatic productions as irregular; the works of a Shakspeare or a Calderon will be appreciated wherever they are understood. The English and French here stand at opposite barriers. The one, looking on Tragedy as a poem, formed on a certain plan, reduced to a certain period of time, space, and action, could see no beauty where they imagined that taste was set at defiance. The English, justly regarding Shakspeare as their national glory, and the pride of their literature, ridiculed in their turn the regularity of the French drama, which appeared to them wholly destitute of plot, variety of character, incident, or interest. They cherished even the faults of their great luminary, and blinded by the magic splendor of his genius, ranked them with his merits.

The old English dramatists must be judged by their own laws, and when we consider the splendor of the Drama from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the end of James's,—the rich dialogue, the magic creations of fancy,—the irregular but striking plot,—the rapid succession of characters which distinguished the works of those master-spirits; and compare the inferiority of the succeeding writers, who endeavored to decry the merits of Shakspeare, and to substitute their formal and elaborate imitations of French tragedy for these glowing and breathing works; we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that the language, the tastes, the feelings of the English nation are too opposite to those of the ancient Grecians, to render any parallel between them possible, or any effort to render the one theatre a model for the other, desirable.

In the rich creations of the Spanish Drama, the authors

seem to have been inspired by the very spirit of chivalry. It is founded upon the most elevated principles of honor, love, valor and devotional feeling. As the ancients understood tragedy, the dramatic works both of the Spaniards and English ought rather to be considered as romantic dramas, than as tragedies, according to the strict definition.

The French have indeed combated well, and not always unsuccessfully, with the difficulties which they have imposed upon themselves in their strict adherence to Grecian rules, and their employment of Grecian materials. They have even on some occasions improved upon their models, as in others they have necessarily fallen very far beneath them. In judging them before their own tribunal, the manifold disadvantages under which they have labored ought not to be forgotten. We ought to remember the inferior harmony and energy of the French language, as compared with the Grecian,—the different feelings with which a Pagan and a Christian audience must regard the manifest interposition of the gods, the first filled with faith and terror, the latter regarding the whole mythological system as false and absurd,—the absence of all those brilliant accessories of music and dancing, so blended with their models, and even forming the principal part of the entertainment,—the difference between the Athenian and French character, and the changes which three thousand years have produced in all moral and social institutions,—the limited choice of subjects allowed to the ancients, on account of their strict adherence to the unities, and the difficulty of producing any moral effect, when, instead of gradually unrolling the map of the human mind, and showing with a fearful truth, which comes home to the bosom of every individual spectator, how the slight germs of passion within the human breast may, if unchecked, lead to the most frightful enormities, the author is forced to produce upon the scene beings whose actions must appear unnatural, full-grown monsters, guilty at once of the most atrocious crimes of treason, cruelty, parricide, without those gradual approaches from error to vice, and from vice to the depths of crime, which hold forth so striking a lesson in the dramas of the English bard.

French tragedies are written in verse, but evidently not so as to be sung. The French language cannot, like the Grecian, admit of the transposition or retrenchment of the syllables;

nor has it the elegance of the Attic, the luxurious softness of the Ionian, or the vigor of the Doric dialect.

Subjects, drawn from the ancient history of Greece, and filled with allusions to the actual state of the republic, must of necessity be regarded by us with a very lukewarm degree of interest. In describing the misfortunes of Andromache, the Greek poet represented to his audience the misfortunes of their own country. The French dramatist has thus been forced to choose subjects of which love is the ruling passion,—one, which must come home to the feelings of men of all ages and nations. This he has treated in a different and superior manner,—with greater delicacy and a more intimate knowledge of the human heart, and above all, of female character, nearly a *terra incognita* to the Athenian poet.

No subject was fitted to produce a more powerful dramatic effect, than the sacrifice of Iphigenia. No interest could be stronger than that produced by the anguish of a king and a father, who, in consequence of a divine mandate, divests himself of all personal feeling, and immolates the being dearest to him on earth,—and of a virtuous princess, who, in the flower of youth, and with every prospect of a brilliant and happy life, is called upon to submit to the most cruel destiny. The heroine of Racine is as much superior to the Iphigenia of Euripides in loftiness of character and delicacy of sentiment, as the Christian maiden ought to be over the Pagan princess. But the names of Achilles and Agamemnon were, to the Greeks, those of national heroes. The siege of Troy was the foundation of the Grecian name and the Grecian glory,—and it was necessary that Racine should treat the subject with infinitely more art, in order to produce by different means an equal degree of interest in his hearers.

The French have compared Corneille to Sophocles, and Racine to Euripides,—but if we consider the disorder and chaos in which Corneille found the French drama, and the splendor to which he raised it, we must rather grant him the title of the French Æschylus. Corneille created the taste of the age in which he wrote. Racine has served as a model to all succeeding French writers. The one suddenly appeared after a long night of darkness;—the other shone brightly in the most enlightened age. Yet, in the perfect regularity and elegance of Racine, and in the impetuous and magnificent declamation of Corneille, something is always wanting to sat-

isfy the mind. To one accustomed to the rich imagination of Shakspeare, there is a coldness, a want of strength and passion in these great writers, the cause of which may, no doubt, be traced, in a great measure, to the severity of the system which they have compelled themselves to adopt. They are beautiful poems; but it would seem that poetry, without the sister arts, is insufficient to gratify us on the stage.

Genius will conquer all difficulties; and Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, working in their shackles, (from which the last however made some endeavors to extricate himself,) have proved the miraculous power of talent, not the wisdom of the system which thus enthralled it. It was in the hands of lesser men, that its weakness became apparent;—of those inferior followers and adulators, who ceased not to maintain that the *nec plus ultra* had been reached, and that all efforts to produce more striking effects must prove abortive.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, there were few dramatic writers in Germany, worthy of notice. The appearance of Goethe's Goetz of Berlichingen threw a gleam of light over their dramatic horizon, and proved to German authors that there were principles yet more important, in dramatic composition, than an adherence to the unities. The study of Shakspeare, which probably had its influence on Goethe's mind in effecting this revolution, led to the conviction that something less pompous and more true to nature might be effected, by abandoning the servile imitation of the French drama,—by ceasing to be the copyists of a copy. Lessing set the example of writing tragedies in connexion with ordinary life: but he also wrote them in prose. Twenty years afterwards, Schiller decided that blank verse was the best medium for dramatic composition. As in all revolutions, men pass from one extreme to another, the most violent contrast imaginable to the French school was naturally produced. 'In truth,' says a German author, (Klinger, the learned friend of Goethe,) 'the wild struggles for which we have been censured, were but endeavors to find out a mode of composition suitable to us.' There is now no country in the world, which can produce such an array of great names in the dramatic department, and none where the theatres have been more flourishing of late years, than in Germany.

There is a country where the poetry of life yet lingers,—which resembles Greece in its beauties of nature and art;—

where the character of the people resembles that of the ancient Greeks, in their keen perception of the beautiful, in their innate taste for the arts,—in their impetuosity of feeling,—in their lively and brilliant imagination,—in their passions, rapidly excited and as rapidly stifled. In vain a succession of despots have endeavored to crush the national spirit. It burns like their own volcanoes, in slumbering but not smothered flame. There the splendid forms may yet be seen, which inspired the masters of the golden time. The peasantry yet weave garlands of flowers, and, dwelling amidst the glorious ruins of the arts, insensibly imbibe a taste for the classic and the beautiful. Rich in hope, richer, alas! in recollection, history furnishes them with facts of stirring and national interest, offering to the dramatic writer inexhaustible sources of tragic emotion. The language also is, like that of the Greeks, a succession of harmonious sounds, affecting even those who are ignorant of its meaning, like a strain of rich music; and capable alike of expressing the most violent emotions or the most tender sentiments of the soul. Yet, while the Opera has so long continued the pride and pleasure of Italy, tragic actors have been scarcely listened to,—and with the exception of a few stars, scarcely a name of note appears in their dramatic annals,—while but few tragedies have been written, worthy of being incorporated into their literature.

Various plausible reasons have been assigned by the learned in their endeavors to account for this singular fact, and more especially it has been contended, that their neglect of national and modern subjects has paralyzed the exertion of dramatic energy, and prevented their authors from rising above a frigid mediocrity. That this reason is insufficient in itself to account for the poverty of the Italian drama, may be inferred from the circumstance, that greater feebleness is to be met with in the works of Pindemonte and others, when their subjects have been of a modern nature, than when they have confined themselves to classical events, and that Alfieri himself has lost much of his energy in his historical dramas. The true secret seems to be, that they have followed where they ought to have led, and have preferred the inglorious safety of servile imitation, to the hazard of opening a new path for themselves.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, appeared the Sophonisba of Trissino,—cold, spiritless, and scrupulously formed after the ancient models. To it succeeded the

Rosmunda and the Oreste of Rucellai,—the first founded on Gibbon's well-known tale of horror, and chiefly remarkable for the unmingled atrocity of the characters,—the second, an imitation of the Iphigenia in Taurus of Euripides. Various feeble imitators of the Grecian Triumvirate followed. They endeavored to awaken the departed shades of the Grecian heroes, who arose at their call, cold and spiritless, and unclosing their wearied lips with reluctance. The critical Calsibigi, though devoted to the French School, gives the following account of these tragical productions:

'Distorted, complicated, improbable plots, misconception of scenic regulations, useless personages, double actions, inconsistency of character, gigantic or childish thoughts, feeble verses, affected phrases, the total absence of harmonious and natural poetry,—all this decked out with ill-timed descriptions and similes, or idle philosophical and political disquisitions; in every scene some silly amour, with all the trite insipidity of commonplace gallantry,—but of tragic strength, of the conflict of passions, of overpowering theatrical catastrophes, not the smallest trace.'

When occasionally they deviated from this track, it was to revel amidst scenes of unmitigated horror. Of this description was the Torrismondo of Tasso, only rescued from oblivion by the greatness of the author's name,—the Acripando of Decia della Horte, full of heavy declamation and awkward plots, yet enlivened by occasional striking scenes and poetic beauties. Maffei's Merope, which appeared in the beginning of the eighteenth century, closed, while it greatly surpassed, this school of Italian Tragedy. Its success was great on its first appearance, but it is now considered rather as a work displaying diligence and care, than as possessing any high dramatic merit.

Metastasio is ranked by Schlegel as a tragic author, because the aim of his musical dramas is usually of a serious nature, and because they partly observe in their external form the rules which are considered as belonging to tragedy. The appearance of Alfieri rescued the Italian drama from the effeminacy, into which the musical languor of the pure and faultless Metastasio had plunged it. The opposition between the character of Alfieri and his writings, has always been regarded as one of the most extraordinary of literary anomalies. Pride and enthusiasm, vehemence and ambition, arrogance and

fastidiousness, were the leading features of his mind. In him, all was passion and uncurbed impulse. His successive tastes and propensities held uncontrolled dominion over him. Music especially had a powerful effect upon his mind; and, as he informs us in his memoirs, the plots of the greater part of his Tragedies were formed either while listening to music, or a few hours afterwards. His temper was passionate even to fury;—his discontent and melancholy appear at times to have bordered on insanity. He had a passion for travelling,—for horses,—for music,—for liberty,—for literature,—each, whilst it lasted, carried to the most furious excess. With his abhorrence of tyranny, he loved aristocracy;—with his professions of republicanism, he despised all plebeians. He hated kings, to whom he was inferior in rank;—he venerated the patrician order to which he belonged. He abhorred the French nation, on account of the contempt expressed by Voltaire for Italian literature,—a contempt which his fierce spirit never forgave. Especially he detested 'their horrible *u*, with their little mouths drawn in as if they were blowing hot soup!'

In his tragedies, we should naturally have expected bursts of frenzied passion,—of irregular and vehement eloquence,—of sublime but extravagant sentiments. Instead of this, we find them written in a style of pure and scrupulous correctness,—carefully formed upon the severest rules of the Grecian drama,—simple in their plot,—uniform and grave in their composition,—the characters few,—the style never feeble, nor ignoble,—nor yet bordering upon extravagance. The whole structure of his pieces is grave and massive,—more dignified than French tragedy, but less brilliant,—forming no doubt the finest modern approach to the Greek model, yet infinitely less poetical; the latter circumstance attributable perhaps to the absence of the choral songs;—the whole compositions, in their chastened temperance and grave delineation of passion, offering the most striking contrast imaginable to their fiery, capricious, and impatient author.

The appearance of Alfieri's tragedies was a great era in Italy. The Italians were aroused from their harmonious dreams of languor, and felt a generous sympathy with the author. The love of tragedy and of liberty seemed to arise together in their hearts; and the theatre, which until then had been a mere scene of love intrigues and servile sentiments, was converted into a school of noble and elevated feeling, of honor and virtue.

The public were astonished by the sudden introduction of master-pieces of a character so totally novel,—whose language was destitute of imagery,—whose music, deprived of all those seductive graces and ornaments to which they had been accustomed, was modelled on a more than Spartan austerity. It is true, that this austerity too frequently degenerates into harshness,—that the language is apt to be broken, unmusical, inflexible,—that the mind has no shades whereon to repose, but becomes fatigued by the monotony of crime and fury,—and that the rigid adherence of the author to the ancient system has involved him in difficulties, which all his genius is insufficient to conceal. Thus, for example, in his *Virginia*, conceiving it necessary to drop the curtain immediately upon the death of the heroine, he leaves the spectator in uncertainty as to the fate of the criminal Appius,—so that an audience, ignorant of the historical fact, might suppose that the innocent victim remained unrevenged.

In the tragedy of Saul, the faults of Alfieri are less apparent, and the splendor of his genius more triumphant, than in any other of his dramatic works. His austerity no longer displeases us, but rather seems well suited to the patriarchal simplicity of the shepherd kings of Israel. An eastern coloring pervades the scene, while the lyrical verses impart a richness and sublimity to the whole, which is very effective. There is also more poetry in the language, and in the principal characters we find more natural and human feeling than in any of his other productions. David, the chosen of God, led by a divine mandate, has quitted the retreat to which the fury of Saul had driven him, and appears alone in Gilboa, at the dawn of day. On one side is the camp of the Hebrews,—on the other, that of the Philistines. Jonathan, who has left the royal tent to offer up his morning prayer, meets his friend, and though unable to distinguish him by the faint light, yet knows him by his noble daring, and salutes him with respectful tenderness, as God's elect, and his own well loved brother. He tells him how the king of Israel is troubled,—that the hand of God is heavy upon him,—that the perfidious Abner, with unrelenting artifice, poisons his mind against the champion of Israel. He tells him of the constant and courageous affection of Michal, of her tender attentions to her father, of her profound love for her husband. While they are yet speaking, Jonathan perceives a form in white, indistinctly gleaming, and

approaching them, and knowing it to be his sister coming to join him in his prayers for Saul, he entreats David to step aside, while he prepares her for the unexpected meeting. The Jewish Princess enters, and in words full of tenderness and sorrow, laments the fate of David, her own sufferings, and her father's cruelty. Jonathan gives her hopes that they may meet again; and while his words make her hesitate between doubt and joy, David appears, and throws himself into the arms of his wife.

After the first transports of joy are over, it is agreed that David shall conceal himself in a secret cavern, while Michal and Jonathan shall endeavor to reconcile their father to his return. Throughout the whole of this first act, there breathes a spirit of simple and healthful tenderness, in which it were to be wished that the stern Piedmontese had more frequently indulged. Saul and the jealous Abner appear in the second act. The king of Israel speaks the language of a noble but fallen nature. He is old,—disheartened,—he feels that the divine protection is withdrawn from his house, but that his sufferings are merited. His character is nobly conceived, and drawn with a masterly hand. A good and an evil spirit seem to combat within him; his generous nature sometimes gaining the mastery over his evil genius, but more frequently succumbing beneath it. His bosom is agitated by a storm of contending emotions; and his mind fiercely receiving each new impression, he threatens,—he punishes,—he raves,—and in the midst of his fury he repents and weeps. He describes his own unhappy condition in a vivid manner, when he exclaims to Abner;

'Fero,
Impaziente, torbido, adirato
Sempre; a me stesso incresco ognora, e altrui:
Bramo in pace far guerra, in guerra pace;
Entro ogni nappo, ascoso tosco io bevo;
Scorgo un nemico in ogni amico; i molli
Tappite Assirii, ispidi dumi al fianco
Mi sono; angoscia il breve sonno; i sogni
Terror. Che piu? chi'l crederia? spavento
M'è la tromba di guerra; alto spavento
E la tromba à Saul. Vedi, se è fatta
Vedova omai di suo splendor la casa
Di Saul; vedi, se omai Dio sta meco.

E tu, tu stesso (ah! ben lo sai) talora
A me, qual sei, caldo verace amico
Guerrier, congiunto, e forte duce, e usbergo
Di mia gloria tu sembri; e talor, vile
Uom menzogner di corte, invidio, astuto
Nemico, traditore.'

'Impatient, fierce, incensed, and turbulent,
I am a burthen to myself and others;
In peace I wish for war, in war for peace:
Poison concealed I drink in every cup,
In every friend I see an enemy;
The softest carpets of Assyria seem
Planted with thorns to my unsolaced limbs;
My transient sleep is agonized with fear;
Each dream with imaged terrors, that distract me.
Why should I add to this dark catalogue?
Who would believe it? The sonorous trumpet
Speaks to my ears in an appalling voice,
And fills the heart of Saul with deep dismay.
Thou seest clearly that Saul's tottering house
Is desolate, bereft of all its splendor;
Thou seest that God hath cast me off forever.
And thou thyself (too well thou know'st the truth)
Dost sometimes, as thou art, appear to me
My kinsman, champion, and my real friend,
The leader of my armies, the support
Of my renown; and sometimes dost appear
The interested minion of a court,
Hostile, invidious, crafty, and a traitor.' *

Whilst Abner is yet endeavoring to persuade Saul that David is the cause of all his misery, Jonathan and Michal enter, and speak of David as the messenger of God,—the pledge of divine favor to Saul,—the most tender and obedient of his children. Their words move the King to tears, and at this moment David himself appears and falls at the feet of Saul. He relates how, in the cave of Engedi, the life of the slumbering King was in his power, and how he had spared the Lord's Anointed. He shows the border of the royal garment, which he had then severed with his sword from the Monarch's robe. Saul is touched by this instance of his truth. He embraces David;—once more calls him his son, appoints him

* Lloyd's Translation of Alfieri.

to the command of his armies, and desires his daughter to repair his errors by her tenderness.

In the third act, Abner comes to inform the young commander of the order in which he had intended to dispose the troops, and his disappointment and jealousy break forth in the bitter irony of his words. With a noble modesty, David praises the valor of Abner, and approves of his disposition of the forces. But scarcely has Abner left him, when Michal hastens to inform David that he has again infused suspicion into the mind of Saul,—that to avoid the King's wrath, flight will again be necessary, but that she will share his exile. While they are yet speaking, Saul, accompanied by Jonathan, enters in a transport of delirium.

'Chi sete voi ?....Chi d 'aura aperta e pura
Qui favello ?....Questa? é caligin densa ;
Tenebre sono : ombra di morte....Oh ! mira ;
Pui mi t' accosta ; il vedi? il sol d'intorno
Cinta ha di sangue ghirlanda funesta.
Odi tu canto di sinistri angelli?
Lugubre un pianto sull'aere si spande
Che mi percuote, e a lagrimar mi sforza
Ma che? voi pur, voi pur piangete? '

'Who, who are ye? Who speaks of pure air here ?
This ! 'tis a thick impenetrable gloom ;
A land of darkness, and the shades of death.
Ah see ! draw nearer me,—dost thou behold?
A fatal wreath of blood surrounds the sun,—
Heard'st thou the death-notes of ill-omened birds?
With loud laments the vocal air resounds,
That smite my ears, compelling me to weep ;
But what, do ye weep also ? — '

The psalmist of Israel takes his harp, and endeavors to soothe the frenzy of the King. There is much solemnity and poetic beauty in these hymns.

I.

'O tu, che eterno, onnipossente, immenso,
Siedi sovrano d'ogni creata cosa ;
Tu per cui tratto son dal nulla, e penso,
E la mia mente a te salir pur osa ;
Tu, che se il guardo inchini, apresi il denso
Abisso, e via non serba a te nascosa ;
Se il capo accenni, trema lo universo ;
Se il braccio innalzi, ogni empio ecco è disperso ;

II.

'Già sulle ratte folgoranti piume
Di Cherubin ben mille un dì scendesti;
E del tuo caldo irresistibil nume
Il condottiero d'Israello empiesti:
Di perenne facondia a lui tu fiume,
Tu brando, e senno, e scudo a lui tu festi;
Deh! di tua fiamma tanto un raggio solo
Nubi-fendente or manda a noi dal polo.'

I.

'Omnipotent, eternal, infinite,*
Thou who dost govern each created thing;
Thou, who from nothing mad'st me by thy might,
Blest with a soul that dares to thee take wing;
Thou who canst pierce the abyss of endless night,
And all its mysteries into day-light bring;
The universe doth tremble at thy nod,
And sinners prostrate fall at the out-stretched arm of God.

II.

'Oft on the gorgeous blazing wings ere now
Of thousand cherubim wert thou revealed;
Oft did thy pure divinity endow
Thy people's shepherd in the martial field.
To him a stream of eloquence wert thou;
Thou wert his sword, his wisdom, and his shield.
From thy bright throne, oh God! bestow one ray
To cleave the gathering clouds that intercept the day.'

Saul is roused from his lethargy by the voice of David, and again the harp is struck, and in lofty notes, the Psalmist recounts the victories and glorious deeds of the King. He listens, like the war-horse aroused by the sound of the trumpet, but the excitement is momentary, and the old monarch asks for words of peace. Then David strikes more gentle chords. He sings of the champion, reposing on his laurels when the toils of the day are over,—of his children, who sympathize with his feelings,—of his daughter, whose gentle hand unfits

'His crested helm and sword.'

He paints a scene of tranquil domestic happiness. The King

* There is some resemblance between these verses, and the hymn of Adam in Lord Byron's Cain, commencing:—

'God, the Eternal! Infinite, All Wise,' &c.

listens, while the notes fall like balm upon his wounded spirit; —then, in a changeful mood, he calls again for songs of war. David describes Saul as aroused from his slumbers, like the terrible lion of the forest; the hostile squadrons retreat before the arms of Israel. But while he sings the glory of Saul, he represents himself as following in the same warlike path; and Saul is again roused to fury.

'*Saul.* Chi, chi si vanta? Havvi altra spada in campo,
Che questa mia, ch'o snudo? Empio è, si uccidà,
Pera, chi la sprezzo.
Mical. T 'arresta: oh cielo!....
Gion. Padre! che fai?....
Dav. Misero re!
Mic. Deh! fuggi....
A gran pena il teniam, deh! fuggi, o sposo.'

'*Saul.* Who, who thus boasts? Is there, except my sword,
Which I unsheathe, another in the camp?
He's a blasphemer, let him perish, he
Who dares defy it.
Mic. Ah forbear; Oh Heaven!
Jon. Father, what wouldst thou do?
Dav. Unhappy king!
Mic. Ah fly!.... Ah fly! With difficulty we
From violence restrain him.'

In the fourth act, the frenzy of Saul has passed away, but his fury against David continues. Abner accuses David of having absented himself at the hour of battle, and leads into the presence of Saul Achimilech, whom he has found in the camp. Saul, infuriated against the Levites, commands the high-priest to render an account of his boldness in having granted protection to David. The proud Achimilech threatens the King in his turn,—boldly defends David,—bids Saul tremble,—in a prophetic fury describes a vision of the angel of death, hovering with fiery wings over the guilty monarch, and foretells the downfall of Saul's house as even now at hand. The spirit of the King is irritated into madness. He commands Abner to change the arrangements of battle made by the impious David, to drag the high-priest from his presence, and to slay him. He orders his *vengeance* to be sent to Nob, there to destroy the whole sacerdotal race,—priests and prophets,—their wives, children and household. In vain his children interpose to stay his hand. After swearing vengeance

against David, he commands them from his presence, and exclaims in mournful soliloquy,—

> 'Sol, con me stesso, io sto.—Di me soltanto,
> (Misero re!) di me solo io non tremo.'
>
> 'I to myself am left.—Myself alone,
> (Unhappy king!) myself I dread not.'

In the fifth act, Michal is leading forth her fugitive husband from his concealment. The shades of night environ them. She beseeches him to fly. David at first refuses. The holy spirit which inspires him has revealed to the chosen one of Heaven, that

> 'For Israel and its king
> The terrible day is come.'

But when he hears that holy blood has been shed in the camp of Saul, he consents, but implores the princess to let him wander forth alone; represents to her the hardships to which one bred in softness would be exposed in the wilderness,—and entreats her to remain and console her unhappy father. They part in mutual sorrow, and Michal is left to mourn alone the sad condition of all whom she loves most. She hears the sound of war, and groans proceeding from her father's tent. The delirium of Saul in the next act is sublime. He enters, without recognising his daughter, but beholding the dread shade of Samuel,—of Achimilech,—of the slaughtered priests. Rivers of blood environ him. On either shore are piled heaps of recent corpses. In the midst of his terror and remorse, he prays that his innocent children may be spared; but he reads no pity in the eyes of Samuel,—they are orbs of blood,—his hands are fire, and his nostrils breathe flames. Then, from amidst the spectral throng, issues the cry,—

> 'We are the children of Achimilech,
> I am Achimilech. Die, monarch, die.'

Suddenly, the spectres seem to vanish from his sight,—and the din of battle is heard approaching. The sound of the trumpets grows louder, and Abner rushes in with a handful of fugitive soldiers. The Philistines are in the camp of the Israelites, and the sons of Saul are slain. As if the retributory wrath of heaven were appeased, the evil spirit of Saul seems to leave him. He commends his daughter to the care of Ab-

ner, but for himself, he will die like a king. The Princess refuses to abandon her father. He prays her not to compel him to weep. He forces her to go, and remains alone. His last soliloquy is noble.

'Oh figli miei! Fui padre,
Eccoti solo, o re; non un mi resta
Dei tanti amici, o servi tuoi. Sei paga,
D'inesorabil Dio terribil via?
Ma, tu mi resti, o brando! all 'ultim 'uopo
Fido ministro, or vieni. Eccogià gli urli
Dell insolente vincitor; sul ciglio,
Già lor fiaccole ardenti balenarmi
Veggo, e le spade a mille....Empia Filiste!
Me troverai, ma almen da re, qui.....morto.'

'Oh my children!
I was a father. See thyself alone,
Oh king; of thy so many friends and servants,
Not one remains. Inexorable God!
Is thy retributory wrath appeased?
But thou remainest to me, oh sword! now come
My faithful servant in extremity.
Hark! hark! the howlings of the insolent victors;
The lightning of their burning torches glares
Before my eyes already, and I see
Their swords by thousands....Impious Philistine!
Thou shalt find me, but like a king, here....dead.'

As he falls transfixed on his own sword, the victorious Philistines rush in with flaming torches and bloody swords. While with loud cries they surround Saul, the curtain falls.

There is much of the spirit of Shakspeare in the conception of this noble drama. The madness of Saul is treated with the same masterly hand,—with that fearful truth and nature which distinguish those scenes, in which the great English dramatist has described the wreck of the human mind. Yet the tragedies of Alfieri produced no lasting effect. He revived the conventional rules of the French system, and invested them with a splendor which was only dissipated, when his sceptre passed into feebler hands, and the real barrenness of his dramatic theory became evident.

The most celebrated tragedy, which has been written in the school of Alfieri, is the Aristodemo of Vincenzio Monti. Great expectations were excited by its publication, but the

genius of the author seemed to have been nearly exhausted in this splendid production,—or rather, his talents and his principles abandoned him together. Notwithstanding the efforts of Giovanni and Ippolito Pindemonte, and their partial success, the Italian drama gradually declined, and it became evident, that a total change in the prevailing ideas with regard to the dramatic system, was necessary.

The learned criticisms of German writers, and the spirit of inquiry diffused throughout Italy, have at length effected a revolution in the dramatic literature of that country, likely to produce the most important results. Alessandro Manzoni, who stands at the head of the new school, seems to have been well aware of the fact, that in any departure from established rules, the bolder the project is, the greater necessity there exists for prudence in its execution.

He has been extremely cautious, and almost timid, lest in endeavoring to attain liberty, he should incur the reproach of having degenerated into license. He has simplified the plots of his dramas with a care which is almost superfluous, even whilst he enlarges his limits of space and time. He has also entirely rejected the union of tragic and comic in his dramas, a combination which has, however, been defended by German critics; and has thus prudently avoided an alliance at all times hazardous, and one which is too apt to destroy in our minds the effect of the deeper feelings which tragedy is intended to produce.

Before venturing upon the violation of these canons of taste, Manzoni has thought it necessary to explain the principles by which he has been actuated. From his clear and masterly exposition of these principles, he has contrived to throw a new light upon a question, which seemed to admit of no novelty in discussion. He reduces the inconveniences resulting from the classic system, to four principal heads. First,—that in the choice which an author must make between the events represented before the spectator, and those which are only made known to the audience in recital, he must be regulated by an arbitrary measurement of time, and not by the nature of the events themselves and their relation with the action. Secondly,—a greater number of facts are brought together in the space fixed by arbitrary rule, than probability permits. Thirdly,—notwithstanding this, many very poetic materials, furnished by history, must be omitted. Fourthly,—causes purely

inventive must be substituted for the causes which really determined the action represented. He has also proved, that the strict observance of the unities of place and time has arisen from a misconception of ancient authorities; the first, from the circumstance that Greek tragedies represented an action which happened in one place alone, and from an idea that the Greek theatre must remain a model of dramatic perfection,—the second, from a passage in Aristotle, simply taking notice that such was the general practice of the Greek theatre; but by no means laying it down as a precept. It is well known, that the chief reason adduced by the French critics for their strict adherence to unity of place is, that since the spectator remains stationary, it must appear to him a violation of probability, that different parts of the action, which he sees represented, should happen in different places. This reasoning is founded upon a false supposition; viz.,—that the spectator is there as forming part of the action; whereas, he is in fact a *mind* contemplating it. Probability arises from the connexion which the different parts of the action have with each other; not from any relation which they have with the actual condition of the spectator. Thus we hear two persons confidentially disclosing a secret on the stage, while the theatre is crowded with spectators.

But, since the French themselves have admitted the propriety of extending the action to a space of four and twenty hours, on account of the difficulty of finding a subject which can be compressed within such narrow limits, the question becomes reduced to a mere matter of calculation, as to the probable stretch of the human imagination. Yet while the author denies that the precise time can be calculated and laid down by arbitrary rule, he admits that the more space and time the action includes, the more likely it is to lose the important character of unity of subject, which is so essential to probability. He is also of opinion, that if the facts composing an historical event are so scattered, and are at such a distance as to have but a feeble connexion with each other, the poet should abandon that subject, as unfitted for tragedy.

In treating the question in a moral point of view, he has compared the tragedies of Othello and Zaire, the master-pieces of two different systems, and the subject of which is fundamentally the same. In Othello, we behold the growing strength of one predominant passion, so distorting the mental vision,

that the most simple circumstances appear 'confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ.' We see the power exercised by cold-blooded villany over a fierce but generous nature;—terminating in murder, remorse, and suicide. The moral lesson is terrible and affecting.

But, in Zaire, it was necessary, in order that the poet should not deviate from the prescribed path, that we should behold Orosmane, a generous and humane monarch, in the morning filled with confidence and affection for Zaire, and in the evening of the same day, with a credulity which would have been improbable even in the hot-headed Moor, believe himself betrayed, and stab her to the heart. No time was given slowly to distil into the soul of Orosmane, drop by drop, the poison, which conducted Othello to vengeance. The error must be produced by the false interpretation of a fact. A letter addressed to Zaire falls into the hands of Orosmane, and leads him instantaneously to the conviction of her treachery. Here is no moral lesson. We are merely shown, that accidents may occur in the course of our lives, which may lead a virtuous man to become criminal and wretched.

By means of another important innovation, Manzoni has in fact approached nearer to the classical models of antiquity, than any preceding dramatist. He has introduced, by way of experiment, a lyrical chorus, and to it we are indebted for two of the most splendid specimens of lyric poetry, which modern Italy has produced.

The subjects selected by Manzoni in the two dramas, which render his name so justly celebrated, are of a nature so coldly political, that nothing short of the masterly manner in which the author has treated them, could have invested his characters with the interest which they cannot fail to excite. The Conte di Carmagnola is founded on an event, which occurred in Venice in the fifteenth century. The hero, a soldier of fortune, who had risen from the ranks to the post of generalissimo of the armies of Filippo Visconti, duke of Milan, having, by his popularity amongst the soldiers, excited the jealousy of his master, was deprived of his command, and took refuge amongst the Venetians, by whom he was welcomed with distinction. The Florentines were at this time engaged in a war with Milan, and had requested the assistance of the Venetian Republic. After much deliberation, Carmagnola is chosen by the Venetian senate to command their forces. An important victory is

gained by the troops under his command over the Milanese, at Maclodio; but the Venetian senate begin to conceive suspicions of the brave adventurer, on account of his persisting in giving liberty to his prisoners, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the commissioners, a proceeding, however, in strict accordance with the universal practice of the *Condottieri* of those times. His ruin is determined upon,—he is decoyed to Venice, and when in the power of the senate, is condemned to death. Upon this simple basis, the author has raised a superstructure of five acts. The chief interest is excited by the unnatural collision between the proud and fiery soldier of fortune, and the cold, calculating Venetian senate; between the wise and worldly politicians, and their noble but imprudent victim. Perhaps the most effective passages in the drama, are the soliloquy of Carmagnola after his election, the spirited scene in the second act, which introduces us to the camp of the Duke of Milan, near Maclodio, and the chorus which terminates the second act, and which describes, in all the pomp of beautiful language and striking imagery, the destructive effects of war.

There is little doubt, however, that the effect produced by this magnificent ode, would have been still stronger, had not the author suddenly passed from a tragic action, where the personages are represented as present, to a lyric song, expressive only of his own imaginative feelings. To this error he has been led by Schlegel's definition of a Greek chorus. 'The chorus must be regarded as the personification of the moral thoughts inspired by the action,—as the organ of the sentiments of the poet, who speaks in the name of humanity. The Greeks wished that in every drama the chorus should represent first the national genius, and then the defender of the cause of humanity; the chorus was in short the ideal spectator,' &c. But the Greek chorus was in fact composed of real personages, and expressed the sentiments of the people; and had the author brought forward this chorus in action, had he for example supposed it to be sung by some of the spectators of the battle,—by the trembling maidens, or the aged men, who from the neighboring heights beheld the approaching destruction, and communicated to each other their hopes and fears, it is impossible but that the effect upon the audience must have been of the most thrilling nature; and he would have proved that the ancient chorus may be combined advantageously with the modern tragic system.

It is evident, that if the author has deviated from Grecian rules as to the space and time of his action, he has been more than necessarily severe in the barren simplicity of his outline; and that, in taking this his first flight, he moves with cautious wing, and still feels the imaginary weight of the chains which bound him; totally differing in this respect from the German reformers, who boldly rushed to the opposite extreme, and only learned moderation by experience.

But in the Adelchi, the genius of Manzoni has taken a higher flight. The subject is the downfall of the last national kings of the Lombards, Desiderius and Adelchis, before the victorious arms of Charlemagne. Ermengarda, the wife of Charlemagne, the sister of Adelchis and daughter of Desiderius, has been divorced by her husband, from motives of policy, and the play opens with the return of the heart-broken princess to the fair land of her fathers. The first scene displays to us the political and domestic motives of the war, which is about to ensue. Desiderius, a brave and proud barbarian, unfolds to his son his projects of vengeance, for the insult which he has received in the person of his daughter,—his determination of placing the two orphan nephews of Charlemagne, who had been entrusted to the care of the Lombard princes by their mother Geberga, on the throne of the usurper,—his intention of taking the princes to Rome, and of compelling Pope Adrian to anoint them kings. Adelchis, who dreads a contest with Rome, endeavors, but in vain, to dissuade his father from this rash project. The entrance of the unfortunate Ermengarda interrupts their dispute, and the tender and delicate consolations which she receives from her father and brother are described in a scene of exquisite tenderness and beauty. Desiderius speaks of vengeance, and the princess prays for peace and solitude. He sternly asks her if she still loves Charlemagne, and she entreats him not to force her to search her joyless heart; but to permit her, as a last favor, to retire from court, and to seek for shelter within the walls of the convent, of which her sister Ausberga is Abbess. Desiderius grants this request, and when the princess has retired, the arrival of an ambassador from Charlemagne is announced. With a laconic haughtiness, which befits the messenger of the great monarch, he demands, in the name of his master, that Desiderius shall forthwith resign the territories given by Pepin to the Pope. The result of the conference is an immediate

declaration of war; and the conclusion of the first act reveals the treachery which, in the heart of the capital, is preparing the fall of the Lombard king.

At the opening of the second act, the two armies are drawn up in array against each other, but separated by the Alps, apparently an impassable barrier. The action is suspended. The French, hopeless and dispirited, are on the point of being led back by Charlemagne into France, when the arrival of an Italian priest, Martin, the deacon of Ravenna, suddenly revives their drooping spirits. He has crossed these mountains, by the desire of Pope Leo, and appears before Charlemagne, like a good angel sent from above, to guide him on his way. The description of his passage over the Alps is one of the most sublime to be met with in modern poetry. The scene is brought before us with a vigor and clearness of detail, which prevent the mind from wandering for a moment from the subject. We follow the footsteps of the narrator with almost breathless anxiety. We almost hear the boiling of the torrent,—the scream of the falcon,—the flap of the eagle's wing as he starts from his lonely eyrie; and feel the fierceness of the noon-day sun, causing 'the frequent crackle of the pine-tree tops,' as it smites them; and share in his triumphant joy when he describes his first view of the valley, and of the tents of Charlemagne. The emperor demands how this road was made known to him, how hidden from the enemy. He replies:

'Dio gli accecò, Dio mi guidò. Del campo
Inosservati uscii; l'ormi ripresi.
Poco inanzi calcate; indi alla destra
Pregai vero Aquilone, e abbandonando
I battuti sentieri, in una angusta
Oscura valle m'internai: ma quanto
Più il passo proceda, tanto allo sguardo
Più spaziosa ella si fea. Qui scorsi
Greggie erranti e tuguri: era cotesta
L'ultima stanza de'mortali: entrai
Presso un pastor, chiesi l'ospizio, e sovra
Lanose pelli riposai la notte.
Sorto all'aurora, al buon pastor la via
Addimandai di Francia. Oltre que'monti
Sono altri monti, ei disse, ed altri ancora;
E lontano lontan Francia: ma via
Non havvi; e mille son quei monti, e tutti
Erti, nudi, tremendi, inhabitati

Se non da spirti, ed uom mortal giammai
Non li varcò.—Le vie di Dio son molte,
Più assai di quelle del mortal, risposi ;
E Dio mi manda.—E Dio ti scorga, ei disse :
Indi tra i pani che teneva in serbo
Tanti pigliò di quanti un pellegrino
Puote andar carco ; e in rude sacco avvolti
Ne gravò le mie spalle : il guiderdone
Io gli pregai dal cielo ; e in via mi posi.
Guinse in capo alla valle, un giogo ascesi,
E in Dio fidando, lo varcai. Qui nulla
Traccia d'uomo apparia ; solo foreste
D'intatti abeti, ignoti fiumi, e valli
Senza sentier : tutto tacea ; null'altro
Che i miei passi io sentiva, e ad ora ad ora
Lo scrosciar dei torrenti, o l'improvviso
Stridir del falco, o l'aquila dall erto
Nido spiccata in sul mattin rombando
Passar sovra il mio capo, o sul meriggio
Tocchi dal sole, crepitar del pino
Silvestre i coni. Andai così tre giorni ;
E sotto l'alte piante, o nei burroni
Posai tre notti. Era mio guido il sole ;
Io sorgeva con esso e il suo viaggio
Seguia, rivolto al suo tramonto. Incerto
Pur del cammino io gia ; di valle in valle
Trapassando mai sempre ; o se talvolta
D'accessibil pendio sorgermi innanzi,
Vedeva un giogo, e n'attingea la cima,
Altre più eccelse cime, innanzi, intorno
Sovrastavanmi ancora ; altre di neve,
Da sommo ad imo biancheggianti, e quasi,
Ripidi, acuti padiglioni al suolo
Confitti ; altre ferrigne, erette a guisa
Di mura, insuperabili. Cadeva
Il terzo sol, quando gran un monte io scersi,
Che sovra gli altri ergea la fronte ; ed era
Tutto una verde china ; e la sua vetta,
Coronata di piante. A quella parte
Tosto il passo io rivolsi. Era la costa,
Oriental di questo monte istesso ;
A cui di contro al sol cadente il tuo,
Campo s'appoggia, o sire ! In su le falde,
Mi colsero le tenebre : le secche,
Lubriche spoglie degli abeti, ond 'era,
Il suol grenuto, mi fur letto, e sponda

Gli antichissimi trouchi. Mia ridente
Speranza all' alba risvegliommi ; e pieno
Di novello vigor la costa ascesi.
Appena il sommo ne toccai, l'orecchio
Mi percosse un ronzio che di lontano
Parea venir, cupo, incessante : io stetti,
Ed immoto ascoltai. Non eran l' acque,
Rotte fra i sassi in giù ; non era il vento,
Che investia le foreste, e sibilando,
D'ima in altra scorrea ; ma veramente,
Un romor di viventi, un indistinto
Suon di favelle e d' opre e di pedate,
Brulicanti da lungi, un agitarsi
D'uomini immenso. Il cor balzommi, e il passo
Accelerai. Su questa, o re, che a noi
Sembra di qui lunga ed acuta cima,
Fendere il ciel, quasi affilata scure,
Giace un' ampia pianura e d' erbe è folta
Non mai calcate in pria. Presi di quella,
Il piu breve tragitto ; ad ogni istante,
Si fea il romor più presso : divorai
L' estrema via ; guinse sull 'orlo, il guardo
Lanciai giù nella valle, e vidi....oh ! vidi,
Le tende d 'Israello, i sospirati,
Padiglion di Giacobbe : al suol prostrato,
Dio ringraziai, li benedissi, e scesi.' *

'God blinded *them:* God guided *me.* Unseen
Of all, I left the camp, again I took
The path I late had trodden ; to the right,
And to the north declining, I forsook
The beaten track, and to a narrow vale
Gloomy and deep plunged down. But as my step
Moved on and on, the valley wider spread
And wider still around me. Wandering flocks
And cottages I spied, and one that seemed
The last of human dwellings. Entering there,
I sought the shepherd's shelter, and upon
His couch of skins I laid me down to sleep.
At morn, uprising, of my host I asked
The way that led to France. "Beyond these hills
Are other hills," said he, "and others still ;
And far, far hence, is France. No way leads thither,

* In this, and the next extract, we have availed ourselves of Foscolo's translation.

A thousand mountains lie between,—and all
Bleak, barren, terrible, untenanted
Of aught save spirits,—and by human step
Untrodden." "Many are the ways of God,
Tho' few the ways of mortals." I replied;
"And God hath sent me." "God then be thy guide,"
Said he; then from his scanty store of loaves
He chose as many as the wanderer
Might bear, wrapt them in his rude scrip, and laid them
Upon my shoulder. And I prayed that Heaven
Would bless him for the boon, and took my way.
I reached the valley's mouth. I climbed the steep
And confident in God I crossed it. Here
No track of man appeared, but forests old
Of heavy firs, rivers unknown, and vales
Untravelled; silent all: no sound was heard
Save of my footsteps, and from time to time
The boiling of the torrent, or the shrill
And sudden falcon's scream, the eagle's wheel
Starting, at morning, from his nest, and soaring
In solemn circles round me, or at noon
The frequent crackle of the pine-tree tops
Smote by the sun. Three days I journeyed thus,
Three nights, beneath the thickets and the caves
I rested. By the sun my steps I guided,
I rose with him, my eyes pursued his course
Until he sank into his western home.
Doubtful I travelled on, from vale to vale
Still crossing without end; and when at times
I reached some pathless peak that rose before me,
A loftier range of hills, before, behind,
High overshadowing towered, some snowy shrouded
From top to base, rising like pointed tents
Pitched in the ground; some iron-bound, upreared
Like walls erect and insurmountable.
The third day's sun was setting, when I spied
One loftier than the rest, whose side was all
One green descent, whose summit forest-crowned.
Thither I turned. It was the eastern side
Of that same hill, along whose western slope
Thy tents, O sire! are pitched. Night overtook me
Upon its side. The dry and slippery bark
Of the hoar pines, that strewed the grass, I made
My bed, their immemorial tusky trunks
My mossy pillow. Gay and smiling hope

Awoke me with the dawn of day, and full
Of renovated strength I climbed the hill.
Scarce had I reached the summit, when a hum,
As from a distance, smote upon mine ear,
Deep and unceasing. All at once I paused
And listened, motionless. 'Twas not the rush
Of broken mountain torrents, nor the wind
Sweeping the forest, and with piping breath
Wandering among the branches; 'twas indeed
The noise of living things, the mingled murmur
Of converse, and of labor, and of footsteps
Echoing afar the muster and the motion
Of countless multitudes. My heart beat high,
My step grew quicker. By yon pointed peak
That seems with sharpened edge to cleave the sky,
When viewed from hence, an ample plain extends
Whose grass is yet untrodden. Thence I took
The nearest path,—with every step the sound
Came nearer still,—I seemed to swallow up
The road,—I gained the bank,—I shot my glance
Down to the valley,—and I saw, I saw
The tents of Israel,—the long-sought pavilions
Of Jacob; prostrate on the ground I fell,
I thanked my God, I blessed them and descended.'

Then Charlemagne exclaims—

'Impious is he, who does not here behold
The right hand of the Highest!'

The army are roused from despondency, and speedy preparations are made for attempting the passage of the Alps.

In the third act, the scene changes to the camp of the Lombards, where Adelchis is expressing to Anfrido, his faithful shield-bearer, his fears lest Charlemagne, unable to effect a passage over the Alps, should escape their vengeance,—and that his father, disappointed in this project, will turn his arms against the Pope. Desiderius enters, and already, in anticipation of the event, salutes his son as the conqueror of Rome. Suddenly, loud cries announce the arrival of the French. The terrified Lombards are seen flying in every direction. In vain the brave princes attempt to rally the fugitives. Fear has taken possession of them, and treachery has done its work. In the next scene, Charlemagne receives the homage of the traitors who have betrayed their country to the foe.

Then, in a solitary wood, surrounded by a few trembling adherents, we find the unfortunate king of the Lombards. He is joined by his son, and though well aware that all is lost, they resolve that the victory shall be dearly purchased by the foe. The act concludes with a lyrical chorus, which, being sung by the old inhabitants of the country, is full of animation and effect.

The next scene is one of unmingled tenderness and beauty. In the secluded convent of St. Salvador, in Brescia, Ermengarda, one of the most beautiful creations of a poet's fancy, is sinking to her last rest, the hopes of Heaven before her eyes, yet her woman's heart filled with love for her ungrateful husband. No poet of ancient days could have dreamed of an Ermengarda, or embodied the beautiful shades in which her character is drawn. The contrast also is peculiarly impressive between the perfect seclusion of the holy retreat, and the storms of war, which are raging without. It has been observed that the scene greatly resembles that of the death of Queen Catharine in Shakspeare, but the mixture of tenderness and dignity in the character of the Lombard princess,—her love,—her simple purity,—render her infinitely more interesting than the English Queen. She is brought into the convent-garden, supported by her women, and attended by her sister.

'*Ermengarda.* Lay me beneath this linden.
[*She seats herself.*]
O! how sweet
This April ray! how lovingly it lies
Upon the budding leaves! Ah! now I know
Why they, who full of years feel life flit by,
So love to look upon the sun.'

The maidens retire, and she reveals to Ausberga her last wishes. She prays her to tell her father and her much-loved Adelchis, how, on the brink of life, the memory of the day when 'to the trembling one they stretched a strong and pitying arm,' was still sweet and grateful to her heart. Then, in a more hesitating, but yet more earnest tone, she bequeaths her last forgiveness to the conqueror. Ausberga solemnly promises that her request shall be sacred.

'*Ermengarda.* Beloved!
One more, and I have done....This mortal frame
On which, while living, thou hast lavished oft

Thy tender cares, oh! let it not displease thee
To tend, when dead, and lay it in the tomb.
This ring thou see'st on my left hand,—let that
Go with me to the grave, for it was given me,
Beside the altar, before God. And modest
Let mine urn be. Dust we are all, and I,
Of what have I to boast? Yet let it bear
The ensigns of a queen; a sacred bond
Made me a queen, and what God gave, thou know'st
Man cannot take away. So let my death,
Even as my life attest it.'

She supposes that Charlemagne may yet claim her cold remains as due to the royal tomb; since the dead are often more powerful than the living. But Ausberga imprudently reveals to the unfortunate princess, that Charlemagne is yet more guilty towards her, and that his union with her rival, Ildegarda, has already taken place. Unable to bear this last sad blow, the princess swoons, and when she awakens, her imagination impressed with the falsehood of her husband, she imagines, in her delirium, that she beholds her rival usurping his affections, and she herself despised and driven from him with insult.

'*Ermengarda*, [*in delirium.*] Guards!
Drive off that woman! Ha! Do ye not see
How boldly she advances, and attempts
To take my husband's hand?
Ausberga. Awake! Oh God!
Be yet thyself; and speak not thus; dismiss
These phantoms, and invoke His holy name.
Ermengarda. I pray thee, Charles! Let her not do so,
But flash on her the lightning of thine eyes,
Then will she swiftly flee; since, even I,
Myself,—thy wife,—whose thoughts were ever pure,
Yet never could behold them without trembling.
Oh God! What do I see? Thou smilest on her?
Ah no! But cease the cruel jest;—I love it not,—
It tortures me,—Oh Charles, thou canst now,
In truth thou canst, if so it pleases thee,
Kill me with grief, but where would be thy glory?
Thyself, one day,—thyself wouldst grieve for it.
Tremendous is my love,—thou know'st it not,—
I never dared to show it,—thou wert mine,—
Secure in joy and love, these lips dared not
Reveal the secret rapture of my soul.

In mercy drive her off! Behold! I fear her
Like a serpent; her eyes are killing me.
I am alone, and weak; say,—art not thou
My only friend? If I was once thine own,
If ever thou didst love me,—force me not
Thus to implore that mocking crowd,—Oh God!
He flies into her arms! I die!.....'

Sometimes she tries to believe that the whole is but a dream.

'*Ermengarda.* If it were a dream! And that the dawn
Should make it vanish! And I should waken
Worn out and faint with weeping; and that Charles
Should ask me of the cause; then smilingly
Should chide me for my little faith!
(She relapses into her lethargy.)
Ausberga. O Queen
Of Heaven, take pity on her!
First Sister. Ah! see
Her face grows tranquil, and her troubled breast,
No longer beats beneath my hand.
Ausberga. Oh sister!
Ermengarda! Ermengarda!
Ermengarda. Who calls? [thee
Ausberga. Look at me; I am Ausberga; and around
Thy maidens stand, the pious sisterhood,
Who pray for peace to thee.
Ermengarda. May Heaven bless them!
Yes! these indeed are eyes of peace and friendship.—
I am awakened from a mournful dream.
Ausberga. Unfortunate! Exhaustion, not repose,
Brings thee this troubled peace.
Ermengarda. Alas! 'tis true—
My breath has gone—support me, my beloved,—
And you,—kind maidens,—lead me to my couch,
'Tis the last time that I shall trouble you.
But all will be remembered there,—above.
Now let me die in peace,—and speak of God;
I feel Him very near me.

CHORUS.

Scattered her silken tresses
Upon her weary breast,
Feeble her pulse,—her pallid brow
With death's cold dews imprest,
The holy Lady lies,
Her sad and trembling eyes
Looking to Heaven for rest.

No more the voice of wail!
Let sounds of prayer arise!
How gently close her soft blue eyes!
While a light hand descends,
And o'er her clay-cold brow extends
Death's last and tranquil veil.

To Heaven's will resigned,
All earthly feelings banish,—
From thy pure and holy mind
Let care and sorrow vanish.—
At the Eternal Throne
Thou, blest and pious one!
A bright reward for troubles here shalt find.'

The mind is painfully brought back to the scenes of treachery, which occupy the remainder of the fourth act. In the last act, the success of Charlemagne is complete, and an interview takes place between him and the old dethroned monarch. Instead of the gallant Charlemagne, surrounded by his paladins, invested in all the warm coloring of chivalry,—brave, generous and romantic, as we imagine him,—we have a cold, calculating, prudent sovereign, for whose character we have much respect, but with whom we have no sympathy. The Italian poet could not otherwise represent his country's enslaver. He views him in the stern page of history; not in the bright hues of romance. Nevertheless, the mind is awakened too rudely from an agreeable illusion. Desiderius implores the life of his son, and the Charlemagne of Manzoni coldly rejects his prayer. A messenger arrives with the intelligence that Verona is taken, and that Adelchis is mortally wounded. A gleam of pity shoots athwart the stern heart of the conqueror, and he commands that the dying hero shall be brought into his tent. The meeting between the father and the son is in a high degree affecting. With his death the drama closes.

Its faults may be briefly enumerated,—the poverty of the plot,—the remote and uninteresting nature of the story,—the outrage of all poetical justice in the *denouement*,—the slender links by which the fate of Ermengarda is connected with the main action,—the perversion of an historical fact in the death of Adelchis, who was not killed until some years afterwards,—and the character of Adelchis himself, the pure and perfect abstraction of every human virtue. But though these errors

may strike the critical reader, it is scarcely possible to perceive them upon the first perusal of this noble tragedy,—the happiest medium which has yet been found, between the irregularity of Shakspeare and the frigid simplicity of the French school. Kindred genius has nobly appreciated the merits of the author. Goethe himself, from his own golden sunset, generously hailed the appearance of this new star in the literary horizon. Nor is it probable that the genius of Manzoni has reached its destined height. Encouraged by the applause of the learned, and sufficiently candid to profit by their criticisms, there scarce seem any limits to the excellence which he may hope to attain. As a lyric poet he is unrivalled,—and his ode, entitled 'Il cinque Maggio,' the Anniversary of Napoleon's death, and which has already been translated both into English and German, is the most splendid tribute which has yet been paid to the Conqueror's memory.

We have left ourselves brief space to speak of the contemporary poets of Italy. The interest with which misfortune has invested the name of Pellico, and the untoward circumstances under which many of his tragedies have been written, would almost of themselves serve to disarm a critical judgment. Yet though far inferior in energy to the author of Adelchi, there is a sweetness and purity of feeling in the works of Pellico, which are very attractive, even if insufficient for the higher walks of tragedy. Of his Francesca da Rimini so much has been said, that all analysis of it is superfluous. Yet we question whether the whole tragedy has caused as many tears to flow, as the few lines of Dante, which simply relate the story. Perhaps it is in human nature to be more affected, when a stern poet like Dante condescends to embody a tale of tenderness, than when we peruse whole pages on the same theme by a feebler pen. We feel grateful, as for the strong man's gentleness,—more touching by contrast with his power.

The works of Pellico seem to resemble his character,—gentle, amiable, enthusiastic, and with a tenderness of disposition almost bordering upon effeminacy. While his style is always pure and elegant, it is wanting in energy and compression; and this fault is the more obvious, from the circumstance of his keeping the Greek school so much in view, without possessing the power and grandeur which can alone reconcile us to its simplicity. Noble simplicity is imposing. Simplicity allied with softness, is apt to degenerate into insipidity.

The Giovanni da Procida of Giovan-Battista Niccolini is distinguished from the other works of the same author by the introduction of a chorus; an innovation to which he has been probably led by the example of Manzoni. This chorus, which is sung by the poets and maidens of Sicily, is the most affecting part of the tragedy. The story is founded upon the historical fact of the Sicilian Vespers: but while the plot is of the most horrible description, the scenes are so cold and abstracted, with so little warmth and nature infused into the characters, that, with the exception of some noble passages, and occasionally striking dialogue, there is little to awaken our sympathy, or arouse our feelings. The whole bears the impress of genius, but of genius fettered by system, and dreading criticism. This tragedy furnishes another proof, that something more than the mere adoption of a national subject is wanting to inspire the modern dramatist. The Polyxene of the same author is infinitely superior to the play in question.

Yet there is now no country where the dramatic art is likely to flourish with greater vigor, than in Italy; and the highest merit is due to the author, who has made so hazardous and successful a stand against prejudices hallowed by time. When we consider the importance of the Drama as a vehicle of public instruction, and the effect which it may produce on the vehement minds of an Italian audience, we can scarcely attach too much importance to the subject. 'The dramatic art,' says Manzoni himself, in his preface to the Carmagnola, 'is to be found amongst all civilized nations; by some it is regarded as a powerful means of amelioration, by others, as a powerful means of corruption,—by none, as a matter of indifference.'

And where is the heart so cold, that it will not rejoice at the literary glory of Italy,—the sceptre which Heaven has bestowed, and which human force cannot wrest away? Let her no longer wreathe her chains with flowers, but bind the brows of her sons with unfading laurel, and, like Greece in by-gone ages, force the usurper to bend before the power of genius,—and retain the Empire of the Mind, even though the Empire of the World is no longer hers.

ART. IV.—*Kay's Travels in Caffraria.*

Travels and Researches in Caffraria; describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that Portion of Southern Africa, &c. New York. 1834.

THIS book, which was published last year in London, is the production of the Rev. Stephen Kay, a missionary of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, who has been engaged some eleven years, as he expresses himself in his Introduction, 'in the service of the perishing progeny of Ham,' and of Christian missions generally, and has, of course, enjoyed very considerable opportunities of personal observation in regard to the country and people which he has here undertaken to describe. We deem it but justice to him, to say,—previously to any examination of the interesting details of his volume,—that he has manifestly entered upon the composition of it, not as a book-maker, but conscientiously; and although some portions of it are not very clearly arranged, and others are borrowed literally, and pretty liberally too, from preceding travellers in the same regions, the whole collation constitutes, nevertheless, what we may safely pronounce the most accurate, complete and valuable account of the Caffers, which has yet been given to the world. There is also a good deal of information in it regarding the present condition of the English settlement in the Colony of the Cape, the neighboring Hottentots and other tribes, the progress of civilization and Christianity among these people, and other incidental subjects of no little interest. We propose, in the following pages, to present our readers with a brief view of the whole ground of the Researches, derived as well from all the previous authorities on the subject, which have came to our notice, as from the last of the series, which lies before us.

There has been heretofore a great want of definiteness in the accounts furnished us of the people comprehended under the title of *Caffers*. The application of this title has been quite as variable as its orthography, and frequently as irrelevant as its original meaning,—the word being the Arabic for

liar or *infidel*, and first employed by certain more northerly African nations, with whom the Europeans were earlier acquainted, to designate all the South-eastern tribes who had not embraced the Mohammedan faith. We do not wonder much, under these circumstances, that some of the latter are, as Lichtenstein states in his travels, 'offended at being called Caffers.' Had they been thus generically denominated thieves, instead of liars, certain facts, which we shall have occasion to notice, would seem to give a color of pertinency to the designation.

It is remarkable that the word *Hottentot*, as Barrow has pointed out, is of unknown origin. The name, in use among that people themselves, is *Quaiquae*. We are not aware that the Caffers recognise any such generic appellation, or rather, we should say, that any occasion exists for such appellation: for in fact the compliment conveyed, as above stated, in the term used by the northerly nations, has been since applied by Europeans, with an altogether arbitrary looseness of liberality, to combinations of nations, as various as those of the kaleidoscope. Mr. Kay, in the use of the term, apparently intends to designate those tribes which '*lie along the eastern coast from the colonial boundary, in 33 degrees south latitude, northwards.*' This description is not particularly definite, but the sketches are actually in a great measure confined to three tribes, the Amaxosæ, Amatembu, and Amaponedæ, and to these our remarks will chiefly have reference. They occupy the country from the eastern frontier of the English colony to Port Natal.

The Caffers, then,—since convenience, rather than courtesy, must model our phraseology in this instance,—are admitted by most travellers, notwithstanding their name, to be a well-formed, decent-featured, and comely people. Their countenances are more European than African, although their hair is woolly and their color dark brown. From their physical traits, Barrow has drawn the inference of an Arabic origin for them. He says, they have not the smallest resemblance to the negroes in either conformation or features, and that they differ from the Arab superficially in nothing but a deeper shade of complexion; and this theory is somewhat plausibly confirmed, in the view of this writer by their nomadic habits, their hospitality, the shape of their habitations, and especially

their scrupulous observance of the rite of circumcision. Pringle also supports this opinion, and so does Mr. Kay; and they both adduce additional facts in apparent confirmation of it. There is nothing incredible, or even improbable, in the theory itself, especially since it is well known that the wandering Bedouins have penetrated into almost every section of the continent, and have even planted themselves on the South African islands. However, genealogies, like etymologies, are not always to be relied on. The Aborigines of this country, commonly so called, have been derived, as every body is aware, from nearly all the civilized nations, ancient and modern, on the face of the earth. Books have been written exclusively to prove their descent from the Israelites; the Tartars of Northern Asia, the Chinese, Icelanders, Carthaginians, have severally been charged with the ancestral relation; even the Welsh have not escaped; and finally, it is only three years since it was proved to the satisfaction of some persons, that the Moors must inevitably take the responsibility, from the alleged circumstance, that a sailor of that nation, who met with a Choctaw Indian at Natchez, was able to hold conversation with him without the aid of an interpreter! So much for genealogies.

The apparel of the Caffers is made wholly of the skins of beasts, excepting those cases only, which may be noticed hereafter, where the customs of their civilized neighbors have been introduced among them. These changes have occurred at and about the missionary stations, and may generally be considered,—taking into view the attachment which all barbarians (as well as some partly civilized people) feel for old customs,—as a tolerably accurate indication of the more important intellectual and moral advances, to which they commonly correspond.

The imitative propensity, as well as the communicative, it is worth noting, are universally traits in the African character,—in which, by the way, they differ diametrically from our Indians,—and such as may be pronounced of the first interest, in reference to the competency and tendency of their possessors to a state of civilization. This social disposition is indeed often carried to an extent which most travellers, if not missionaries, would call meddlesome and troublesome, not to say ridiculous. The Landers, we well remember, were not a little amused by a native who, after indulging his curiosity

in a pretty free examination of their premises, baggage and all, not meeting with any thing which suited his taste better for a hat, finally encircled his cranium with the tin top of a jelly-pot, which was marked in large letters 'concentrated gravy,' and in that guise grinningly strutted about the encampment, with all the dandy dignity of a Bond-street beau. Mr. Kay somewhere remarks, that the Caffer lady, in what may be called the chrysalis stage of transmutation, is not unfrequently seen promenading, in the vicinity of the mission-houses, with an English petticoat suspended from the neck instead of the waist, while the gentleman in attendance makes himself nearly as conspicuous, by sporting for a gala dress a pair of leather trowsers, surmounted by a check shirt. So they can get on any thing civilized, and keep it on, by hook or crook, it matters little of what material the decorations may be made, or in what order they are fastened to the frame of the wearers. Our natives have been much slower to imitate, and still more awkward also in the process. Witness the tradition transmitted by the Dutch party who first landed on Manhattoes. They made a donation of stockings and axes,—two valuable articles,—to the chiefs of the party which entertained them; and when the visit was repeated the next season, it was ascertained that the stockings had been converted into tobacco-pouches, while the axes were generally used for bosom-pins. In regard to the taste of the Caffers in matters of dress, we shall add only, that ornaments of various kinds are extensively worn. These consist chiefly of beads, bones, feathers, and metallic bracelets, some thirty of the latter being occasionally seen on the arms of a great man, that is, a stout man; to all which the same dignified class often append, like the chiefs of the Northern African tribes, the elegant embellishment of a cow's tail, swung from the knee.

The wealth of the Caffers consists of their herds and flocks, and their occupation, of the care of them;—there being probably no barbarous nation in the world, who are so systematically and scientifically devoted to grazing. 'The Caffer,' says Mr. Kay, 'is never so happy, as when engaged in something calculated to increase the numbers or improve the appearance of his cattle.' Such is his perfect acquaintance with his herd, that one of a thousand would be immediately missed; and he observes even the turn of the horns, or the slightest spots on the hide, so minutely, as to identify every individual almost infalli-

bly after seeing them two or three times. Our traveller mentions an instance in which two oxen had been stolen from the mission-fold by marauders, when, although the path leading to it had been trampled upon by the whole herd, the track of the animals driven off was at once discovered by the neighboring natives, and diligently followed up by a party of them,—though rendered by the thieves as circuitous as possible,—until they came upon the very kraal in which the lost property had been concealed. These cattle-folds are invariably constructed in every hamlet,—generally on the sunny side of a hill,—and are made of circular hedges, so compact as to protect the herd in winter from the cold in some measure, as well as from the wild animals which infest the country.

It is a curious illustration of the dignity which the grazing profession possesses in the view of the Caffers, that the cattle-field is always used as the place of public meetings and resort. Cattle constitute the currency in a great degree. Brides also are bought and sold for so many bullocks,—the proprietor in conversation frequently classing his wife and his pack-ox together, and estimating his property according to the joint amount of his herd and his daughters. Indeed, says our latest authority, 'his conduct towards his cattle is generally of a much more feeling character, than that which he sometimes evinces towards the partner of his bosom.'* Even crimes are paid for in cattle. In one instance a party of villagers, having been pilfered by their neighbors, and having complained of it without obtaining restitution, took justice into their own hands, and commenced an affray which resulted in the slaughter of three of the trespassers. The matter was then brought before the chief, who affected to weep for the loss of his warriors. No sooner, however, had he obtained one half the herd belonging to the assailants, than he not only suspended his lamentations, but declared that all they had done was 'very good.'† Travelling, in the Cape Colony, is also performed by the Europeans mostly with the aid of oxen,—not less than four or five pairs being customarily attached to the unwieldy and lumbering wagons of the country,—and this practice again, as well as the price which the hides of the animals will bring in the civilized market, where one is at hand, adds to the commercial value of the herd. Even the amusements of these people are derived from the same source.

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* Researches, p. 128. † Ibid, p. 140.

Racing young cattle is a favorite sport; and a part of the herd are trained to run at an astonishing rate, the oddity, if not beauty, of the appearance of this singular procession being doubtless not a little augmented by the Caffer custom of twisting the horns of the animals, while they are yet flexile, into all sorts of fantastical shapes. In a word, the ox is to the Caffer what the horse is to the Bedouin, or the deer to the Laplander,—shelter, vesture, carrier, family and food.

As might be expected, the principal aliment of these tribes is *milk*, which they use, like the Arabs, in a sour, curdled state; next to this article, boiled corn, (Indian)—for they cultivate, after a fashion, considerable tracts of fertile land; and more generally, a species of millet, also pumpkins, a kind of sugar-cane, gourds, fruits, and a few esculent roots of minor importance. The use of animal food is rare. Veal is objectionable in an economical view,—on the same principle, (according to Mr. Kay's apparent ideas of the Caffer theory,) which would render it bad policy for a man to eat his daughter or 'the partner of his bosom.' Swine's flesh,—it is remarkable,—is rejected by the Caffers with abhorrence. The same is the case with the feathered tribe to some extent; none of them keep poultry of any sort; and eggs, as an article of food, are altogether contraband. Nay, these scrupulous gentry will have nothing to do with the fish of the sea, which they for the most part regard as company only for snakes, and no more fit to be the food of a gentleman. So that, although these people live almost wholly on or near the coast, the entire line of which abounds with the choicest fish, they are ignorant even of the art of casting a net.

Neither will they eat elephant's flesh on any occasion, or even undertake, like the Hindoos, to domesticate that animal. This is the more remarkable, since he is always regarded as favorite game, and the passage of a herd in the neighborhood of a hamlet is the signal for a general hue and cry. The explanation given to Mr. Kay,—whether *bona fide* or not, we cannot decide,—was, that the elephant is too sagacious, too much like man himself, to be used for food. Their respect for him appears, at all events, from their hunting habits. They approach him from behind, so as to elude the glance of his eye, and when thus engaged in killing him, it is not a little amusing, says our informant, to hear them lauding the animal, and crying, '*Don't kill us, great captain, don't*

tread upon us, mighty chief,'—plying him lustily meanwhile with their spears, and raising a tremendous shout the instant the animal falls. The tusks are the prize sought for. One of them falls to the lot of him who first pierces the game with his weapon, and the other to the chief of the party.

The Caffer does not however subsist wholly on vegetable food. The issue of the very elephant hunts just described, is usually celebrated by the feasting of the whole company upon an ox, which the successful hunter must furnish: and on other occasions a rhinoceros is despatched and devoured with as much *goût*, and as little ceremony or cookery, as if he were no better or bigger than a cabbage-head. 'Plain animal food, without salt, seasoning, or vegetable, is the greatest luxury the Caffer desires, and whenever any one kills a cow, it is an invariable custom throughout the country for all around to flock to the feast.'* Even this custom, however, rather indicates the infrequency of the use of such food, and on the whole it may doubtless be asserted safely, that it enters in a very small proportion into their regular subsistence. They are substantially a milk-fed nation; and if the physiologists, philosophers, or physicians have any theories to form or confirm in respect to the influence of such aliment on the character of the people with whom it prevails, they will probably find few cases where the data are more conveniently set before them.

We may properly take this occasion to remark, without discussing a question which we are not prepared to decide, that, whatever the cause may be, the Caffers are generally admitted to be favorably distinguished from most barbarous nations by their mildness of disposition,—a position, which is not much contradicted by the existence of many harsh and cruel customs among them, rather appertinent to condition than character, and chiefly the immediate result of excessive superstition. Not only Mr. Kay, but travellers generally, and especially missionaries, when known to be such, have always been treated with signal civility. 'The treatment we met with from the natives on this journey,' says the former, 'was far better than we had anticipated, *as the clans living along the base of the mountain are celebrated thieves and robbers.*'† Again,—'their habits of life induce a firmness of carriage, and an open manly demeanor, altogether free from that apparent

* P. 97. † P. 101.

fear and suspicion, characteristic of uncivilized nations.'* In another instance he describes the commencement of a mission among the Amatembu, under the charge of himself and another clergyman. The inhabitants received them, at the first villages, 'rather coolly,' although the chief had granted them permission to make the attempt; but on learning who the strangers were, we are told they assumed an entirely different character. They kindled their fires for them, and, having finished their day's labor among the herds, assembled for divine service, and listened attentively to a hymn and a sermon from the missionaries,—'perfect silence reigning in the desert around, and the moon shining delightfully bright above, while they led this sable group to the contemplation of divine things.' After the services, the chief gave them a fat cow for slaughter, —'for which, however, he expected an equivalent, *such reciprocity of friendly tokens being the customary mode of forming attachments.*'

This estimate of the Caffer character is confirmed by Barrow, Lichenstein, Alberti, General Janssens, and other travellers. Vasco de Gama originally named them *boā gente*,—'good people;' and, to come nearer home for authority, we have the testimony of the American Captain Stout, of the ship Hercules, who, in his narrative of the shipwreck of his vessel on this coast some twenty years since, acknowledges that he found in the natives a hospitality, and received from them a protection, which on many of the shores of the polished nations of Europe he might have looked for in vain. 'They made a fire to dry us, slaughtered a bullock, conducted us to a spring of water, &c. Such was the conduct of a people described as possessing no other semblance of the human character, than what they derive from their formation.'† The reputation of the Caffers, for what this gentleman calls 'the compassionate feelings which adorn humanity,' may, on the whole, be considered as sufficiently established.

Their reputation for honesty does not perhaps rest on so good a foundation. In 1828, when Mr. Kay visited Gaika, a cele-

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* P. 247.

† This narrative is cited in an article in the London Quarterly Review for 1820, the writer of which states that he saw with his own eyes the wreck of the Captain's vessel on the shore mentioned in the narrative.

brated and principal chief, with the view of obtaining permission to establish a missionary station in his country, (in which he succeeded) one of that potentate's wives contrived to steal a silk handkerchief from the pocket of a gentleman in the company, while he was engaged in negotiation with the husband. Whether the latter acted as accessary in the business does not appear: the missionary remarks only, that this 'royal mendicant,' whom he describes otherwise as 'a sordid, avaricious, and beggarly wretch,' was in the mean time endeavoring to extort additional presents from *him* by complaining of his niggardliness, in regard to what he had already bestowed. This kind of gratitude might certainly be considered,—as Captain Church says of four and sixpence a day, premium for an Indian's head,—'scanty encouragement and poor reward.' But however this might be, no doubt King Gaika and his wife, had they read Dr. Combe's 'System,' would at least dignify their accumulative propensity, if they could not deny it, by reference to the example set forth by that illustrious King of the Sicilies, who is reported to have been so inveterate a pickpocket, that he laid hands upon every portable article of value which came in his way.

His majesty, whose character is pourtrayed in the flattering terms borrowed above from Mr. Kay, by no means stands so preëminent in the fashionable accomplishment alluded to, as his station, and the value of his example, might seem to require. When our traveller went into Cafferland a second time, during the year last named, on the same errand as before, he gives a graphic description of an interview with the natives, which took place under the spreading branches of a thorn-tree, on the banks of a solitary stream. The news of his arrival collected great crowds of visitors the next morning; and 'their deportment was indeed friendly,' says Mr. Kay, 'but circumstances soon convinced us, that they would consider it no evil to pick and steal whenever opportunity enabled them to do so.' It is remarkable that a remedy was found in this instance by hiring one of the depredators, for the consideration of a few beads, to guard the exposed property of the tent. This he did to the perfect satisfaction of his employers, and the missionary embraces with evident pleasure this occasion of stating, as an offset to the vice before charged upon the Caffer, that *he never knew a single instance of his betraying his trust in any thing which was fairly and fully committed to his*

charge. 'Do this,' he adds, 'and the utmost confidence may in general be placed in him.'

Dr. Combe would perhaps consider this apparent inconsistency the result of a ruling propensity being counteracted by setting in operation an opposite motive. Whether the stealing disposition is constitutional or casual, it would be presumptuous in us to endeavor to decide, when doctors disagree. It may however be remarked, that the habit in question is to some extent an almost universal trait of savage character. If the Caffer carries it farther than some others, by stealing, whenever he can conveniently, as Mr. Kay somewhere states, from even his best friends of his own tribe, and by inculcating this Spartan doctrine systematically, in early life, upon the minds of his children, perhaps this preëminence may be fairly attributed in a great measure to the nature of the intercourse he has held for a century and a half with his profligate European neighbors, and especially to the depredations and other injuries he has suffered at their hands. Unprincipled war has degenerated into rapine on a smaller scale, rapine into robbery, robbery into larceny, and the habit thus acquired, particularly if deemed honorable, could not fail of being finally exercised with considerably less discrimination as to subjects, than might have been the *honest* intention in the outset. The African tribes generally, it may be noticed, have credit among travellers for no small share of this disordered acquisitiveness, and it is no where so rife as with those nations which have suffered most from the slave-trade. Crime, like disease, is contagious.

The government of the Caffers resembles that of the North American natives, and indeed that of most of the African tribes. It is ostensibly democratic, and substantially despotic, respectively in the highest degree; the personal superiority of the chiefs, and the advantage they derive from traditionary authority, being for the most part sufficient to enable them to treat their subjects with the most unqualified, though only customary, severity of discipline or imposition, as the case may be. By personal superiority, we mean simply such qualifications as create personal influence among such barbarians as the Caffers. The principal ones are energy and cunning. Such must have been the recommendations of his majesty, the 'beggarly wretch,' above described. It is stated also of another, named S'Lhambi, who visited Wesleyville with a train of thirty or forty counsellors,—persons corresponding to the same class

among our natives,—that notwithstanding his advanced age, 'lust, avarice and lying were by far the most prominent traits of his character;' a description which recalls to mind the accounts given by American historians of the celebrated Uncas. Yet the reverence evinced for this exemplary character by his attendants, was unbounded. Hinza was another great man among the Caffers, and the dignity of this worthy may be inferred from the circumstance, that while his slaves were literally trembling in his presence, 'lest he should cast envious eyes on their earnings,' he attempted to extort a basket of corn from Mr. Kay, by ingeniously contracting his body in such a manner as to represent the effects of a severe famine. How far the advice of the counsellors aforesaid, and the custom of conducting trials and councils in the palaver-houses (that is, the cattle-fold) contribute to check his absolute authority, may be easily conjectured, when it is understood that 'the chiefs are, in all cases,' as Thompson remarks, 'both legislators and judges;' and that, in the language of Mr. Kay, although Hinza would not seize the property of his subjects with force and arms, yet '*such is his power and their thraldom, that whatever he might request they would scarcely dare to refuse.*'

The degradation of the female sex is considered by Dr. Robertson the characteristic of the savage in all countries. If the degree of it fairly indicate that of the grossness of his barbarism, the Caffers must be low indeed in the human scale. No where are women, as such, such perfect slaves; no where are they so much used as mere chattels. Even the building devolves on them, as well as the digging, sowing, planting and reaping. The common price of a *bride* is from five to ten head of cattle, though one of high birth, as the term is,—much as in civilized countries we speak of the descendant of a famous horse,—will bring five or six times that amount. After marriage comes endless drudgery, till the woman is fortunate enough either to be worn out with her slavery, or to be left a widow. Indeed, the tyranny of custom follows her even beyond that of her husband, for not only is she compelled, on his decease, to retire alone into the wilderness for a considerable time, under pretext of mourning,—whatever the season or her condition may be,—but, the only dowry allotted her from his property being a new garment from the hide of one of his oxen, she thenceforth 'sinks under an intol-

erable burthen of drudgery, and is constantly constrained to be the servant of sin.' *

The wives of the king,—for polygamy is universal,—do not appear to be exempted from these or any other of the sufferings of other women. When the above-mentioned S'Lhambi died, all the apparel of his ten wives was burned, and all their ornaments given away, and they then entered the forest comparatively naked. Even the husband's hut is destroyed, so that the first care of the widow, on her return, must be to erect a new one, as usual, with her own hands. That the Caffer women, under all these circumstances, are able to maintain a reputation rather superior to that of savages generally, for vivacity of manners, is a marvel worthy of study. The triumph of nature, however, over man, does not last through life. Even the personal beauty of the young is here, as among the Western Africans described by Major Laing, pretty soon changed into even 'disgusting ugliness.'

If now, in connexion with the view which has been given, imperfect as it is, of the traits of the Caffers, we take into consideration certain circumstances of their geographical situation and condition, which have but an indirect bearing upon the former, we shall be prepared for forming some opinion on the prospect of success, which a teacher of European arts and religion might safely entertain among such a people, and of course on the degree of success which actually has been and probably may be ultimately attained by such laborers.

Being, as we have seen, emphatically a grazing people, they must regard primarily the thrift of their herds and flocks, rather than personal comfort, social enjoyment, or an attachment to particular situations. Water and pasturage are requisites of the first degree, and these are matters not to be calculated upon in South Africa, as they are in Vermont. The whole face of the landscape may change from month to month. Streamlets, for instance, which are indispensable to the herdsman, are often lost, either by evaporation during severe droughts, or by absorption in a sandy soil. Such failure might trouble our grazers, but the Caffer has only to remove, with his family and herds, to another station, where the elements are more propitious. There he can erect his hut and his fold in a few days.

* Researches.

It is easy to see the difficulty of civilizing people who live in this manner; and, on the other hand, the difficulty of changing their mode of life, so far as even their occupation is concerned, is substantially the labor of civilization itself, for it implies the adoption of agricultural habits and of a fixed residence. Mr. Kay takes this view of the subject, when he says,—'one great object of our missionary labors is, to turn his attention more fully to agricultural pursuits, and *to attach him to the soil*, that he may be made fully acquainted with the arts of civilized life.' At present he is attached to nothing but his herds.

All savages are more or less belligerent, and perhaps the South Africans, though less bloodthirsty than many other nations, are as much as any in this respect the victims of custom and circumstances. Their neighbors on all sides are barbarous like themselves, valuing their cattle as dearly, and as ready to fight for them, in defence or in depredation,—excepting only the frontier population of the European colony. The character of this frontier population may be known from its name. It is bad enough every where,—enough effectually to prevent the civilization of any conterminous people,—but here, the very *beau ideal* of bastard barbarism. The Caffers and the Dutch boors,—the latter extremely ignorant and rude, remote from the supervision of even the colonial government, and living in the most scattered manner conceivable,—have always been tugging at each others' throats. Unquestionably the first aggressions, and those extremely violent, were on the part of the whites; but this would be a comparatively unimportant question to settle, were we able to say that in later times the case had been essentially improved. Unfortunately, the English, although only thirty years in possession of the colony, have during that short period outstripped, in their horrible oppression of the natives, even the cold-blooded cruelties of the Dutch boors of the last century. No British traveller has denied this, so far as we know, and most of them confirm it in explicit terms. Among these may be named Thompson, Barrow, Pringle, and quite lately Dr. Phillip, as well as the author before us. Lieutenant Rose, in his Four Years in South Africa, states that official orders have been issued, 'that all Caffers appearing within the proclaimed line should be *shot*.' Again,—'the crime was individual, but the punishment general; the duty of the commanders was to destroy, to

burn the habitations, and to seize the cattle; and they did their duty.' 'I hate the policy that turns the English soldier *into the cold-blooded butcher of the unresisting native*,' &c. Such, as a writer in the last Edinburgh Review remarks, is the testimony of an officer for some time stationed on the Caffer frontier, and officially cognizant of the transactions he thus describes. Some of these atrocities, adds the Reviewer himself, —rather wantonly travelling from the record,—'rival any thing we have read of the conduct of certain States of North America towards the native Indians!'

The details which these strong statements are based on, might be easily furnished, but the task would be as unnecessary as disgusting; and enough has already been said to indicate, as we intended, the extremely disheartening circumstances, so far as first impressions and prepossessions go, under which it may reasonably be supposed that any European, and, not least, any English missionary, must enter upon the work of civilizing and christianizing the Caffers. Some striking evidences of the feelings of the latter in reference to this point, occur in the volume before us. They will be readily conjectured by those who recall the history of the early intercourse between the settlers of this country and the Red Men, or, indeed, of that which has gone on in our own times between the latter and the 'Regulators' of the back woods.

The excessive ignorance of these people may be well considered another obstacle, of no trifling importance, in the way of even their instruction. In most of the Oriental countries, as Mr. Kay remarks, there is more or less of a literature. In the northern regions of Africa, and in the central, Mohammedanism has kept up at least an acquaintance with a written language. Native translators may be obtained in each instance. But the Caffers had never heard of a written character previously to the arrival of Europeans in their vicinity, and to this day their knowledge is simply traditionary, and without record of religion, history, or law. Let our missionary speak for himself:

'A missionary sits down with his interpreter, who cannot read a single line of the Word of God in any language; and perhaps his knowledge of divine things is very imperfect, and some of his notions erroneous. He opens the sacred volume, and has to translate that, in the first instance, into barbarous Dutch, that his interpreter may comprehend its meaning; and

then his interpreter tells him how that barbarous Dutch ought to be worded in the Caffer language. And thus, every verse being a double translation, not only is the progress exceedingly slow, but, it may be, in several instances, after all care and caution have been employed, the genuine sense is not given, or in only a very imperfect manner. With this translation the missionary stands up to read a portion of the Word of God; for his interpreter cannot read it; and here a defect in the pronunciation of words, entirely dissimilar in their sound to any in his own language, occasions a further deterioration of his labors; so that, after all, only some parts of what he has accomplished are understood by the people.'

Whether the religious ignorance of the Caffer is on the whole a greater obstacle to the introduction of Christianity than a definite and time-hallowed system of superstition would be, we much doubt; but it is at all events discouragement enough. S'Lhambi was not far from reasonable, when he told Mr. Kay, on the occasion of a visit which has already been mentioned, after hearing his proposals, that however good his intentions were, he doubted if *his* people were not rather too bad to learn. 'What teacher,' he asked, 'will come to live among them?' This being satisfactorily answered, 'Where,' exclaimed he, 'does that man, God, live?'—a question which we are told is often put by the Caffer, and in a manner which shows both his ignorance and his skepticism.

Nor ought an opinion to be formed on the prospects of civilization in this quarter of the globe, or elsewhere, without some reference to the personal hardships which must be undergone by those who act as its almoners. These are likely to be, in any case of the kind, severe enough to try both the physical and mental powers of endurance and perseverance which most men possess, independently of the obstacles heretofore referred to; but in South Africa they are aggravated by the peculiar character of the country as well as of the people. The latter are so ignorant, improvident, destitute and filthy, that when the missionary is among them, whatever is done for his personal comfort, even the building of his hut, must be done with his own hands; and perhaps, by the time his shelter is fairly set up, his congregation will be migrating to another district, leaving him to shift for himself again. Then, the population is so scattered, and so much of the territory between the settlements a scarcely traversable desert

as to add still further to the difficulties of communication,—not to make mention of the hazard of encountering belligerent tribes or marauding parties, or an abundance, such as scarcely any other region of the world produces, of highly dangerous reptiles and beasts of prey. A few random passages from our missionary's travelling sketches will set this matter in its true light.

The very first day when his party left Graham's Town for the interior, his path was 'an exceedingly solitary one, leading through a bushy part of the country, infested by wild beasts, and traversed by wandering marauders,'—and they were obliged to ride till ten at night, before they could have the satisfaction of resting their aching bones on 'a hard wooden couch, with nothing over it but a wild beast's skin.' Their first consolation in the morning was the view of a group of graves, which marked the spot where a number of their countrymen had been 'horridly massacred by the natives a few years before.' On another occasion the fare was comparatively luxurious:

'Being both hungry and thirsty, we stopped at one of the hamlets in our way, and with five or six buttons procured a basket or two of sour milk, which furnished us with a refreshing meal. Just as the sun disappeared we came to a fine fountain, and there halted. As usual, the grass was our bed, and the saddles our pillows, while the spreading branches of a large tree served, in some degree, to shelter us from the chilling dews of night. Being now in an unoccupied part of the country, our fires were kept burning, as well for protection as comfort; and our repose was undisturbed, excepting by the shrill screams of the jackal, which occasionally awoke us.'

To make up, however, for this extraordinary comfort, the next morning, upon starting afresh on horseback, the traveller was thrown senseless over the yawning mouth of a deep pit, which had been dug and concealed for wild beasts. It is not uncommon for both horse and rider to be killed in this way.

Another situation equally desirable is alluded to in the following extract, some previous mention having been made of herds of elephants.

'While we were ascending the eastern bank, one of these huge creatures raised the most hideous shriek I ever heard; the sound vibrated in the surrounding glens for several seconds. The animal was evidently right in front of us; and, judging from his horrid note, could not be many paces distant. On hear-

ing it, our horses made a dead halt; and how to act we knew not, the night being so dark that we could scarcely see each other, much less the beast before us. Our road led up a narrow neck of land, on each side of which were deep kloofs and tremendous precipices; hence, to turn off either to the right hand or to the left was impossible with any degree of safety, and to go back we were not at all willing. After pausing, therefore, for a few minutes, we gave a hearty shout, and then proceeded.'

How much of a luxury even a friendly entertainment is among those people, may be learned from S'Lhambi's distinguished hospitality.

'For our accommodation was set apart a shattered hut, in which it was impossible to stand upright; and which every heavy blast threatened to carry completely away. Herein we slept, with our interpreters and guides, &c., on each side of us; nor were they all; for as the entrance was entirely open, there being no door, we sometimes found, on waking, that a company of half-starved dogs had quietly crept in, and taken lodgings in the midst of us. "That you may not perish of hunger near my dwelling," said the chief, "here is an old cow for you to eat." This, with the economy of civilized life, would, of course, have constituted ample provision for many days; but the moment the poor animal's doom was sealed, a multitude of mouths, human, canine, and vulturine, seemed instinctively to open and prepare for devouring her. It not unfrequently happens that every bone is picked, and every edible morsel consumed, in the course of five or six hours after the beast is killed. Even while the slaughter is going on, each helper considers himself entitled to the privilege of cutting off "titbits;" which, while quivering with life, he throws upon the fire, and devours without much ceremony. When the whole has been eviscerated and dissected, all around expect a portion; and hosts of dogs, which accompany their owners to the feast, pick and steal on every side.'

Again:

'The weather being hazy and wet, we were all obliged to crowd together in an old filthy hovel, that was neither wind nor water-proof; and the perpetual stew of broiling meat rendered our situation still more disagreeable. This to them is the most delightful way of spending a rainy day,—cooking, eating, and sleeping. When thus impeded in our peregrinations, the day may be profitably spent in reading, conversing with the people, or in observations upon the surrounding objects; but to be cooped up in a Caffer hut during a long winter's evening is miserable indeed.

As soon as the sun disappears, a fire is kindled in the centre of the floor: in the roof there is no chimney nor aperture (unless, indeed, the building happens to be in a dilapidated state), whereby the smoke may escape; consequently a reeky cloud soon fills the room; to read is almost impossible, the fire not affording sufficient light, and lamps or candles are here unknown.'

The night following the day here referred to was spent by the travellers under the shelter of a hedge,—that situation being preferred, though the weather was 'piercingly cold,' to the accommodations mentioned above. But at length the journey was finished, the object of it effected, and a regular shelter raised for the party. Alas!

'To keep ourselves dry either by night or by day was almost impossible: so that our situation was any thing but comfortable; and severe colds were the unavoidable consequence.'

In another case,

'On asking for a hut to sleep in, I was informed that one was all he had; but that, if we thought proper, we were at liberty to occupy a small half-built shed among the shrubbery hard by, which was appropriated to the use of his servants. This consisted merely of a few live twigs bent at the tops, and interwoven so as to form a frame, which was loosely covered with long grass and branches. It was by no means the most pleasant or desirable situation to lie down in, as the high weeds and thick underwood that surrounded it were evidently a nest for serpents and other vermin.'

In this opinion most of our readers will doubtless concur, though it happens to be on this same page that the traveller expresses his acknowledgments, as above stated, for the unexpected good treatment he met with on this route, as the people he travelled among, were for the most part a banditti of notorious thieves and scoundrels,—a kind of society which must have greatly enhanced the comforts of the situation described in the extract. Colonel Hamilton was much less grateful for the privilege allowed him, as he says, of sleeping over night, at one of our country taverns, in what he supposed to be a dog-hole, which was graciously given up, for his especial accommodation, by the negro who blacked his boots.

Once more:

'The night was exceedingly cold, which rendered me glad to take refuge in one of their huts, although by no means a very

pleasant bed-chamber. Its diameter was about ten feet, and besides myself, companion, and a dog or two, there were no less than eight Caffers laid in different positions on the floor. At our feet, and in the centre, we had a good large fire, which was kept burning during the whole of the night. Had there been no other company, the place would have been tolerable; but, to say nothing of swarms of mice, vermin of various descriptions ever and anon disturbed our slumbers, and made us frequently long for morning.'

The impatience of the reverend gentleman, under all these circumstances, was in our opinion quite excusable. Fortunately he was aroused early in the morning by 'sounds of a very doleful kind,' which were found to proceed from a company of natives engaged in performing the orgies customarily used,—as a medicine, we presume,—for certain cases of disease. We need only add, that to form a just conception of the delights of these Caffer sleeping-rooms, the reader must generally imagine the savory accompaniment of a party of inveterate smokers of a filthy species of wild hemp, who, in the absence of regular pipes, are in the habit of using water-melons and horns to answer the same purpose.

The question may now properly be discussed, what has been done, and what may be done hereafter,—and how,—for the promulgation of European civilization and the Christian religion in regions like these? If any tolerable degree of success has been or can be attained under circumstances, of which at least the aspect to a casual observer is thus discouraging, it would seem somewhat difficult to substantiate the correctness of that theory, which denies to any portion of the human race, in any condition, a competency for the important enjoyments and improvements of refined society.

After all, there are redeeming traits in almost all characters and situations; and it must be admitted that, reasoning *a priori*, those of the Caffer, even as they have been described, are by no means so forbidding as might be imagined. Though a wandering and warlike people,—hideously savage in some of their domestic habits,—abjectly submissive to the impositions of both chiefs and priests, whose interest it is, of course, to keep them where they are,—exasperated, by long-continued injuries, against all white men, and as rudely ignorant as perhaps even the New Hollanders themselves,—on the other hand, as we have seen, instead of being, like the North

American natives, solitary, suspicious, proud and implacable, they are kind and docile, and as ready to forgive an injury as to resent one. If their volatility and their volubility, which are strong characteristics of most of the native Africans, be sometimes provoking, as the missionaries represent, they are far less discouraging qualities, especially in regard to the temperament they indicate, than either the apathy of some savages or the coarse cruelty of others.

There are at this time a number of mission stations in different parts of Cafferland, supported, we believe, by five or six different denominations of English Christians. On all these stations, says Mr. Kay, '*the plough is busily engaged, and bids fair for ultimately putting down the field-labor of women altogether.*' This remark intimates what appears to us a rational and practical view of the whole ground of the civilizing process, from which the happiest results may be expected to arise. We agree with this writer, that from settlements of civilized people, established near or even among these or any other barbarians, under whatever circumstances of inter-communication, but upon merely civil principles, and without any general, public, explicit, and carefully supported recognition of the Christian religion in some form or another, no permanent good can be expected to result to either of the parties. Such experiments have been abundantly tried, and found wanting. But, on the other hand, any attempts to introduce for the first time this religion among savages, under existing circumstances, alone,—attempts to introduce the theory and formality of religion, without the substantial applications and connexions which make it the vital spirit of civilized life,—and without such applications adapted also to the condition of the people and country who are expected to receive it and retain it,—are, and have been proved to be, no better than attempts to transplant the trunks of trees without some portion at least of the roots. The Christian religion is designed for man as he is found on the face of the earth, and not for the abstract being in an abstract state; and wheresoever it is to be promulgated anew in these days, by the agency of men, among men, nothing can be vainer than to expect it to thrive, or even live, in a soil, or rather an atmosphere, of words and creeds alone. It is neither an air-plant, nor a water-plant; nor a flower to spring, like the almond blossom, from leafless branches. Its radix must be buried deep in the daily affections and thoughts, and must fasten its living fibres in them all.

There is a good sense, then, to our mind, in the incidental allusion last cited, which is ominous of good results. Again, —'Having planted *a few twigs of the mulberry, together with various other fruit trees*, at Mount Coke, in 1828, I now found them flourishing luxuriantly; as also at Wesleyville, where both soil and climate seem to suit them well.' Mr. Kay trusts, therefore,—and so do we,—that in process of time the silk-worm will be introduced, and constitute a profitable source of employment for the natives. Will any one ask, what has the mulberry, and what has money-making, to do with the Christian religion? Every thing has to do with it in a case like this,—every thing not intrinsically exceptionable,—which makes its reception more easy, its retention more sure, —every thing, of course, which makes the nomade more stationary, the warrior peaceable, the savage a farmer, the enemy a friend. The more of these physical and practical associations the better. They are not indeed the trunk of the tree, but, as we said before, its soil, and humanly speaking, its support. Let this be but well-chosen and well-cultured, and the faithful and intelligent missionary may, not without cheerful confidence in the usual operation of industrious effort and stirring inducement, labor and pray, like the husbandman who is not above the practical prosecution of his business, for the crowning sunbeams and dews of divine favor upon his work.

Hence we are not surprised to find Mr. Kay subjoining to the statements just quoted, that '*schools have been every where established;*' and that, 'notwithstanding the numerous difficulties arising out of a total want of books, from manuscript lessons alone many of the children have acquired a knowledge of letters.' On this continent, as well as elsewhere, it has been but too often and too vainly attempted either to civilize without Christianity, or to christianize without civilizing: and some sciolists have mooted the question for centuries, substantially, which of these methods is to be preferred, while it has not apparently occurred to them that religion can as ill do without reason as reason without religion; and that both are, in this world, under divine appointment, as indissolubly indispensable to the vitality and prosperity of civilized and christian society, as the soul and body of man to his individual existence.

Excellent judgment has been also recently shown to advantage, in the case of the Caffers, by the colonial government, in the establishment of a systematic commercial intercourse

between them and the Europeans, which requires only a strict supervision to render it productive of much benefit to the former, and especially by affording them opportunities of witnessing the comforts of civilized life in their best aspect, and by inducing them, in view thereof, and of the profits of the commerce we refer to, to adopt industrious, frugal, and regular habits and modes of life. From 1824 to 1829, the amount of native produce brought into the colony, to the fairs, was rated at £50,000, at least. A Cape paper of April, 1832, estimates that brought into Graham's Town alone, at from £500 to £700, weekly, for several months then last past. This importation is composed mostly of ivory, hides, horns, and sambocs, or whips made of the hide of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus. Those portions of this trade, of which the materials are supplied by wild animals, must diminish, and probably disappear altogether, at some future day ; but, so far as the cause of civilization is concerned, this can hardly be a subject of regret. The benefits, which ought to result from the trade meanwhile, so long as it lasts, are not so likely to be lost, even though it should not give place to a source of pecuniary profit, more consistent with and more conducive to an agricultural subsistence.

A publication cited by our author, under the title of the Cape Directory, bears testimony to the decreased amount of Caffer depredations on colonial cattle, to the entire cessation of murders by the same people within the boundary, and to the fearless impunity with which the frontier settlers now expose themselves unarmed in the most retired jungles of the country ;—all attributed to this new direction given to the Caffer capability, by the creation of the new market. Individuals of approved character have been licensed also to pass the boundary, and trade with the natives out of their own hamlets ; and at one of the missionary stations is a shop, which, as Mr. Kay states, has been of great benefit in supplying the surrounding clans with English apparel,—and that is becoming fashionable, —iron cooking-pots, knives, hatchets, agricultural implements, and other useful articles, at moderate prices, and in a manner best adapted to the circumstances of the purchasers.

In another quarter, an extensive and very desirable communication has been opened between the colony and Port Natal, across the Caffer territory, by the traders making a direct road, over what has been hitherto an impassable country, with the aid of about a hundred of the natives. Some

of the best English families have settled themselves in the midst of these people, and of these not a few are making themselves essentially serviceable in their instruction of the Caffers around them. One young man is mentioned, (as having settled among Pato's tribe,) who manages a Sunday school of fifty children. British coin, now the colonial currency, has been introduced to a considerable extent among the natives. These measures, and especially the conduct of the missionaries, have had an astonishing effect in removing or reducing the ancient prejudices of this people against the whites.

A similar account is given, for example, of the voluntary visit of Dushani, a powerful chief, who went to Graham's Town with Mr. Kay, to make restitution for certain trespasses of his subjects:

'The day after their arrival, they were introduced to Lieutenant-colonel Somerset, the commandant, who kindly ordered all necessary attention to be paid to their wishes and wants during their stay. The day following, being Sabbath, they attended divine service in our chapel, and conducted themselves with marked propriety. The appearance of the congregation, the order of the service, and the solemnity of the occasion evidently impressed them much, as they had never before witnessed any thing of the kind. After minutely examining almost every corner of the place, Dushani, with manifest astonishment, exclaimed, "And is it possible to build such a house for God in our land?" After spending about a week in town, they became anxious respecting home; and as I was not ready to return, the commandant furnished them with a military escort, lest any harm should befall them on the way. During their stay, they were treated with unexpected kindness by the British colonists generally; received numerous presents, and returned highly satisfied with their visit.'

Again,—speaking of Morley, a late and remote settlement, which has been joined already by a neighboring chieftain, with all his hamlet, whose residence is now within a few minutes walk of the mission-house,—

'Among those who were employed in various kinds of work on the mission premises, one old man was pointed out to me, whose history is highly interesting. He heard from afar, that the *Abafundis* (missionaries) were men of peace, and that these men of peace were come into the land. This intelligence excited in his mind "a burning desire to see them;" and although he knew not which way to proceed, he set off in search, and

determined if possible to find them. For food on their journey, both he and his family were entirely dependent upon the spontaneous supplies of nature; bulbous roots and earth-nuts constituting their only means of subsistence. Cattle they had none, nor were they able to procure any. Having to travel through an enemy's country, he had frequently to flee for his life; so that his family was at length completely dispersed, and he lost the whole of his children (five) one by one. Thus distressing was the situation of this solitary wanderer in the desert, without any earthly prospect whatever, and bereft of the only solace he had. He nevertheless persevered in his main design, earnestly inquiring as he went along, if any one knew "where the men of peace dwelt?" After travelling until almost worn out, and ready to faint, he finally reached the station; and there his peregrinations ended.'

Not to enter farther into detail, and passing over wholly the corresponding accounts given of the Hottentots, it must be admitted that these statements,—the correctness of which is confirmed by an abundance of impartial testimony,—are, on the whole, highly encouraging to the advocates of an enlightened practical system of African Colonization, in reference to its effect on the natives. If the same exertion shall be made, with the same discretion, by our American settlers, and the missionaries among them, we see no good reason for doubting their success on the Western Coast, where there are several circumstances which must operate in their favor, that have been wanting in the Southern experiment. Colonies have always been the conductors of civilization the world over, and although they have sometimes, perhaps generally, in past ages,—as, for example, in the settlement of most parts of our country,—been made the occasion of little use and of great abuse to the natives, as well as vast ulterior benefit at large, it would seem wonderful indeed if all this experimental knowledge, which history furnishes, of good and evil, and right and wrong, in the matters of colonial economy and polity, should be lost to the reason, philanthropy and justice of a day like this in which we live. One thing is certain, at least,—that, at no period of time, has any portion of the earth's surface presented a fairer field, than Western Africa now does, for the trial of the old system upon new principles; and never had any people, on the other hand, either stronger motives or better means than ourselves, for the prosecution of such a trial to a vigorous maturity and a glorious close.

ART. V.—*Hayward's Physiology of Man.*

Outlines of Human Physiology; designed for the Use of the higher Classes in Common Schools. By GEORGE HAYWARD, M. D. Boston, 1834.

IT is a subject of no small degree of surprise that the science of Physiology has received so little attention, except from those to whom it is a necessary part of professional education. It might have been thought, that the structure and functions of the human body furnish sufficient matter for the curiosity and investigation of the general inquirer after knowledge, no less than for him to whom the study is of immediate practical necessity. Surely we are 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Where else shall we look for such a specimen of mechanism, fitted with such matchless skill, for the accomplishment of an endless variety of purposes? To say nothing of the inscrutable apparatus, designed both as the residence and the instrument of the immortal mind.

And yet, curious and interesting as are these subjects, and fruitful as they are of most useful results, there are few persons among us, with the exception of medical men, whose curiosity is excited to study them. Of the wonders of the human body, the learned, in regard to general subjects, and the unlearned, are alike, or nearly alike, ignorant. If we sometimes, and it is rarely that we do, hear the preacher or the orator refer to a physiological phenomenon by way of ornament or illustration, the *antiquity* of the allusion is often betrayed by the reference to an old and discarded theory; the classic origin of the figure shows the sources of the author's information. There is perhaps no branch of science, in regard to which such crude and incorrect notions so generally prevail. Aside from the medical profession, all are in the dark in respect to many wonderful phenomena, exhibited in the commonest functions of every-day life.

The common explanation, or rather apology for this state of general ignorance is, that the subject is involved in phraseology so technical, as to forbid the researches of those who do not make it the business of their lives to pursue it. It is true, that when followed out in all its details, medical science

includes the knowledge of many things, not known to ordinary men, to which names must be given; and thus a language is created, as peculiar as the knowledge of which it is the instrument. But the general knowledge of physiology, of which we are speaking, demands no such intimate acquaintance with details. In point of fact, most of the physiological works published in modern times, although written for the profession without any especial care to avoid technical phraseology, may be read with facility by any man of ordinary intelligence; and require less use of a glossary than the speculations of phrenology, which have at times excited so much popular curiosity.

A better reason for the inattention to physiology is, in our view, the want of a work on the subject, well suited to the habits and tastes of general readers. Those works designed for the medical profession, treating of the whole subject of human and comparative physiology, contain discussions not adapted to parlor reading; and therefore the more suitable topics are disregarded or thrown out of favor, by the company in which they are found. There was a want of a treatise, which should present a comprehensive description of the general functions of the human body, while it should leave out of view such topics, as are necessary only to the physician. Such precisely is the work before us. Its purpose is well stated by the author.

'This work is intended for those who are unacquainted with the structure of the human body. It is an attempt to explain to them the uses of its most important parts, in familiar and popular language. It differs, therefore, in this respect, from most works on physiology, which suppose some knowledge of anatomy in those who read them; and it does not treat of those topics, which, though highly important to professional students, could not with propriety be introduced into the studies of the young.

'The author was induced to undertake it, in the hope that it might be useful to the young; and his object will be effected, if it should open to them a new and interesting branch of knowledge. He was desirous that they should become acquainted with human physiology, as he felt confident, that they could not fail to see, in the structure and functions of their own bodies, the clearest evidence of wonderful contrivance and beneficent wisdom.'—*Preface.*

The work is intended primarily for the instruction of the young; we believe there are few, of any age, however, who have not made physiology a study, but will find in it a large amount of interesting and useful information; and to the physician, who has not recently renewed his application to this branch of knowledge, it furnishes a valuable condensed view of the different explanations and theories, as they are modified or illustrated by the more recent improvements in general science. It is 'designed for the use of the higher classes in common schools.' Yet we are not to infer that our author had any expectation or wish of making it a common school-book for little boys and girls, who should be studying their accidence and their grammars, instead of prying into the wonders of their own bodies. It is an older and more advanced class of learners that is included in this designation, who, having already acquired the more elementary branches of knowledge, may be allowed and encouraged, before they leave school, to lay in some stores of information in the more particular departments of learning. We fear that in our *common* schools, speaking literally, few classes will be found of scholars, who are properly qualified for thus entering advantageously upon studies of this sort. Some such there are, however, and for them this book is well adapted to be useful.

It might be hoped that a work like this, teaching the true principles of sound physiology, explaining the manner in which the great functions of human life are carried on, would be the means of correcting some of the errors of the prevailing systems of education. A little knowledge of the delicate structure of some of the organs most essential to life, and of their easy susceptibility, especially in childhood, to impressions unfavorable to health, should seem to be enough to show the danger of confining children to the school-room five or six hours at a session, daily, for years, on an uneasy bench, in a constrained posture, and often with such rigor, that to stoop and pick up a pin is marked as a misdemeanor, which counts, at the end of the year, in the estimate of character, and exerts an influence in the annual distribution of prizes. A mere glance at that wonderful organ, the brain,—that mysterious medium of communication between the immaterial mind and the material body, so curiously wrought, so delicate as scarcely to admit of examination, furnished with an immense supply of blood-vessels, which are excited to in-

creased action by every emotion,—the slightest hint of all this were enough, one would think, to give warning of the imminent risk with which children, at an age when bodily constitution and mental character both peculiarly expose them to injury, are forced, by hot-bed excitements, into studies, proper only to maturer years. The successive developments of the different powers of the mind are disregarded; and at an age when little more than perception and memory are fully developed in the young mind, exercises are required, which can be properly performed only by calling into action the riper faculties of a much later period of life. Infants almost, and sometimes even in Sunday schools, are taught to reason, and *to write their reasonings*, when they should be storing up facts for future use; and the sciences are taught to babes, who scarcely know their alphabet.

It is true, that most of these only learn to borrow the reasonings of others, while they are supposed to learn thus prematurely to think, and to substitute high-sounding names of technical science for the unpretending words of every-day life.* Still the evil is the same. To the many, indeed, only self-conceit is taught instead of real knowledge; and this is comparatively a small matter. A few years more of life may correct it, and give them a juster view of the extent and value of their acquirements. But the few,—had they been spared, they would have formed the very *élite* of society, they would in the coming generation have taken the lead in whatever is excellent in our institutions, and have raised the standard of meritorious attainment in them: the few, who really enter into the spirit of these precocious exercises, are often stimulated into disease and death. The premature exercise and excitement of faculties, which are yet in their infancy, either exhaust the powers of the mind, and leave the child in subsequent mediocrity or inferiority, or else they become the cause of inflammation or dropsy in the brain. That delicate organ cannot bear a long-continued and over-strained excitement, without great danger of permanent injury: and this injury may be exhibited either in impaired faculties of mind, or in the early death of its victim.

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*'Grandpapa,' said a bright little fellow, of three years old, who had studied his alphabet and geometry a few weeks at an infant school of science, and had learned the scientific name for a *post*, 'Grandpapa, what do you have that *perpendicular* in your yard for?'

This is a subject of great importance, but we cannot farther pursue it here. We shall greatly rejoice, if the slight notice we have taken of it shall excite the attention of some, whose office it is to influence the public mind on matters of this sort.

We have said, that even a slight knowledge of physiology might correct these evils, and teach a better mode of education; yet we have little hope that it will do so. And it is not altogether the fault of teachers that it will not. If parents are more solicitous of seeing their children prodigies, than reasonable beings, well endowed with sound learning, there is no alternative left to the teacher but to yield to the craving. He must select the most active and aspiring pupils, and press them forward into studies beyond their age, while the mass follow on in a round of lessons beyond their competency;—or he will fail of the degree of *éclat*, that is necessary to secure him the possession of his station as an instructer of youth. How many mothers have mourned over the loveliest of their daughters, whose ingenuous spirits were thus stimulated into excessive and fatal action, cut off in their first opening into mature life! The remembrance of an unwonted proficiency is now the balm for the wounds of affliction: the glory of unnatural attainments becomes the victim's wreath, and reconciles her weeping friends to the sacrifice.

We have already said, that the work before us is not designed to foster this destructive passion for precocious learning. We would fain hope it may do something to counteract it. Although we have spoken so discouragingly of the prospect of a speedy correction of an evil, which we certainly regard as a most serious one, we are not wholly without the hope, that a juster state of feeling may gradually be introduced into our community by the diffusion of information: and we know not where that information may better begin, than with some knowledge of the healthy functions of those bodies, which are so constantly exposed to injury.

There are some other of the customs of society, upon which a general dissemination of physiological information might be supposed to exert a favorable influence. The mother, who understands the essential importance of a free action of the chest, to a proper performance of the functions both of the heart and the lungs, might perhaps be less disposed to bind down the ribs of her daughters, in immovable casements of whalebone.

But we are not so sanguine as to expect, that the *dicta* of fashion can ever be reversed by science. And happily there is less in the habits of dress of the present day, than in some of the days gone by, to call forth either the admonition, or the unavailing lamentations of the severe guardians of the public health.

A still more direct influence might be anticipated, in the discouragement and diminution of quackery. The man, who knows something of the wonderful powers of steam, would feel more of apprehension in following a locomotive engine, conducted by an ignorant engineer, than he who had seen nothing but the outward form of the curious apparatus. In like manner, it is the almost universal ignorance of the complicated structure and curious performances of the several parts of the human body, that prompts so many to trust the management of its disorders to the hands of those whose knowledge, both of its healthy and its diseased functions, is as limited as their own.

After all, however, the chief ground of confidence of the usefulness of this little book is the great principle, that all knowledge is useful. It is essential only that the knowledge disseminated be accurate, and it must, sooner or later, do good. In this respect we have great pleasure in speaking of the work before us. Although wholly unpretending in its character and claims to notice, it has obviously been prepared with great care, and a scrupulous attention to accuracy in all its parts. We could wish that scientific works, designed for general readers, were always prepared with equal ability and care.

There is much, indeed, in the science of physiology, in which our knowledge is still imperfect. After all that the improvements of modern science have done to explain them, there are many parts of the human body, whose modes of action are still but very imperfectly understood. It becomes peculiarly important, therefore, in a work of this sort, that a careful discrimination be made between what is known, and that which rests upon theoretical speculation merely. This we are happy to say is faithfully done in the work before us. The reader is no where misled by opinions advanced as facts. The results of accurate observation are stated; and the theories in explanation of the several phenomena are given as deductions from these observations. Wherever, as is often the case, the results of careful observation are inconclusive, the

reader is not palmed off with a theory confidently proposed, by way of substitute; but is honestly informed of the deficiency of our knowledge in regard to the particular point. Some of the best explanations which have been attempted by different physiologists are then given, with the reasons in favor of them, and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions. The consequence will probably be, in most cases of this kind, that he will come to no conclusion at all. And this is just what it ought to be: since, if the evidence is such as to leave the best physiologists in doubt, it is not to be expected that those who are less instructed in the matter will understand it more clearly. All that they can here require is, that they shall be taught the full extent of the solid grounds which the several opinions have to rest upon, and a full demarcation of the line at which hypothesis begins.

To the casual reader, it may seem that so much is left unsettled, that little can be truly known; and there have not been wanting those who have reproached medical science generally, as made up more of conjectures than of accurate knowledge. Nay, some have gone so far as to prefer the medical skill of those who discard all pretensions to knowledge, as if those, who are the boldest in their conjectures, are the most to be trusted.

There are two answers to this view of the matter. In the first place, most of the questions, in regard to which the greatest uncertainty prevails, relate to the manner in which a particular function is performed, the *modus operandi*, rather than to the character of the function itself. The action itself has been carefully observed and is well understood, but the means by which that action is carried on and directed, are involved in mystery. For example, it is perfectly well known that some impression must be communicated by a nerve to a muscle, to enable it to contract; for if the nerves of any part are destroyed or divided, the muscles of that part wholly cease to act. But of the nature of the influence thus communicated, we are entirely ignorant. In a practical point of view, however, the *facts* which we know, are of incomparably more importance, than the explanation of those facts, which still remains hidden. Throughout the whole circle of human physiology, the functions of the several parts, with the phenomena which attend the performance of those functions in a state of health, and also the changes of structure and of action which the same

parts undergo in disease, have been and still are the subjects of careful observation and study. The attention of medical men, especially at the present time, is directed to the observation of facts, rather than to framing theories. Doubtless much remains to be learned. But we may well ask, in the second place,—supposing that there still is much of ignorance in the profession,—which is the safest guide through this ignorance, he who has learned something of its extent, and has done something to surmount it, and who has at least learned some caution in regard to what is unknown, by the difficulties by which he has acquired what is known; or he who has learned nothing, and who leaps confidently in the dark, because he sees none of the pitfalls in the darkness by which he is surrounded?

The arrangement of this work is simple and natural. After a short introduction, giving a concise account of the textures, or *systems*, which make up the composition of the human body, the author treats of the various functions; and those are first examined, which are connected with the growth and nourishment of the individual being, and afterwards those which connect him with external objects.

'The animal body is composed of fluids and solids. The former constitute a much greater part of the whole than the latter; being in the proportion of six to one, according to Richerand, and of nine to one, according to Chaussier, in an adult subject.' These fluids are divided into four classes; 1st, those which form the blood; 2d, the blood itself; 3d, those that are formed from the blood; and 4th, those that are returned to the blood from the various parts of the body.

'The solids are formed from the fluids by a process called secretion, which will be treated of in a subsequent part of this work. Much labor and research have been bestowed on attempts to ascertain how many elementary solids exist in the various organs of the body. Some have supposed that all the solids are formed from three elementary ones, viz.: the cellular, the nervous, and the muscular: and to these, others have added the osseous and membranous. It is believed that all the organs, however various they may appear, in their structure and composition, can be ultimately reduced to these five.

'These simple textures or tissues, as they are called, being united in various proportions, form the compound tissues or systems. There are eleven of these systems, according to the arrangement of Dupuytren and Richerand; these are

1. The Cellular. 2. The Mucous. 3. The Serous. 4. The Muscular. 5. The Osseous. 6. The Vascular. 7. The Nervous. 8. The Fibrous. 9. The Erectile. 10. The Horny, as the Nails and Hair. 11. The Parenchymatous, as the Glands.'

The function first to be described, under this arrangement, is, of course, that of *digestion*. The apparatus for the performance of this function, the teeth and tongue, the parotid gland, and the stomach, are succinctly described. Then, after a short notice of the more important of the exploded theories of digestion, we have an explanation of the process, as follows.

'The opinion that is now most generally received respecting the mode in which the stomach acts on the food that is taken into it, is, that a peculiar liquor secreted by the stomach, and called gastric juice, has a solvent power, which enables it to reduce the food to an uniform mass.

'The introduction of food into the stomach, produces an increased secretion of the gastric liquor, which is poured out in such abundance in health, as to surround every particle of it. When this is accomplished, an alternate contraction and expansion of the stomach take place, and continue till the whole alimentary mass is converted into chyme. This motion is produced by the muscular coat of the stomach, which is formed, as has been before stated, by muscular fibres running in a longitudinal and transverse direction.

'It has been ascertained, that in a healthy stomach, the food, if easy of digestion, is converted into chyme, in four or five hours, and that before this change has taken place, it is prevented from passing into the intestine, by a sort of valve situated at the pyloric orifice of the stomach, called pylorus, or door-keeper. It has been supposed by some, that this valve has the property of determining when the aliment was sufficiently changed to allow it to pass, that it gives free exit to chyme, and contracts when undigested substances attempt to enter the duodenum.

'The food is not all converted into chyme at the same time; but as fast as it is changed, it passes into the intestine, only two or three ounces collecting in the pyloric extremity at once.

'The change which the alimentary mass undergoes in the first intestine or duodenum, as it is called, is as great and important as the one which is effected in it in the stomach. In that organ, it is converted into chyme, and the process is called chymification: in the intestine, it undergoes what is called chylification; in which it is brought into such a state, that a peculiar fluid, called chyle, can be extracted from it by the absorbent vessels, whose mouths open in great abundance into this intestine. This

chyle is a thin milky fluid, and these absorbents are thence called lacteals.

'The chyme passes slowly through the duodenum, and in its passage it becomes intimately mixed with the liquor secreted by the pancreas or sweetbread, and the bile which is formed by the liver. These fluids sometimes pass through separate tubes, and at others enter by a common canal. The inner coat of the first intestine is covered with folds of its lining membrane, which answer the purpose in some measure of valves, retarding to some extent the passage of the chyme, and preventing, under ordinary circumstances, its regurgitation. In this way, the absorbents have an opportunity of separating from it the chyle, the fluid which is afterwards to be converted into blood, for the nourishment of the body.

'The chyle has frequently been examined, with a view of ascertaining its nature and properties. It has no inconsiderable resemblance to cream in appearance, and when removed from the body and suffered to stand, it undergoes a species of spontaneous coagulation. It separates into three parts, a transparent and colorless fluid, a firm and white coagulum, and a thin pellicle of fatty matter, which floats on the surface; a process not unlike that, which will be hereafter spoken of, as taking place in the blood when removed from the body.'

Another extract will show the purposes which the chyle, thus formed, accomplishes in the animal system.

'The process by which the body increases in size, and the waste of its organs is repaired, is called nutrition. Its agents are supposed to be those minute vessels, that are situated between the termination of the arteries, and the commencement of the veins, and which are known by the name of capillaries. These vessels are distributed largely to all parts of the body, and have the power of separating from the blood particles identical in character with those of which the various organs of the system are composed.

'It has been before remarked, that a species of composition and decomposition is constantly going on in the body during life. The first of these is effected by the blood-vessels, and the latter by the absorbents. By digestion, nutritive fluid, called chyle, is extracted from the food taken into the stomach; the lacteals convey this into the blood, and partially assimilate it to that fluid; but it is not yet fit for the purposes of life. It is carried by a distinct set of vessels into the lungs, where it parts with some of the noxious principles it derived from digestion, and it also receives others from the air, which, as it were, imparts to it

vivifying properties. In this state it is returned to the heart, and this organ sends it through numberless vessels to every part, for their growth and nourishment. But the mere circulation of this fluid would not be sufficient; a portion of it must be left in each of the organs to supply the waste, and this is probably done by the minute capillary vessels of the part. Under ordinary circumstances, these vessels cannot be seen by the eye, even when aided by the microscope: they are so minute as to elude all examination in their natural state. But, small as they are, they are agents whose functions cannot be dispensed with in the animal economy. One set performs an important office in the lungs, as has been already noticed, and the other, spread throughout the system, is carrying nourishment to all the organs. The latter have received the name of the nutritive arteries. The nutritive process is a sort of secretion, by which different substances are separated from a common fluid, the blood. Thus, one set of these vessels deposits the fibrin to form the muscles, and another, the earthy and animal parts of the bone. We are wholly ignorant how this is accomplished; but of the fact there is no doubt.

'Nearly all the parts of the body are continually, during life, subjected to this process; the old particles are taken up by the absorbent vessels, and new ones are deposited in their place by the nutritive arteries. The hair, the nails, the outer covering of the teeth, the coloring matter of the skin, and perhaps the cuticle, form almost, if not the only exceptions.'

This circumstance of the continual change of the matter of our bodies, has given rise to an amusing question in regard to the evidence of personal identity. When it is announced that the materials of our bodies are incessantly changing, metaphysicians ask, in some perplexity, how know we that we are the same individuals that we were a year ago? Since within that time all the portions of matter, of which our bodies were then composed, have been exchanged for others, how are we assured that our persons have not been exchanged also,—that we really are ourselves, and not somebody else;—like the far-famed stocking, that had been darned until not a thread of the original article remained, and no one could ever tell whether it was the same stocking or another?

It is true, every body feels that there is no real difficulty in this case, except as a matter of theory. In reference to himself, no man needs to reason about it. He feels within himself that he is the same individual that he ever was. And

this circumstance has given rise to the theory, that it is this very consciousness which constitutes the proof of identity. A better explanation, perhaps, may be found in the manner in which the changes of substance in the animal body are effected. These changes take place only particle by particle; and the change has respect to the individual particles, rather than to the body of which they form the several parts. Each new portion of matter, as it becomes assimilated, assumes the character of that whose place it supplies. As the sentinel who goes on duty receives the orders of his predecessor, and transmits them to his successor, so each successive particle, incorporated into the animal system, receives its impressions from those that preceded it. In this manner, not only the form and powers of the body, but the habits of the constitution, and its tendencies to disease, or its exemption from a particular disease, are transmitted through successive changes of matter, with nearly, or quite as much certainty, as if every particle of the body were perpetual and unchanging. The individual is identically the same, therefore, because the character of his physical constitution, as well as his intellectual and moral character, is the same.

Although the matter which supplies the nutrition of the body is received into the blood by the process of digestion, it is not however so immediately fitted for this its ultimate purpose. We must therefore return with our author, (for we have anticipated his course of arrangement,) and take a short notice of some of the intermediate processes. The most important of these are the Circulation of the blood, and Respiration.

There is no part of Physiology, to the improvement of which the discoveries of modern science have been so successfully applied, as to the explanation of the phenomena of Respiration. The ancients were ignorant of the true course of the circulation of the blood: and even long after that problem had been solved by the investigations of the immortal Hervey, physiologists were wholly at a loss to account for the circulation through the lungs. They saw that every portion of the whole mass of blood, as fast as it had completed its tour of duty over the general system, before it set out again to repeat the same course over the body, was sent into the lungs, and there brought under the influence of the air in Respiration. But so utterly uncertain were they of the nature of this influence,

that while some said that the purpose was to cool the blood, others thought that it was to supply heat; some, to supply, others to abstract moisture. It was reserved for the discoveries of modern Chemistry to explain the true nature of the reciprocal changes, which the blood and the air undergo in this remarkable process.

'The quantity of oxygen is diminished by respiration, and that of carbonic acid gas is increased. Expired air, instead of containing twenty-one parts of oxygen, like atmospheric air, has but eighteen parts, and contains four parts of carbonic acid gas, instead of one. Some physiologists are of opinion, that all the oxygen that has disappeared, may be accounted for by the carbonic acid gas that is formed, while others believe that a portion has united with the blood. This point may perhaps be considered as still unsettled. We shall say more of it when treating of the changes produced in the blood by respiration.

'The next point of view in which the important process of respiration is to be considered, is as to the effects which it produces on the blood that is sent to the lungs. It has been before explained, that the blood which is derived from digestion, and that which is returned by the veins from all parts of the body, is carried to the right side of the heart. It is of a dark color, and unfit for the purposes of life. It is sent by the contraction of the right ventricle to the lungs; it passes through numberless vessels of the smallest size, and is carried to the left side of the heart, of a bright scarlet color. How is this effected? We have seen above, that the quantity of carbonic acid is greater in expired, than in atmospheric air. But the oxygen, contained in the carbonic acid gas, does not account for all the oxygen that is lost. Some have supposed that a portion of it unites with hydrogen, and thus forms the watery vapor that is thrown from the lungs. This is not, however, the prevailing opinion. The fact seems to be, that in respiration, both the air and the blood part with something, and receive something from each other. The air loses a portion of its oxygen, part of which goes to the formation of the carbonic acid, and the remainder unites with the blood; the blood also parts with some of its carbon, which unites with the oxygen taken into the lungs, and is then thrown out in the form of carbonic acid; and another part of the oxygen is absorbed by the blood. Thus it appears that the blood parts with a portion of its carbon, and at the same time gains some oxygen.

'This change in the blood in respiration has been called the oxygenation of the blood, by those who explained it on the supposition, that oxygen united with the blood in its passage though

the lungs. It has also been called the decarbonization of the blood, by those physiologists who believe that the change is produced by the discharge of carbon. The truth seems to be, that the blood is both oxygenated and decarbonized by respiration; that is, that a portion of the oxygen taken into the lungs unites with it, and at the same time the blood throws off carbon in a volatile state, which unites with another portion of oxygen, while the air, at the same time, loses some oxygen and receives some carbon, and thus forms carbonic acid gas.'

'To whatever circumstance this change may be owing, it is certain, that it is one essential to life. If it were completely suspended, even for a moment, death would follow. The black blood, or the blood of the veins, or venous blood, as it is called, cannot support the animal functions; they require the stimulus of the red arterial blood.

'If respiration be suspended, the heart will for a time continue to throw the blood to the lungs; but when all the air is exhausted in these organs, so that they return purple blood to the left side of the heart, death immediately follows. This is owing, in great measure, to the circumstance that black blood is now of course thrown into the coronary arteries, the nourishing arteries of the heart; and this organ ceases to act, when not excited by arterial blood. The action of the brain, too, cannot be continued for an instant, without the stimulus of oxygenated blood, and all the organs of the body are dependent on the brain and nervous system for their power of action.'

It should not be inferred, as it sometimes has been, from the statement of these facts, that the presence of carbon in the blood is necessarily poisonous, under all circumstances; or that all the oxygen is withdrawn from venous blood. Both these substances exist in large quantities both in arterial and venous blood, and in every other animal product. It is a difference of proportions merely, in the two kinds of blood; and this difference is so small as scarcely, if at all, to be detected by direct analysis. Our knowledge of it is derived more from the effects on the air respired, than from experiments, made on the blood itself. It may seem strange, that a change of proportions so slight as to be appreciable only by inference, should be so important in its effects. But here is our limit between observation and conjecture. The fact is well established, not only that respiration is essential to life, which every body has always known, but also that the chemical changes produced in respiration are equally indispensable. It is worthy of remark, too, that these changes

are essentially the same, in all living bodies, and are equally indispensable to all, from the highest animal, to the lowest vegetable.

Connected with Respiration, are the remarkable phenomena of animal heat. The human body is capable of preserving a uniform temperature, for an indefinite length of time, through all the changes of a climate, whose extremes are more than a hundred degrees asunder; and for a limited period the power is much greater. It is manifest that to keep up such an equilibrium, especially in a medium, as in our climate, many degrees colder than the body, must demand a great power of producing heat. It might have been supposed that such a manufactory might easily be discovered, yet physiologists have not been able to point out satisfactorily its true sources. When it came to be known, that the changes which the air undergoes in respiration are entirely similar to the effects produced upon the same fluid by combustion, it was but natural to infer that heat is in like manner derived from the process. Consequently, physiologists have been constantly looking to this process for an explanation of the production of animal heat, ever since the true composition of the atmosphere was made known. It was objected, that the lungs are no hotter than other parts of the body, as it might be expected they would be, if they manufacture the heat for all the other parts. But

'Dr. Crawford brought forward an explanation of the manner in which animal heat is generated, that was for a time adopted by most physiologists. He agreed in opinion with Dr. Black, that heat was generated in respiration, as in combustion, by the conversion of oxygen and carbon into carbonic acid gas; and the reason, which he assigns for the fact that the lungs have not a much greater degree of heat than the other parts of the body, is, that the arterial blood has a greater capacity for caloric than the venous blood, and that a part of the heat formed in the lungs is absorbed by the arterial blood, and remains in it in that state which is known by the name of latent heat. When the blood is conveyed to the various parts of the body, the heat is given out whenever the arterial blood is converted into venous, as it is in the various processes of nutrition.'

This is so simple and beautiful a theory, that it is a pity it is not true. But the animal system never works so entirely by physical laws. Dr. Crawford indeed details a long course of

experiments, to establish the truth of his opinion. He calculated very carefully the capacity for heat, not only of the inspired and expired air, and the arterial and venous blood, but also that of the various articles of food, and found every thing favorable to this theory. The result to which he came was, that the change of capacity for heat in the blood during respiration is sufficient to produce a demand for 207 degrees of heat, to remain latent in the arterial blood, so as to cause no actual change of temperature. The corresponding change in the air he found sufficient to set free 4,650 degrees of heat. It only remained to bring these two results together, to form a perfect test of their correctness. But this he omitted to do.

It is obvious that the increase of temperature, caused by a given quantity of heat, other things being equal, is inversely as the quantity of matter. A pint of hot water, added to a hundred pints a hundred degrees colder, will raise the temperature of the hundred just one degree. Now if Dr. Crawford's positions are true, the quantity of matter, in that portion of air which is changed in respiration, must correspond exactly with the quantity of matter in the portion of blood which it supplies with latent heat. These quantities cannot indeed be ascertained with entire exactness; but something is known in regard to them. Taking the highest estimate that has ever been made of the quantity of oxygen consumed in each respiration, its actual weight does not amount to one grain; while at least seven ounces, or 3,360 grains of blood, are presented to the action of the air in each respiration. One grain, heated 4,650 degrees, would raise 3,360 grains a little more than one degree; whereas Dr. Crawford's positions require 207 degrees, besides the quantity of heat lost in raising the temperature of the remaining portion of respired air, and in various other ways.

This difficulty, however, in regard to animal heat, is scarcely greater, than that of explaining the production of heat in ordinary combustion, from which the analogy is drawn. The ordinary explanation of the process of combustion, with which most chemists appear to be satisfied, attributes the production of heat, in the same manner to a change of capacity for heat, effected during the process. Upon this hypothesis, according to all the known laws of heat, the burning of gunpowder should be a most freezing operation; for all the ingredients, even the oxygen, are in a state of comparatively small capacity, and

by the combination in burning they pass into states requiring immense proportions of latent heat. The truth is, many of the laws of heat are too imperfectly known to render it safe to found any confident opinions upon them, even in regard to physical science; still less in their application to the operations of organized, living beings.

After all, it is not easy to escape altogether the impression, that animal heat is in some way dependent upon or connected with respiration. Direct experiments on animals, designed to ascertain this point, have repeatedly been tried; but their results are contradictory. Mr. Brodie inferred from his experiments, that no heat is produced by respiration, while Dr. Wilson Philip, M. Legallois, and others, have come to a different conclusion. The truth probably is, that artificial respiration in animals keeps up the animal heat, just in proportion to the extent to which it preserves the other vital actions. All the functions of life are not destroyed at the same moment; and in some modes of death, certain of these functions are retained in action much longer than when death takes place in other ways. Animal heat is one of these functions; and it is preserved to a certain extent by artificial respiration, whenever that respiration is so managed as to prolong the powers of life. The same result may be produced without artificial respiration. If two animals of the same character and size are killed, in different ways, so as in one to destroy suddenly *all* the functions, while in the other the *entire* death of all the parts follows more slowly, although both animals are, in the ordinary sense of the term, equally dead from the same moment, the first will cool much more rapidly than the last. It is not impossible, although we see little evidence of it, that the chemical effects of respiration have something to do with the production of heat; and it is no proof against this hypothesis, that we are not able to explain the manner in which the development of heat may arise; since, as we have just observed, we are equally ignorant in regard to the origin of the heat produced in combustion.

'These, and other experiments of a similar character, (the experiments of Dr. Philip and M. Legallois,) have induced most physiologists of the present day to adopt what is usually called the chemical theory of the generation of animal heat. It must be confessed, however, that it is not without its difficulties,

but at the same time it cannot but be acknowledged, that it is embarrassed with fewer than any other that has ever been proposed. Though it is called a chemical theory, it is so only in a limited sense, the laws of chemistry being, as in all the other operations, that go on in the living body, modified and controlled by the laws of vitality. The brain and nervous system no doubt perform an important part, if not in the generation, at least in the evolution of animal heat.

'There is one fact worthy of notice, as it seems to show that there must be an intimate connexion between respiration and animal heat; and that is, that in those animals whose respiratory apparatus is the most extended, the temperature is uniformly highest. Birds, whose organs of breathing extend over a large part of the body, and who consequently require a great quantity of air, have a higher degree of temperature than other animals: it is twelve degrees above that of man; while in cold-blooded animals, as fishes, whose temperature is not much greater than that of the medium in which they live, but a very small quantity of blood at any one time is subjected to the effects of respiration.'

We have not room to prolong our remarks, and notice the other subjects of interest discussed in this little volume. Nor is it necessary. Enough we trust has been said, to exhibit something of the character of the work, and of the able and faithful manner in which the author has executed his purpose.

We would hope that the publisher will put a portion at least of future editions into the dress of a parlor book. There is something in the air of a school-book, which does not always carry pleasant associations with it into the parlor. However useful this book may be for the higher classes in schools (and highly useful to them, we are persuaded it will be,) we believe it will be even more valuable to those whose school days have gone by. Those who have before studied Physiology as a science, will find in it a convenient and agreeable summary of the best modern opinions on the different subjects. Those to whom the whole subject is new, will find it filled with important instruction, conveyed in an intelligible and pleasant manner.

ART. VI.—*Slavery in Rome.*

The Influence of Slavery on the Political Revolutions in Rome. A Lecture, delivered before a Society of Young Men in Massachusetts. pp. 41. Northampton. 1834.

WHEN Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, on his way to Spain, to serve in the Roman army before Numantia, travelled through Italy, he was led to observe the evils, which slavery had entailed on the provinces of his country. The great body of the Roman citizens were impoverished. Instead of little farms, studding the country with their pleasant aspect, and nursing an independent race, he beheld nearly all the lands of Italy engrossed by large proprietors; and the plough was in the hands of slaves. In the early periods of the State, agriculture and war had been the labor and the office of freemen; but the great mass of the Roman citizens had now, by the institution of bondmen and its necessary tendency to accumulate all possessions in the hands of a few, been excluded from employment; the palaces of the wealthy towered in the landscape in solitary grandeur: the freemen hid themselves in miserable hovels. Deprived of the dignity of proprietors, they could not even hope for occupation; for the opulent landholder preferred rather to make use of his slaves, whom he could not but maintain, and who constituted his family. Excepting the small number of the immeasurably rich, and a feeble and constantly decreasing class of independent husbandmen, poverty was extreme. The king of Syria had reverenced the commands of Roman envoys, as though they had been the commands of Heaven; the rulers of Egypt had exalted the Romans above the Immortal Gods; and from the fertile fields of Western Africa, Massinissa had sent word that he was but a Roman overseer. And yet a great majority of the Roman citizens, now that they had become the conquerors of the world, were poorer than their forefathers, who had extended their ambition only to the plains round Rome.

The elder Gracchus, when his mind began to brood over the disasters, that were fast gathering in heavy clouds round

his country, was in the bloom of manhood. Sprung from an honorable family, independent though not of the most opulent, by the intermarriages of his nearest kinsmen connected with the families of the most haughty patricians, the son of a hero who had been censor, and had twice been consul, and twice had enjoyed the honors of a triumph, grandson of the elder Scipio, the victor of Hannibal, the brother-in-law of the younger Scipio, the destroyer of Carthage, he might have entered the career of ambition with every assurance of success. Possessed, by the kindness of Heaven, of admirable genius, he had also enjoyed an education superior to that of any of his contemporaries. His excellent mother, whom the unanimous testimony of antiquity declares to have been the first woman of her times, had gathered round his youth the best instructers in the arts and in letters; what then was a rare thing in Rome, he had learned to rest his head on the bosom, and enjoy the confidence, of the Grecian Muse. Nor were the qualities of his heart, and the nature of his passions, inferior to his talents and his nurture. His first appearance in the Roman army was in the last war against Carthage, under the command of his brother-in-law; and when Carthage was at last taken by storm, he, the impetuous soldier of eighteen, led the onset, and was the first to ascend the walls of the burning city. And yet he was gentle in all his dispositions; a maidenly modesty, and a peaceful composure distinguished his character; his purity obtained for him in youth the unusual distinction of a seat among the augurs. Nor was his truth nor his moderation less remarkable or less celebrated. The city of Numantia, a city within the limits of the modern kingdom of Castile, had resisted the Roman arms with an invincible fortitude, which the companions of Palafox could imitate, but not equal. But no sooner was it announced in the besieged city, that Tiberius Gracchus had appeared as a messenger before its ramparts, than the gates opened, the natives of Spain thronged round his steps, hung on his arms, and clung to his hands. They bade him take from their public stores whatever treasures he desired: he took but a handful of incense, and offered it to the Gods. They requested him to establish the basis of a peace, and he framed a treaty on principles of mutual independence.

But, in the vain attempt to give peace to Spain, Tiberius Gracchus did not forget the miseries of Italy. Who, that has

reflected on the history of nations, has not perceived how slow is the progress of change in the condition of the laboring class of society? It is now three centuries since the eloquent and disinterested Calvin first attempted, in the language and on the soil of France, to infuse into its peasantry an ameliorating principle; and in all that period, how little improvement has taken place in the physical condition and the intellectual culture of the humbler classes of the French! If it was true, in the reign of Elizabeth, that millions of her English subjects could not write nor read, it was hardly less true of millions during the reign of George IV. History has consisted chiefly of the personal achievements of a few individuals, the victories of armies, the scandals of courts, the intrigues of the palace; on the character, rights, and progress of the great mass of the people, it has been silent. The Greatest Number has been forgotten by the annalist, as its happiness has been neglected by the lawgiver.

Human nature was the same of old; but Gracchus, in hoping to improve the condition of the impoverished majority of his countrymen, refused to indulge in the vain desires of an idle philanthropy. With the enlarged philosophy of an able statesman, he sought to understand the whole nature of the evil, to devise measures for its remedy, and to find a powerful support, capable of giving efficacy to his benevolence.

He found the inhabitants of the Roman State divided into three distinct classes. The few wealthy nobles; the many indigent citizens; the still more numerous class of slaves. Reasoning correctly on the subject, he perceived that it was slavery, which crowded the poor freeman out of employment, and barred the way to his advancement. It was the aim of Gracchus not so much to mend the condition of the slaves, as to lift the brood of idle persons into dignity; to give them land, to put the plough into their hands, to make them industrious and useful, and so to repose on them the liberties of the state. With the fixedness of an iron will, he resolved to increase the number of the landed proprietors of Italy. He resolved to create a ROMAN YEOMANRY. This was the basis of his radical reform.

The means were at hand. The lands in Italy were of two classes; private estates, and public domains. With private estates, Gracchus refused to interfere. The public domains, even though they had long been usurped by the patricians,

were to be reclaimed as public property, and to be appropriated to the use of the people, under restrictions, which should prevent their future concentration in the hands of the few. To effect this object required no new order; the proper decree was already engraved among the tablets of the Roman laws. It was necessary only to revive the law of Licinius, which had slumbered for two centuries unrepealed.

In a republic, he that will execute great designs, must act with an organized party. Gracchus took counsel with the purest men of Rome; with Appius Claudius, his father-in-law, a patrician of the purest blood; with the great lawyer Mutius Scævola, a man of consular dignity, and with Crassus, the leader of the priesthood; men of the best learning and character, of unimpeachable patriotism, and friends to the new reform. But his supporters at the polls could be none other than the common people, composed of the impoverished citizens, and the very few husbandmen, who had still saved some scanty acres from the grasp of the aristocracy.

The people rallied to the support of their champion; and Gracchus, being elected their tribune, was able to bring forward his Agrarian Law. 'The wild beasts in your land,' it was so he addressed the multitude, 'have their dens; but the soldiers of Italy have only water and air. Without houses or property, they, with their wives and children, are vagabonds. Your commanders deceive you, when they bid you fight for your hearths, and your gods; you have no hearths, you have no household gods. It is for the insolence and luxury of others, that you shed your blood. You are called lords of the world, and you do not possess a square foot of soil.'

The famed Agrarian Law, relating only to the public domain, was distinguished by mitigating clauses. To each of those who had occupied the land without a right, it generously left five hundred acres; to each of their minor children two hundred and fifty more; and it also promised to make from the public treasury further remuneration for improvement. To every needy citizen it probably allotted not more than ten acres; perhaps less. Thus it was designed to create in Italy a yeomanry: instead of planters and slaves, to substitute free laborers; to plant liberty firmly in the land; to perpetuate the Roman Commonwealth, by identifying its principles with the culture of the soil. *Omnium rerum ex quibus aliquid adquiritur*—such were long the views of intel-

ligent Romans—*nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine,* NIHIL LIBERO DIGNIUS. No pursuit is more worthy of the freeman, than agriculture. Gracchus claimed it for the free.

Philanthropy, when it contemplates a slave-holding country, may have its first sympathies excited for the slaves; but it is a narrow benevolence which stops there. The indigent freeman is in a worse condition. The slave has his task, and also his home and his bread. He is the member of a wealthy family. The indigent freeman has neither labor, nor house, nor food; and, divided by a broad gulf from the upper class, he has neither hope, nor ambition. The poor freeman claims sympathy; he is so abject, that often even the slave despises him. For the interest of the slaveholder is diametrically opposite to that of the free laborer. The slaveholder is the competitor of the free laborer, and by the lease of slaves, takes the bread from his mouth. The wealthy Crassus, the richest man in Rome, was the competitor of the poorest free carpenter. The Roman patricians took away the business of the sandal-maker. The existence of slavery made the opulent owners of bondmen the rivals of the poor; greedy after the profits of their labor, and monopolizing those profits through their slaves. In every community where slavery is tolerated, the poor freeman will always be found complaining of hard times. Would you abolish slavery? Imitate Gracchus, and pass a law in spirit like his; that none but the free shall till the soil. Let the plough, the spade, and the hoe be safe from the touch of a bondman, and bondage will cease. Are you afraid to abolish slavery, and would you yet mitigate the severe action of slavery upon the impoverished free? Enact a law, ensuring the exclusive exercise of the mechanic arts, to the free portion of the population. If the laws secure to the master his slaves, let them secure to the freeman his labor.

The laws of Gracchus cut the patricians with a double edge. Their fortunes consisted in land and slaves; it questioned their titles to the public territories, and it tended to force emancipation, by making their slaves a burden. In taking away the soil, it took away the power that kept their live machinery in motion.

The moment was a real crisis in the affairs of Rome; not a crisis, such as precedes the eve of every annual election;

but a crisis, such as hardly occurs to a nation in the progress of many centuries. Men are in the habit of proscribing Julius Cesar as the destroyer of the Commonwealth. The civil wars, the revolutions of Cesar, the miserable vicissitudes of the Roman emperors, the avarice of the nobles and the rabble, the crimes of the forum and the palace, all have their germ in the ill success of the reform of Gracchus.

It is our object to state results, not to narrate. We pass over the proofs of moderation which the man of the people exhibited, by appearing in the Senate, where he had hoped to obtain from the justice of the patricians some reasonable compromise; and where he was received, very much as O'Connell was received in the English Parliament, when he pleaded for Ireland. The attempt of the aristocracy to check all procedures in the assembly of the people, by instigating another tribune to interpose his veto, was defeated by the prompt decision of the people to depose the faithless representative; and the final success of Gracchus seemed established by the unanimous decision of the commons in favor of his decree.

But such delays had been created by his opponents, that the year of his tribuneship was nearly passed; his re-election was needed in order to carry his decree into effect. But the evil in Rome was already too deep to be removed. The election day for tribunes was in mid-summer; the few husbandmen, the only shadow of a Roman yeomanry, were busy in the field, gathering their crops, and failed to come to the support of their champion. He was left to rest his defence on the rabble of the city; and though early in the morning great crowds of the people gathered together, and though, as Gracchus appeared in the forum, a shout of joy rent the skies, and was redoubled as he ascended the steps of the Capitol, yet when the aristocracy, determined at every hazard to defeat the assembly, came with the whole weight of their adherents in a mass, the timid flock, yielding to the sentiment of awe rather than of cowardice, fled like sheep before wolves; and left their defender, the incomparable Tiberius, to be beaten to death by the clubs of senators. Three hundred of his more faithful friends were left lifeless in the market-place. In the fury of triumphant passion, the corpse of the tribune was dragged through the streets, and thrown into the Tiber.

The deluded aristocracy raised the full chorus of victory and joy. They believed that the Senate had routed the demo-

cracy; when it was but the avenging spirit of slavery, that struck the first deadly wound into the bosom of Rome. When a funeral pyre was kindled to the manes of Tiberius Gracchus, the retributive Nemesis, indignant at the evils which followed in the train of slavery, lighted the torch, which, though it burned secretly for a while, at last kindled the furies of social war, and involved the civilized world in the conflagration.

The murder of Gracchus proved the weakness of the Senate; they could defeat the people only by violence. But the blood of their victim, like the blood of other martyrs, cemented his party. It was impossible to carry the Agrarian Law into execution; it was equally impossible to effect its repeal.

Gracchus had interceded for the unhappy indigent freeman, whose independence was crushed by the institution of slavery. The slaves themselves were equally sensible of their wrongs; and in the island of Sicily they resolved on an insurrection. Differing in complexion, in language, in habits, the hope of liberty amalgamated the heterogeneous mass. Eunus, their wise leader, in the spirit of the East, employed the power of superstition to rally the degraded serfs to his banner, and, like Mahomet, pretended a revelation from heaven. Sicily had been divided into a few great plantations; and now the voice of a leader, joining the fanaticism of religion to the enthusiasm for freedom, with the hope of liberty awakened the slaves, not in Sicily only, but in Italy, to the use of arms. What need of dwelling on the horrors of a servile war? Cruel overseers were stabbed with pitchforks; the defenceless were cut to pieces by scythes; tribunals, hitherto unheard of, were established, where each family of slaves might arraign its master, and, counting up his ferocities, adjudge punishment for every remembered wrong. Well may the Roman historian blush as he relates the disgraceful tale. *Quis aequo animo ferat in principe gentium populo bella servorum?* The Romans had fought their allies, yet had fought with freemen; let the queen of nations blush, for she must now contend with victorious slaves. Thrice, nay, four times, were the Roman armies defeated; the insurrection spread into Italy; four times were even the camps of Roman praetors stormed and taken; Roman soldiers became the captives of their bondmen. The army of the slaves increased to 200,000. It is said, that in this war a million of lives were lost; the statement is exaggerated; but Sicily suf-

fered more from the devastations of the servile, than of the Carthaginian, war. Twice were Roman consuls unsuccessful. At length, after years of defeat, the benefits of discipline gave success to the Roman forces. The last garrison of the last citadel of the slaves disdained to surrender, and could no longer resist; they escaped the ignominy of captivity by one universal suicide. The conqueror of slaves, a new thing in Rome, returned to enjoy the honors of an ovation.

The object of Tiberius Gracchus, continued by his eloquent and equally unhappy brother, who moreover was the enlightened and energetic advocate of a system of internal improvement in Italy, aimed at ameliorating the condition of the indigent freeman. The great servile insurrection was designed to effect the emancipation of slaves; and both were unsuccessful. But God is just and his laws are invincible. Slavery next made its attack directly on the patricians, and following the order of Providence in the government of the moral world, began with silent but sure influence to corrupt the virtue of families, and even to destroy domestic life. It is a well ascertained fact, that slavery diminishes the frequency of marriages in the class of masters. In a state where emancipation is forbidden, the slave population will perpetually gain upon the numbers of the free. We will not stop to develope the three or four leading causes of this result, pride and the habits of luxury, the facilities of licentious indulgence, the circumscribed limits of productive industry; some of which causes operate exclusively, and all of them principally, on the free. The position is certain and is universal; no where was the principle more amply exemplified than in Rome. The rich slaveholders preferred luxury and indulgence to marriage; and celibacy became so general, that the aristocracy was obliged by law to favor the institution, which, in a society where all are free, constitutes the solace of labor and the ornament of life. A Roman censor could, in a public address to the people, stigmatize matrimony as a troublesome companionship, and recommend it only as a patriotic sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty. The depopulation of the upper class was so considerable, that the waste required to be supplied by emancipation; and repeatedly there have been periods, when the majority of the Romans had once been bondmen. Emancipation was essential to the preservation of a class of freemen, who might serve as a balance to the slave population. It was this extensive celibacy and the consequent

want of succession, that gave a peculiar character to the Roman laws, relating to adoption.

The continued and increasing deleterious effects of slavery on Roman institutions, may be traced through the changes in the character of that majority of the citizens, whom it left without the opportunity or the fruits of industry. Even in the time of the younger Gracchus, they retained dignity enough to hope for an amelioration of their condition by the action of laws, and the exercise of their own franchises. Failing in this end through the firmness of the nobles, the free middling class was entirely destroyed; society soon became divided into the very rich and the very poor; and slaves, who performed all the labor, occupied the intermediate position between the two classes.

The first step in the progress of degradation constituted the citizens, by their own vote, a class of paupers. They called on the State to feed them from the public granaries. But mark the difference between the pauper system of England, or America, and that of Rome. We cheerfully sustain in decent competence the aged, the widow, the cripple, the sick and the orphan; Rome supplied the great body of her citizens. England, who also feeds a large proportion of her laboring class, entrusts to her paupers no elective franchises. Rome fed with eleemosynary corn, the majority of her citizens, who retained, even in their condition of paupers, the privileges of electing the government, and the right of supreme, ultimate legislation. Thus besides the select wealthy idlers, here was a new class of idlers, a multitudinous aristocracy, having no estate but their citizenship, no inheritance but their right of suffrage. Both were a burden upon the industry of the slaves; the Senate directly from the revenues of their plantations, the commons indirectly, from the coffers of the Commonwealth. It was a burden greater than the fruits of slave industry could bear; the deficiency was supplied by the plunder of foreign countries. The Romans, as a nation, became an accomplished horde of robbers.

This first step was ominous enough; the second was still more alarming. A demagogue appeared, and gaining office and the conduct of a war, organized these pauper electors into a regular army. The demagogue was Marius; the movement was a revolution. Hitherto the Senate had exercised an exclusive control over the brute force of the Commonwealth; the

mob was now armed and enrolled, and led by an accomplished chieftain. Both parties being thus possessed of great physical force, the civil wars between the wealthy slaveholders, and the impoverished freemen, the select and the multitudinous aristocracy of Rome, could not but ensue. Marius and Sylla were the respective leaders; the streets of Rome and the fields of Italy became the scenes of massacre; and the oppressed bondmen had the satisfaction of beholding the jarring parties, in the nation which had enslaved them, shed each other's blood, as freely as water.

This was not all. The slaves had their triumph. Sylla selected ten thousand from their number, and to gain influence for himself at the polls, conferred on them freedom, and the elective franchise.

Of the two great leaders of the opposite factions, it has been asserted that Sylla had a distinct purpose, and that Marius never had. The remark is true, and the reason is obvious. Sylla was the organ of the aristocracy; to the party which already possessed all the wealth, he desired to secure all the political power. This was a definite object, and in one sense was attainable. Having effected a revolution, and having taken vengeance on the enemies of the Senate, he retired from office. He could not have retained perpetual authority; the forms of the ancient republic were then too vigorous, and the party on which he rested for support, would not have tolerated the usurpation. He established the supremacy of the Senate, and retired into private life. Marius, as the leader of the people, was met by insuperable difficulties. The existence of a slave population rendered it impossible to elevate the character of his indigent constituents; nor were they possessed of sufficient energy to grasp political power with tenacity. He could therefore only embody them among his soldiers, and leave the issue to Providence. His partisans suffered from evils, which it required centuries to ripen and to heal; Marius could have no plan.

Thus the institution of slavery had been the ultimate cause of two political revolutions. The indigence to which it reduced the commons, had led the Gracchi to appear as the advocates of reform, and had encouraged Marius to become their military leader. In the murder of the former, the Senate had displayed their success in exciting mobs, and in resistance to the latter, they had roused up a defender of their usurpations.

The slaves, also, who had found in Eunus an insurgent leader, were now near obtaining a liberator. The aristocracy was satisfied with its triumphs; the impoverished majority, now accustomed to their abjectness, made only the additional demand of amusements at the public expense; and were also ignobly satisfied. The slaves alone murmured, and in Spartacus, one of their number, they found a man of genius and courage, capable of becoming their leader. Roman legislation had done nothing for them; the legislation of their masters had not assuaged one pain, nor interposed the shield of the law against cruelty. The slaves determined upon a general insurrection, to be followed by emigration. The cry went forth from the plains of Lombardy, and reached the rich fields of Campania, and was echoed through every valley among the Appennines. The gladiators burst the prisons of their keepers; the field-servant threw down his manure-basket; Syrian and Scythian, the thrall from Macedonia and from Carthage, the wretches from South Gaul, the Spaniard, the African, awoke to resistance. The barbarian, who had been purchased to shed his blood in the arena, remembered his hut on the Danube; the Greek, not yet indifferent to freedom, panted for release. It was an insurrection, as solemn in its object, as it was fearful in its extent. Rome was on the brink of ruin. Spartacus pointed to the Alps; beyond their heights were fields, where the fugitives might plant their colony; there they might revive the practice of freedom; there the oppressed might found a new state on the basis of benevolence, and in the spirit of justice. A common interest would unite the bondmen of the most remote lineage, the most various color, in a firm and happy republic. Already the armies of four Roman generals had been defeated; already the immense emigration was on its way to the Alps.

If the mass of slaves could, at any moment, on breaking their fetters, find themselves capable of establishing a liberal government, if they could at once, on being emancipated or on emancipating themselves, appear possessed of civic virtue, slavery would be deprived of more than half its horrors. But the circumstance, which more than any other renders the institution execrable, is this; that while it binds the body, it corrupts the mind. The outrages which men commit, when they first regain their freedom, furnish the strongest argument against the system of bondage. The horrible inhumanity of

civil war, and slave insurrection, are the topics of the loudest appeal against the condition, which can render human nature capable of committing such crimes. Idleness and treachery and theft, are the vices of slavery. The followers of Spartacus, when the pinnacles of the Alps were almost within their sight, turned aside to plunder; and the Roman army, which could not conquer in open battle the defenders of their personal freedom, was able to gain the advantage, where the fugitive slave was changed, from a defender of liberty, into a plunderer.

The struggle took place precisely at a moment, when the Roman State was most endangered by foreign enemies. But for the difficulties in the way of communication, which rendered a close coalition between remote armies impossible, the Roman State would have sunk beneath the storm; and from the shattered planks of its noble ruins the slaves alone would have been able to build themselves a little bark of hope, to escape from the desolation. Slaves would have occupied by right of conquest the heritage of the Cesars. They finally became lords; but it was in a surer, and to human nature and Roman pride, in a more humiliating manner.

The suppression of the great insurrection of Spartacus brings us to the age of the triumvirs, and the approaching career of Julius Cesar. To form a proper judgment of his designs, and their character, we must endeavor to gain some distinct idea of the condition of the inhabitants of Italy during his time, as divided into the classes of the nobles, the poorer citizens, and the slaves.

The vast capacity for reproduction, which the laws of society secure to capital in a greater degree than to personal exertion, displays itself no where so clearly as in slave-holding states, where the laboring class is but a portion of the capital of the opulent. As wealth consists chiefly in land and slaves, the rates of interest are, from universally operative causes, always comparatively high; the difficulty of advancing with borrowed capital proportionably great. The small land-holder finds himself unable to compete with those, who are possessed of whole cohorts of bondmen; his slaves, his lands, rapidly pass, in consequence of his debts, into the hands of the more opulent. The large plantations are constantly swallowing up the smaller ones; and land and slaves soon come to be engrossed by a few. Before Cesar passed the Rubicon, this condition

existed in its extreme in the Roman State. The ARISTOCRACY owned the soil and its cultivators. A free laborer was hardly known. The large proprietors of slaves not only tilled their immense plantations, but also indulged their avarice in training their slaves to every species of labor, and letting them out, as horses from a livery stable, for the performance of every conceivable species of work. Four or five hundred slaves were not an uncommon number in one family; fifteen or twenty thousand sometimes belonged to one master. The wealth of Crassus was immense, and consisted chiefly in lands and slaves; on the number of his slaves we hardly dare hazard a conjecture. Of joiners and masons he had over five hundred. Nor was this the whole evil. The nobles, having impoverished their lands, became usurers, and had their agents dispersed over all the provinces. The censor Cato closed his career by recommending usury, as more productive than agriculture by slave labor; and such was the prodigality of the Roman planters, that, to indulge their fondness for luxury, many of them also mortgaged their estates to the money-lenders. Thus the lands of Italy, at best in the hands of a few proprietors, became virtually vested in the hands of a still smaller number of usurers. No man's house, no man's person, was secure. *Nulli est certa domus, nullum sine pignore corpus.* Hence corruption readily found its way into the Senate; the votes of that body, not less than the votes of the poorer citizens, were a merchantable commodity. *Venalis Curia patrum.* The wisdom and the decrees of the Senate were for sale to the highest bidder.

Thus there was in all Italy no yeomanry, no free labor; no free manufacturing class; and thus the wealth of the great landed proprietors was wholly unbalanced. The large plantations, cultivated by slave labor, had already ruined Italy. *Verum confitentibus, latifundia Italiam perdiderunt.*

The FREE CITIZENS, who still elected tribunes and consuls, and were still sometimes convened in a sort of town-meeting, were poor and abject. But the right of suffrage ensured them a maintenance. The petty offices in the Commonwealth were filled from their number, and such as retained some capacity for business found many a lucrative job, in return for their influence and their votes. The custom houses, the provinces, the internal police, offered inviting situations to moderate ambition. The rest clamored for bread from the pub-

lic treasury, for tickets for the theatre at the national expense, for gladiatorial shows, where men were butchered at the cost of the office-seeking aristocracy, for the amusement of the majority. But there existed no free manufacturing establishments, no free farmers, no free laborers, no free mechanics. The State possessed some of the forms of a democracy; but the life-giving principle of a democracy, prosperous free labor, was wanting.

The third class was the class of SLAVES. It was three times as numerous as both the others; though, as we have already observed, the whole body belonged almost exclusively to the few very wealthy. Their numbers excited constant apprehension; but care was taken not to distinguish them by a peculiar dress. Their ranks were recruited in various ways. The captives in war were sold at auction. The good Cicero, in the little wars in which he was commander, sold men enough to produce at half price about half a million dollars. When it was told in Rome, that Cesar had invaded Britain, the people, in the true spirit of robbers, could not but ask one another, what plunder he could hope to find there. 'There is not a scruple of silver,' said they, 'in the whole island;' *neque argenti scrupulum in illa insula.* 'Yes,' it was truly answered, 'but he will bring slaves.'

The second mode of supplying the slave market was by commerce; and this supply was so uniform and abundant, that the price of an ordinary laborer hardly varied very much for centuries. The reason is obvious. The slave merchant gets his cargoes from kidnappers, and the first cost, therefore, is inconsiderable. The great centres of this traffic were in the harbors bordering on the Euxine; and Scythians were often stolen. Caravans penetrated the deserts of Africa; and made regular hunts for slaves. Blacks were in high value; they were somewhat rare, and therefore both male and female negroes were favorite articles of luxury among the opulent Romans. At one period, Delos was most remarkable as the emporium for slavers. It had its harbors, chains, prisons, every thing so amply arranged to favor a brisk traffic, that ten thousand slaves could change hands and be shipped in a single day; an operation, which would have required thirty-three or thirty-four ships of the size of the vessel in which Paul was wrecked. There was hardly a port in the Roman empire, convenient for kidnapping foreigners, in which the

slave-trade was not prosecuted. In most heathen countries, also, men would sell their own children into bondage. The English continued to do so, even after the introduction of Christianity. In modern times, when men incur debts, it has been common for them to mortgage their own bodies; the ancients mortgaged their children. Kidnapping, and the sale of one's offspring were so common, as to furnish interesting incidents to the writers of novels.

Besides these sources, the offspring of every female slave was also a slave. The father of a natural child, by his bondwoman, was thus the master of his own offspring.

The legal condition of the slaves was extremely abject. No protection was afforded his limb or his life, against the avarice or rage of a master. Nay, worse; the female had no defence for her virtue and her honor. Instances have occurred, where the young female convert to Christianity was punished by being exposed to public and legalized insults, the most odious to female purity. A remnant of the abuse forms the plot of Shakspeare's play of Pericles.

No marriages could take place among slaves; they had no property; they could make no valid compact; they could hardly give testimony, except on the rack. The ties of affection and blood were disregarded. In the eye of the law a slave was nobody.

The manner in which the laborers on the great plantations were treated, resembled the modern state-prison discipline. They were sent out by day to labor in chains, and at night were locked up in prisons. The refractory were confined in subterranean dungeons. Old slaves were sold off, like old cattle from a farm. The sick were often exposed and left to die.

To enforce industry, the hand, the lash, and the rod, were the readiest instruments. The tire-women of a lady of fashion were slaves; and suffered dreadfully for every unbecoming curl. Or domestic slaves were sent to various workshops, established on purpose to tame the refractory. Sometimes a fork, something like the yoke on a goose, was put round their necks; they were placed in the stocks; they were chained. Every expedient, that human cruelty could devise, was employed to ensure the industry and docility of the wretched slave. The runaway, if retaken, was branded, or crucified; or punished by the loss of a leg; or compelled to fight wild

beasts; or sold for a gladiator. The slave was valued only as property, and it was a question for ingenious disputation, whether, in order to lighten a vessel in a storm at sea, a good horse or a worthless slave should be thrown overboard.

If we examine the avocations of slaves, we shall find, that they occupied every conceivable station, from the delegate superintending and enjoying the rich man's villa, to the meanest office of menial labor, or obsequious vice; from the foster-mother of the rich man's child, to the lowest condition of degradation, to which woman can be reduced. The public slaves handled the oar in the galleys, or labored on the public works. Some were lictors; some were jailors. Executioners were slaves; slaves were watchmen, watermen, and scavengers. Slaves regulated the rich palace in the city; and slaves performed all the drudgery of the farm. Nor was it unusual to teach slaves the arts. Virgil made one of his a poet; and Horace himself was the son of an emancipated slave. The Merry Andrew was a slave. The physician, the surgeon, were often slaves. So too the preceptor and the pedagogue; the reader and the stage player; the clerk and the amanuensis; the buffoon and the mummer; the architect and the smith; the weaver and the shoemaker; the undertaker and the bearer of the bier; the pantomime and the singer; the rope-dancer and the wrestler, all were bondmen. The *armiger* or squire was a slave. You cannot name an occupation, connected with agriculture, manufacturing industry, or public amusements, but it was the patrimony of slaves. Slaves engaged in commerce; slaves were wholesale merchants; slaves were retailers; slaves shaved notes; and the managers of banks were slaves.

Educated slaves exercised their profession for the emolument of their masters. Of course the value of slaves varied with their health, their beauty, or their accomplishments. The common laborer was worth from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, the usual price of a negro in the West Indies, when the slave-trade was in vogue. A good cook was worth almost any price. An accomplished play actor could not be valued at less than $8000. A good fool was cheap, at less than $800. Beauty was a fancy article, and its price varied. Mark Antony gave $8000 for a pair of beautiful youths. And much higher prices have been paid. About as much was paid for an illustrious grammarian. A handsome actress was worth far more; her annual salary might sometimes be

$13,000. The law valued a physician at $240. Lucullus, having once obtained an immense number of prisoners of war, sold them for sixty-five cents a head; probably the lowest price for which a lot of able-bodied men was ever offered.

Such was the character of the Italian population, over which a government was to be instituted, at the time when Cesar appeared with his army on the borders of the Rubicon. In the contest which followed, it was the object of Pompey to plunder, to devastate, and to revenge. 'Should Pompey be successful, not one single tile will be safe in an Italian roof;' says Cicero. And again, 'I know right well,' says the same writer, 'he desires a government like that of Sylla.' There did not exist any armed party in favor of a democratic republic. The spirit of the democracy was gone: and its shade only moved, with powerless steps, through the forum and the temples, which had once been the scenes of its glory.

It was in the service of his country, that Cesar carried his eagles beyond the Rubicon. The Genius of Humanity stood by the stream, and commanded her avengers to advance. The republican poet, who represents Rome appearing to the conqueror in a vision,

'Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,'

and demanding of Cesar the occasion of his appearance in arms on her borders, with equal propriety describes him as replying,

'Roma, fave cœptis! Non te furialibus armis
Persequor; en adsum,
ubique tuus.'

In seasons of violence, despotism is the child of anarchy. Men rush to any strong arm for protection. Such despotism, like that of Cromwell or of Napoleon, is transitory. Permanent despotism can grow only out of fixed relations of society. Julius Cesar was a great statesman, not less than a great soldier. His ambition was in every thing gratified; the noise of his triumphs had filled the shores of England, the swamps of Belgium, and the forests of Germany. Any distinction in the Roman State was within his reach. He was childless; and therefore his ambition hardly seemed to require a subversion of the Roman Commonwealth. And yet, with all this, he deliberately perceived that the continuance of popular liberty was impossible, in the actual condition of the Roman State;

that a wasting, corrupt, and most oppressive aristocracy was preparing to assume the dominion of the world; that this aristocracy threatened ruin to the provinces, perpetual cruelty to the slaves, and hereditary, intolerant contempt to the people. Democracy had expired; and the worst form of aristocracy, like that of the Venetian nobles of a later day, could be prevented only by a monarchy. Julius Cesar coolly resolved on the establishment of a monarchy. This was the third great revolution prepared by slavery.

Slavery having impoverished, but not wholly corrupted the free citizens, Gracchus had endeavored to restore the democracy by creating an independent yeomanry, and had failed from the opposition of the nobles. The nobles, perceiving the increase of the evils, the great degradation of the electors, and the multiplication of slaves, and being firmly resolved on maintaining the system of slave labor, endeavored to effect a revolution, by substituting a strong aristocracy for the democracy. The plan failed, owing to the strength of the democratic forms, which had survived the democratic spirit. Cesar came, and finding the evil excessive, could devise no cure; but he clearly saw, that a monarchical form of government was the only one which would endure in Rome. Had Cesar possessed the virtues of Washington, the democracy of Jefferson, the legislative genius of Madison, he could not have changed the course of events. The condition of the Roman population demanded monarchy.

Despotism, in the regular order of Divine Providence, is the punishment of a nation for the institution of slavery, and is the consolation or the cure of hereditary bondage. The slave wears his chains with composure, when he sees his owner also in chains. The laborer felt less humiliation, when he beheld his master cringing at the feet of a master. The despot has no interest to invent charges of treason against any but the very rich; the peaceful poor man, the humble slave, has nothing to fear from his rapacity. When, at a later day in Roman history, a tyrant emperor made his horse his consul, the slave could glory in the humiliation of his owners; the people could laugh at the degradation of their oppressors; and the appointment, after all, was probably a popular one. 'That the condition of a slave is better under an arbitrary, than under a free government, is supported by the history of all ages and nations.' It is common to say, that the democracy

introduces despotism, and a strong executive. It is true, that despotism is brought in by the majority ; it is true, that when great inequalities of fortune exist, it is the clear and well-understood interest of the rich to prevent a despotism. But it is false, that despotism is the child of democracy. Despotism cannot take place, until the spirit of democracy is extinct. When, by the progressive increase of inequalities in the condition of men, society is so changed into the few immensely rich and the many indigent and poor; when the people can, from their humble condition and the operation of the laws of property, no longer exercise a regular influence on government; when they are bowed under the yoke of an oppressive aristocracy of a few wealthy families, then the people cure the evil which grew out of the inequality of fortunes, by pushing that inequality to the extreme ; and, in order to put down an insolent and oppressive aristocracy, they, by a spasmodic effort, create, or, obeying the natural course of events, submit to a despotism. Thus it is the aristocracy which creates the unjust inequalities, for which despotism is the remedy. The usurpations of a strong government, with the assent of the people, imply previous usurpations in the aristocracy. Witness the despotism of Denmark, established by the people for their protection against the nobility. Witness the policy of Louis XIV., and his predecessor; witness Henry VII. and Henry VIII., in England, absolute monarchs, tolerated in their extravagant usurpations, that so the power of the great landed aristocracy might be restrained, and the authority of the church subjected. Witness the present constitution of the Russian empire, brought about, in like manner, by the act of the nation, to restrain the ambition of the nobles.

There remained no mode of establishing a fixed government in Rome, but by vesting all power in the hands of one man. In Italy, no opposition whatever was made to Cesar, on the part of the people or of the slaves. The only opposition proceeded from the aristocracy, and they could offer resistance only in the remoter subjected districts, with the aid of hireling troops, sustained by the revenues of the provinces, which were still under the control of the Senate. The people conferred on Cesar all the power, which he could desire; he was created dictator for a year, that he might subdue his enemies, and consul for five years, that he might confirm his authority. The inviolability of his person was secured by his election as tribune for life.

What would have been the policy of Julius Cesar, had he remained in power, cannot be safely conjectured. To say that he had no plan is absurd; every step in his progress was marked by consistency. The establishment of monarchy was already an alternative to slavery. Cesar did more. He issued an ordinance, not indeed of immediate abolition, but commanding that one third part of the labor of Italy should be performed by free hands. The command was rendered inoperative by the assassination of Cesar, the greatest misfortune that could have happened to Rome. For who were his murderers? Not the people; not the insurgent bondmen; but a portion of the aristocracy, to whom the greatest happiness of the greatest number was a matter of supreme indifference.

The great majority of the conspirators have never found a eulogist. Every ancient writer speaks of them with reprobation and contempt. Cassius, one of the chief leaders, was notoriously selfish, violent, and disgracefully covetous, not to say dishonest. He is universally represented as envying injustice rather than abhorring it, and his conduct has ever been ascribed to personal malevolence, and not to patriotism. But Brutus!—History never manufactured him into a hero, till he had made himself an assassin. Of a headstrong, unbridled disposition, he never displayed coolness of judgment in any part of his career. It was his misfortune to have been the son of an abandoned woman, and to have been bred in a home, which adultery and wantonness had defiled. The vices of early indulgence may be palliated by his youth and the licentiousness of his time; but Brutus, while yet young, was notorious as a merciless and exorbitant usurer, at the rate of four per cent. a month, or forty-eight per cent. a year. When his debtors grew unable to pay, he obtained for his agent an appointment to a military post, and extorted his claims by martial law. The town of Salamis, in the isle of Cyprus, owed him money on the terms we have mentioned. He caused the members of its bankrupt municipal government to be confined in their town-hall, in the hope that hunger would quicken their financial skill; and some of them were starved to death. Such was Brutus at that ingenuous period of life, when benevolence is usually most active. Brutus hated Pompey, yet after deliberating, he joined the party of that leader, and remained true to it, so long as it seemed to be the strongest; but no

sooner was the battle of Pharsalia won, than Brutus gave in his adhesion to Cesar, and to confer a value on his conversion, he betrayed the confidence of the fugitive, whose cause he had abandoned! In the plot against Cesar, Brutus was the dupe of more sagacious men. The admirer transfers his own enthusiasm for liberty to those who claimed to be the champions of the republic; and reverences the crime of inconsiderate passion, as the exercise of righteous vengeance.

Cesar had received the Senate sitting; this insult required immediate vengeance. They murdered Cesar, not from public spirit, but from mortified vanity and angry discontent. The people, who had been pleased with the humiliation of their oppressors, were indignant at the assassination, and the assassins themselves had no ulterior plan.

Slavery had poisoned the Roman State to the marrow; and though the conspirators had no fixed line of policy, yet the condition of the population of Italy led immediately to monarchy. The young Octavian owed his elevation, not to his talents, but to the state of the times. Nothing but monarchy was tolerable. The evils that followed servitude made Augustus emperor.

Thus slavery, by impoverishing the majority of the citizens, rendered the reform of Gracchus necessary to the preservation of the democracy, and at the same time rendered that reform impossible. In a word, slavery subverted the Roman democracy. The same cause, corrupting the citizens, occasioned the attempt of Sylla, which Pompey would have renewed, to found an aristocratic government, where there already existed an aristocratic class; a result, which the combined interests of the slaves and the people defeated. Slavery was the moving cause of the third revolution; and monarchy was established by the common consent of the people, and to the sure benefit of the slave. In the emperor the slave would have a friend.

Slavery prepared one more revolution, before it expired. It introduced Oriental despotism into Europe; not by force of arms, but by the sure results of causes, that were perpetually in action.

Slavery impoverished the soil of Italy. The careless culture wore out even the rich fields of Campania. Large districts were left waste; other large tracts were turned into pastures; and grazing was substituted for tillage. The average crops of Italy hardly ever returned fourfold increase. *Nam frumenta majore quidem parte Italiae, quando cum quarto res-*

ponderint, vix meminisse possumus. It is the confession of the eulogist and the teacher of agriculture. Italy was naturally a very fertile country; but slave labor could hardly wring from it a return one half, or even one third so great, as free labor gets from the hills and vales of New England. This impoverishment of the soil impoverished the spirit of its inhabitants. The owners of slaves, disdaining the use of the sickle and the plough, crept within the walls of Rome, abandoning the cares of agriculture to the vilest of their bondmen.

Slavery prepared the way for Oriental despotism by encouraging luxury. The genius of the Romans was inventive; but it was only to devise new pleasures of the senses. The retinue of servants was unexampled; and the caprices, to which men and women were subjected, were innumerable. The Roman writers are so full of it, that it is unnecessary to draw the picture, which would indeed represent humanity degraded by the subserviency of slaves, and by the artificial desires and vices of their masters. This detestable excess extended through the whole upper class. Women ceased to blush for vices which, in other times, render men infamous. *Beneficium sexus sui vitiis perdiderunt, et quia foeminam exuerunt, damnatae sunt morbis virilibus.* At Rome, the gout was a common disease in the circles of female dissoluteness and fashion. The rage of luxury extended also, in some sort, to the people. For them, tens of thousands of gladiators were sacrificed without concern; for them the enslaved Jews raised the gigantic walls of the Coliseum, the most splendid monument of human infamy; for them actual navies engaged in actual contests; and the sailors, as they prepared for battle, received only an AVETE, on their way to death.

In like manner, the effect of slavery became visible on public morals. Among the slaves there was no such thing as the sanctity of marriage; dissoluteness was almost as general as the class. The slave was ready to assist in the corruption of his master's family. The virtues of self-denial were unknown. But the picture of Roman immorality is too gross to be exhibited. Its excess can be estimated from the extravagance of its remedy. When the Christian religion made its way through the oppressed classes of society, and gained strength by acquiring the affections of the miserable, whose woes it solaced, the abandoned manners of the cities could be forcibly reproved, only by the voice of fanaticism. When domestic life had almost

ceased to exist, the universal lewdness could be checked only, by the most exaggerated eulogies of absolute chastity. Convents and nunneries grew up, when more than half the world were excluded from the rites of marriage, and condemned by the laws of the empire to promiscuous indulgence. Vows of virginity were the testimony, which religion bore against the enormities of the times. Spotless purity could alone put to blush the shamelessness of artificial excess. As in raging diseases, the most violent and unnatural remedies need to be applied for a season, so the transports of enthusiasm and the revolution of fanaticism sometimes appear necessary, to stay the infection of a moral pestilence. Thus riot produced asceticism; and monks, and monkish eloquence, and monastic vows grew out of the general depravity of manners. The remedy was demanded, since public vice was threatening the Southern world with depopulation.

The gradual decay of the class of ingenuous freemen had ever been a conspicuous result of slavery. The corruptions of licentiousness spared neither sex of the Roman people; and the consequence was so certain, that emancipation alone could supply the void. Nor was it long before the majority of the cohorts, of the priesthood, of the tribes, of the people, nay of the Senate itself, came to consist of emancipated slaves. But the sons of slaves could have no capacity for defending freedom; and despotism was at hand when, besides the sovereign, there were few who were not bondmen or the children of bondmen. Freedom, to exist securely, must be locked fast in hereditary affections, and confirmed as a mortmain inheritance from long generations.

The government of Rome was sufficiently degraded, when the makers of an emperor, stumbling upon Claudius, the wisest fool of the times, proclaimed him the master of the Roman empire. Slavery now enjoyed its triumph, for a slave became prime minister. *Io Saturnalia*, shouted the cohorts, as Narcissus attempted to address them. But the consummation of evil had not arrived. The husband of Messalina had, naturally enough, taken up a prejudice against matrimony; but the governors of the weak emperor, who managed him as absolutely as Buckingham managed James I., insisted upon his marrying Agrippina. He did so; and Agrippina, assisted by freedmen and slaves, disinherited his son, murdered her husband, and placed Nero on the throne. Slaves gave Nero the purple.

The accession of Nero is the epoch of the virtual establishment of the fourth revolution. The forms of ancient Rome still continued, but Nero was the incarnation of tyranny; the triumph of human depravity; the very name by which men are accustomed to express the fury of unrestrained malignity. Bad as he was, Nero was not worse than Rome. Rome had no right to complain; Rome had but her due. Nay, when he died, the rabble and the slaves crowned his statues with garlands, and scattered flowers over his grave. And why should they not? Nero never injured the rabble, never oppressed the slave. He murdered his mother; his brother; his wife. But Nero was only the tyrant of the wealthy; the terror of the successful. He rendered poverty sweet, for poverty alone was secure; he rendered slavery tolerable, for slaves alone, or slavish men, were promoted to power. In honoring his tomb, they honored their avenger. The reign of Nero was the golden reign of the populace, and the holiday of the bondman. The death of Gracchus was now avenged on the descendants of his murderers. The streams in Heaven, it is truly said, run up hill; and slavery, in producing its perfect results, had brought the heaviest curse on the heads of its supporters.

Despotism now became the government of the Roman empire. Yet there was such a vitality in the forms of liberty, that they were still in some degree preserved. Two centuries passed away, before the last vestiges of republican simplicity disappeared; two centuries elapsed, before the Eastern diadem could be introduced with the slavish customs of the East. Up to the reign of Diocletian, a diadem had never been endured in Europe. Hardly had this emblem of servility become tolerated, when language also began to be corrupted; and, within the course of another century, the austere purity of the Greek and Roman tongues, the languages of Demosthenes and of Gracchus, became for the first time familiarized to the forms of Oriental adulation. Your imperial Highness, your Grace, your Excellency, your Immensity, your Honor, your Majesty, then first became current in the European world; men grew ashamed of a plain name; and one person could not address another without following the custom of the Syrians, and calling him Rabbi, Master.

It is a calumny to charge the devastation of Italy upon the barbarians. We say again, the large Roman plantations, tilled

by slave labor, were the ruin of Italy. *Verum confitentibus, latifundia Italiam perdidere.* From the days of Gracchus, morals, courage, force of character, and agriculture had been declining. The productiveness of the country was constantly diminishing; Italy for centuries had not produced corn enough to meet the wants of its inhabitants. Rome was chiefly supplied from Sicily and Africa, and the largest number of its inhabitants had for centuries been fed from the public magazines.

The Barbarians did not ruin Italy. The Romans themselves ruined it. Slavery had made it a waste and depopulated land, before a Scythian or a Scandinavian had crossed the Alps.

When Alaric led the Goths into Italy, even after the conquest of Rome, he saw, that he could not sustain his army in the beautiful but desert territory, unless he could also conquer Sicily and Africa, whence alone daily bread could be obtained. His successor was, therefore, easily persuaded to abandon the unproductive region, and invade the happier France.

Attila had no other object, than a roving pilgrimage after plunder; and as his cupidity was little excited, and the climate was ungenial, the wild, unlettered Calmuck was easily overawed by the Roman priesthood, and diverted from the indigent Italy to the more prosperous North. Rome still remained an object for plunderers, but none of the barbarians were tempted to make Italy the seat of empire, or Rome a metropolis. Slavery had destroyed the democracy, had destroyed the aristocracy, had destroyed the empire; and now at last it left the traces of its ruinous power deeply furrowed on the face of nature herself.

ART. VII.—*Coleridge's Poems.*

The Poetical Works of S. T. COLERIDGE. *Complete in one Volume.* Philadelphia. 1831.

PROBABLY no writings of the present day have been more variously estimated, than those of Coleridge. They have been ridiculed by some, and cherished with the warmest admiration by others. But, whether good or bad, they should be looked upon with peculiar interest, coming as they do from the pen of one, who has long been distinguished in many of the highest branches of literature.

It is our purpose, at this time, to confine ourselves to his poetry. We believe that, in this sphere, he is not yet justly estimated; for, while some have been extravagant in their applause, others have poured upon him the most unmerited abuse. Against the criticisms of Coleridge's detractors, we confidently refer our readers to the works themselves. They prove their own beauty and power, far more eloquently than we could do. The indescribable impress of genius is stamped on all he has written. At all times there is a melody in his language, and an ethereality in his aspirations, which throw a spell upon the mind, and win it to admiration. His works are full of ideal and moral beauty; of pure, deep, and elevating sentiment; now conveyed to us by the soft and silvery music of sweet song, and now swelling in organ-peals from his more elaborate and lofty productions.

One of the first distinguishing traits of Coleridge, is his versatility. True, there is one mind visible through all, yet few have written so much with so little sameness. There is the Hymn to Mont Blanc, with its unrivalled grandeur, and Genevieve with its ravishing beauty, the energetic wildness of the Ancient Mariner, and the supernatural witchery of Christabel, all distinct in their character, yet all perfect in their kind. The style is always in exact accordance with the subject, and the subject is ever varied. Now we gaze upon the aërial forms of spirits, now are bewildered by magnificent scenery, and now look quietly upon his little child. Now his thoughts are conveyed in the simplest form, and now in the antique stateliness of the olden time.

His next distinguishing attribute is his inimitable mastery of language, his exquisite and liquid melody of diction. We know of no writer, since the age of Elizabeth, who owes so much to this single element of power. He stands here absolutely alone. While we read, we seem to be accompanied by a quiet and dreamy music. We might quote passages of exceeding sweetness from almost every page, to show how nearly akin to music mere words may be made to flow. Whatever he touches, seems to breathe forth with the same magical power. We might recommend, then, the study of Coleridge to all who would know the true value of language, and the perfect mellowness of versification, with which a gifted mind may pour forth its conceptions.

Another marked feature of his poetry is condensation. He always implies more than he expresses. His writings throughout have a sinewy strength of expression. He gathers up vast treasures of thought, and melts them all down to a single line. With one tone he electrifies the soul. His sentences are pictures. His very words live and breathe, and send forth, now low murmurs of joy, and now the piercing wail of grief. He never dwells long on one thought. He strikes the key-note, and leaves the echo of its melody to swell on in the mind of the reader. Thus, through the whole flow of his poetry, there is a deep under-current of thought. And while the careless reader may amuse himself with the rainbow-painted bubbles that float upon the surface, the reflecting mind will behold bright and beautiful conceptions, flashing upward from below. He will feel as the mariner would feel, if the waters of the unfathomable ocean should become transparent like pure ether, and he could gaze down upon its groves of coral, and its amber-fretted caves.

Still another attribute of Coleridge, and not the least distinguishing, is his originality. Here, if we mistake not, is one reason, why his works have not been more appreciated. Originality is like new coin; people hardly know its real worth. It bears not the usual image and superscription; and though the metal may be of triple value, they hesitate to receive it. Thus the very thing, which should gain a crown for its possessor, too often hangs like a millstone about his neck. Coleridge has gone into the secret chambers of his own mind, both for his style, and for his thoughts. He is an enthusiastic admirer of his friend Wordsworth, yet he feels the fallacy of much of his poetic theory, and has not followed its principles.* He has also no small portion of the German spirit, yet nothing that looks like plagiarism, or even imitation. He was first led to embody his poetical feelings, by a volume of Bowles's sonnets, given him by a schoolfellow,† when he was a boy of seventeen. These sonnets he studied with intense interest, and transcribed them upwards of forty times within eighteen

* This subject may be found ably treated in Chapter XVII. of Coleridge's Biographia Literaria;—where will be found a perfect analysis of Wordsworth's poetry, and a proof that he has risen above his own theory.

† This schoolfellow was Dr. Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

months, that he might present them to his friends. Yet where, in the mysterious twilight shade that hangs around his productions, can we find aught that in the least resembles even his most favorite author? We know, in fact, of no living writer, who possesses so much originality.

Other striking characteristics of Coleridge, are his picturesqueness, his graphic delineation, his distinct and vivid description. They may not be found in equal degree in all his poetry, but still they give a freshness and life to all his productions. While we read, real scenes are made visible to us. We see distinct and definite pictures, without any effort of the mind, and they stand out like a present reality. We can actually look upon the dark rocks, and see the yellow leaves of the ash quivering in the wind, or into the distant and quiet valley, where the silver stream flows silently along, over its soft bed of verdure. We might give interesting extracts from almost all his writings;—but, as many of them may be quite familiar, we will only present a few from one of his Tragedies.

'You cannot err, it is a small green dell,
Built all around with high off-sloping hills;
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over,
And makes a kind of fairy forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end,
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow,
Forever curling like a wreath of smoke
Up through the foliage of those fairy trees:
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.'

Could Salvator have pictured this more distinctly?—Then mark the following:

''Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seethed in most unmeaning tears,
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head
And staring at his bough, from morn to sunset;
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises!'

Listen to Lord Valdez, while he speaks of his son.

'My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and, after weary search,

We found him at an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw,
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me,
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy, his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked,—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.'

Yet his pictures are never *mere* pictures. He does not so much notice the outward form, as the in-dwelling life. His most graphic descriptions, though clear and distinct, have no external glitter. There is no hard crystallization of fancy, encrusting them over. All is natural and mellow;—all has life and feeling. With a true Promethean spirit, he gives a living soul to inanimate things, and makes external objects the types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions.

In these preliminary remarks, we cannot but allude to the habitual spirit of love that pervades his writings. The words, which he has put into the mouth of his Ancient Mariner, beautifully express the feeling which he ever delights to cherish;

'He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

Thus his whole heart is filled with universal benevolence. The vast creation is to him crowded with beauty, and life. He feels a sympathy, while he listens to the whispering leaves, or the glad murmur of the distant brook as it leaps onward to the ocean. He loves the very clouds, as they wander away through the blue ether, and looks with tenderness upon the delicate wild flowers that smile at his feet. He is familiar with the sweet songs of Nature, and is soothed by them into a quiet and holy joy, while, in the accents of affection, he exclaims;

'Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things, in a world so filled;

Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music, slumbering on her instrument.

Thus he tempers his mind, and baptizes it at the sacred well-springs of affection. But his love for Nature does not absorb his love for his fellow-beings. He does not gather from her bitterness of spleen, or pampered refinement, or frozen misanthrophy. His feelings are ennobled and enlarged. The love, that has entered so deeply into his bosom beneath the broad sky, has given him a keener sympathy for his own kindred. It has thrown a rich hue over all his writings, and enabled him to breathe out with peculiar sweetness 'the low, sad music of humanity.'

Again, (and it should never be forgotten,) his writings exhibit throughout a deep religious spirit. His heart has been kindled by fire from the heavenly altar. He feels that Christian faith is the perfection of human reason, and that without it the fountains of the heart would be sealed, and its hopes forever blighted. This is in fact the root of all his greatness; Christian love, and Christian benevolence;—and it is the only atmosphere in which true poetry can exist.* Without it, Nature is empty, and her beauty is dust. We believe that none can be so susceptible of poetic feeling as he, who has gathered inspiration from the Book of Life, and dwells perpetually with a sense of the Divine Presence. *He* needs not to wander amid a forest of spices, where sweet citron and golden furze distil incense. Place him on desert sands, amid barrenness and desolation,—give him but one parched shrub, and even *that* to him will be eloquent of God. It will carry his thoughts into the Eternal World, and soothe his spiritual nature into devout contemplation. We trust that this truth will, at no distant day, be more widely felt. It is the essence of all that is great and good in the natural, as well as

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* Religion is the Poetry and Philosophy of all mankind: it unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either, and while it at one and the same time calls into action and supplies with the noblest materials both the imagination and the intellective faculties, superadds the interests of the most substantial and home-felt reality to both, to the poetic vision and the philosophic idea.—*Coleridge's Second Lay Sermon.*

I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and availing to me, only so far as I have endeavored to use all my other knowledge as a glass, enabling me to receive more light in a wider field of vision from the Word of God.

Coleridge's Appendix to the Statesman's Manual.

in the spiritual world. The man must become as the little child. He must feel his dependence upon God, and then, and not till then, will he feel the exceeding glory that shines out from the works of Creation.* And thus it is with Coleridge; and thus it is, in the eloquent language of Sir Philip Sidney,—'he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith.' To him, every creature and thing bears the impress of the Great Maker,—and therefore awakens awe and reverence in his mind. He never forgets that the same Power, who kindles with fire the stars of heaven, gives life and instinct to the most diminutive reptile that crawls in the dust. He sees Infinity mirrored in the drop of dew, as visibly as in the waters of the ocean. The leaf, that quivers in the sun-light, is to him a problem, of which God Omnipresent is the only solution. He feels that it is linked to the universe, holding living connexion with the earth, the air, and the dew, and the distant sun; and in each of these he beholds the mysterious design and benevolence of Divine Majesty; and his thoughts stretch on, as it were, star by star, till he is overwhelmed by the thought of that Being, the least of whose attributes his finite mind is inadequate to compass. Thus his soul is made to burn with the ardor of devotion, which glows through, and sanctifies all he has written; and thus does he breathe into his poetry such emotions, as will ever tend to exalt the reflecting reader in the scale of intellectual and religious being.

The first portion of the works before us, entitled 'Juvenile Poems,' was published in 1794. They do not show in so high a degree that richness of versification, powerful thought, and vivid picturing, which distinguish his subsequent writing. Yet they evidently contain the elements of the same poetic power. They are peculiarly valuable, as a standard, to show the progressive development of his faculties. They prove, that his mind was strengthened and elevated by continued study and reflection. The first edition had a profusion of double epithets, which Coleridge afterwards speaks of, and

* 'To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years has rendered familiar, this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents.'—*Coleridge's Friend*, p. 90.

adds, 'I have pruned them with no sparing hand, and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault, however, had insinuated itself into my 'Religious Musings' with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed, from the fear of snapping the flower.'

How touching is the following scene, in the Monody on the death of Chatterton, where the poor frenzied bard is reminded of the joys of home!

> 'When near thee stood Affection meek,
> (Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek,)
> Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
> On scenes that well might melt thy soul.
> Thy native cot she flashed upon thy view,—
> Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
> Peace smiling sate and listened to thy lay.'

There are some impassioned lines on the French Revolution, where he pours out his whole soul, at seeing

> 'Slumbering Freedom, roused with high disdain,
> With giant fury burst her triple chain.'

There is a sweet sonnet addressed to his favorite poet Bowles,

> 'Whose music soothes him, like the murmuring
> Of wild bees in the sunny showers of Spring.'

There is another to Schiller, where, after having his soul quickened and elevated, he wishes he might die,

> 'Lest in some after moment aught more mean
> Might stamp him mortal.'

There are some very beautiful lines to an infant, after having taken from it a knife. His inward eye settles at once on the extended circle of the child's life, and he feels that that one act is but a fragment of the whole. He then sees the little 'breathing miniature of man,' nestling in the bosom of its mother, and beholds in that act the first puttings forth of that faith, which may lead it to confide in the Most High. But the longest of the juvenile poems are the Religious Musings, and the Destiny of Nations, both of which have some youthful faults, but are remarkable productions. They were written during his minority, and show the immense grasp of his mind, even in his youth. It was at the time of the first French

Revolution, when all the patriots of Europe were anxiously gazing for the rising of the sun of freedom. And lo! Atheism rode up in its place, like a rayless ball, through the heavens, shedding its pale and sickly hue over every living thing. This will explain that moaning for bloodshed, and that grief which almost borders on despair. He speaks of

> 'A mother and her child,—lifeless all,
> Yet lovely! not a lineament was marred,—
> Death had put on so slumberlike a form!
> It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
> The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
> Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
> Stretched on her bosom.'

He speaks too of one, who

> 'Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark,
> Ghastly as broad-eyed slumber.'

And again he describes some,

> 'Who deem themselves most free,
> When they, within this gross and visible sphere,
> Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
> Proud in their meanness.'

And yet he feels that these things are not to be forever.

> 'These, even these, in mercy didst thou form
> Teachers of good through evil, by brief wrong
> Making truth lovely.'

But, besides these descriptions and general truths, he has shadowed forth even in these juvenile productions that deep and true philosophy, which all his riper works have but continued to unfold,—so that he seems even from his childhood to have been

> 'Treading beneath his feet all visible things,
> As steps, that upward to his Father's throne
> Lead gradual.'

Some years after this appeared the 'Sibylline Leaves,'—a work, which contains many of his very best pieces. It combines tenderness and pathos; simplicity of language, with sublimity of thought. It has delicious descriptions of nature, beautiful expressions of domestic affection, and grand and lofty views of Christian character. The poem, entitled

'Fears in Solitude,' written in 1798, is full of beauty and power. Its imagery is distinct, its versification exquisite, its sentiment profound. It commences by taking us to the very valley where its writer stands, that we may partake of his sympathies, and be calmed like him by its holy quiet.

> 'A green and silent spot amid the hills,
> A small and silent dell! o'er stiller place,
> No sinking sky-lark ever poised himself.
> The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
> Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
> All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
> Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
> Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
> As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
> When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
> The level sunshine glimmers with green light.'

This poem was written during the alarm of an invasion, and its purpose is to show, that this invasion may be the just punishment of great national sins. It closes with the following beautiful apostrophe to the land of his fathers.

> 'Oh, native Britain! O my mother Isle!
> How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
> To me, who, from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
> Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks, and seas,
> Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thought,
> All adoration of the God in nature,
> All lovely and all honorable things,
> Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
> The joy and greatness of its future being?—
> There lives nor form, nor feeling in my soul,
> Unborrowed from my country. O divine
> And beauteous Island! thou hast been my sole
> And most magnificent temple, in the which
> I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
> Loving the God that made me!'

The next poem in the 'Sibylline Leaves' is the famous war-eclogue, entitled 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.' This, for vigor and wildness, might rival the chants of the Furies of old. It is full of electric fire; and being of a political character, it caused, at the time it was published, in 1796, a great

degree of excitement.* An unearthly mirth darts through it, and every thought springs out and fastens upon the mind with irresistible power.

After this follow a number of poems, under the name of 'Love Poems,' which are sprinkled with rich fancy and affectionate feeling; few of them can, however, be properly classed under that title.

In Coleridge's 'Love Poems,' there often seems to be something wanting. They have too little of the feelings common to humanity. They are too ideal. Human tenderness melt into spiritual admiration. True devotion fades into a kind of Platonic sympathy. The intense and passionate love, which breathes out in the simple language of nature, is too often lost in metaphysical abstractions. There are however striking exceptions to this; and the most remarkable one is his 'Genevieve.' This is, in truth, one of the most sweet and touching poems in our language. We should rejoice to trace out the beautiful arrangement and combination of this sweet ballad. It has not the voluptuous passion of Byron, or the intellectual calmness of Wordsworth; but a deep fervor, mingled with a softness of melancholy peculiarly his own. It is quiet, yet intense; simple, yet accurate in its metaphysical analysis; spiritual, yet warm with the glow of delicate feeling.

To these succeed the 'Meditative Poems,' any one of which might have established his fame. Here we can see that he not only looks *at* things, but *into* them. Here we behold in a marvellous degree his keen perception of the beautiful, and his supreme love for the good. Here, too, we feel that the seen and the present exist not more truly to his mind, than the ideal and the eternal. No portion of his writings displays the height and the depth of his genius, in a more striking light than this. These poems are well called 'Meditative;' for they not only show us the moral grandeur of the author's musings, but infuse into the mind of the reader a portion of the same spirit. He lifts us into higher and holier worlds, and gathers about us on every side scenes of touching and solemn beauty. And yet he changes not the outer world, so much as the mind. He gives our hearts a new sense. He changes the thoughts and feelings. He attempts not to decorate Nature, but to illuminate it by a light from within. He purifies the

* See the Apologetic Preface, p. 55.

soul, till its vision becomes piercing, and its sympathies exalted and refined. He quickens it, till it embodies in itself the beauty of the visible creation, and vibrates to its universal harmony.

Let us take, for example, the first poem in this portion of the book;—the 'Hymn to Mont Blanc.'

As we read, this vast symbol of Infinity rises, as it were, visibly before us, lifting its bald summit up into the blue depths of heaven. As we gaze upon its sea of pines and frozen cataracts, we almost feel as if permitted to stand in the presence of Divine Majesty.

'O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life, and Life's own secret Joy;
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty Vision passing,—there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven.'

This is the essence of true poetry: the philosophic theory, poetic beauty, and religious sentiment mingled together. The feelings described are true to our nature; the unsatisfied mind is ever eager to grasp at something more than mere material form; it thirsts for that which is spiritual. It is not satisfied with visible magnitude; it must hold converse with invisible power, and in the fulness of its adoration, call upon the torrents and the ice-plains to worship God.

'Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise.
* * Tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.'

We stand in the vale of Chamouny, beside the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources where five torrents rush down the sides of Mont Blanc, within a few paces of the Glaciers. In solemn and awful stillness Nature reposes at the feet of Him, who moulded these immense palisadoes, and left them as types of his power.

'Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo,—God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sound!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder,—God!'

After this follow 'Lines written in the Hartz Forest,' and 'The Æolian Harp,' the latter of which is full of the most tender affection, and occasionally breaks out into strains of great power. He listens to the harp, till, entranced by the melody, he exclaims:

'And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps, diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?'

Here follow 'Reflections on leaving a Place of Retirement,' and 'Lines to the Rev. George Coleridge,' and that delightful 'Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath,' beginning,

'This sycamore, oft musical with bees.'

All,—all of which are exceedingly beautiful. Then succeeds a piece, headed 'The lime-tree bower my prison,' which has so many grand passages, that we cannot forbear giving one.

'Shine in the slant beams of the sinking sun,
Ye purple heath-flowers! richly burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle thou, blue ocean! So my friend,
Struck with deep joy, may stand, as I have stood
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.'

We find next, in a poem entitled 'The Nightingale,' a little tale of his babe, which no one can read without revering the poet and loving the man.

'That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with its imitative lisp.
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the Moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy!'

There is besides a poem on 'Frost at Midnight,' every line of which is a gem. Here too, he introduces his child.

'For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores,
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes, and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.'

The last portion of the 'Sibylline Leaves' is composed of Odes and Miscellaneous Poems, many of which are of remarkable beauty. There is the Ballad of the Three Graves, which makes the blood creep;—the Ode to Tranquillity, full of thought,—and Kubla Khan, with its heavenly music;—but there is still another, which surpasses them all,

and in which the influence of Spirit over Matter is wonderfully displayed,—we allude to the 'Lines writen in Dejection.' No word can be erased without injury to the whole, and no other could be put in to supply the place.

There are, besides these, several other excellent pieces in this part of the 'Sibylline Leaves,' but we must proceed to the next poem, the '*Ancient Mariner.*' This is probably better known than any portion of Coleridge's works.

It was composed according to an agreement with Wordsworth, that they should each produce a specimen of a distinct style of poetry. Wordsworth was to take subjects from ordinary life, and strive to excite the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to nature; while 'my endeavors,' says Coleridge, 'were to be directed to persons and characters supernatural, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest, and a semblance of truth, sufficient to procure from these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.' We presume that every one, who has ever read this production, will bear testimony to his success.

It shows the power of conscience, and that power working through superstition;—and this comes with great truth, and natural simplicity, from the lips of an old sea-faring man. Upon the ocean, where the operations of nature are so wild and vast, the ignorant mind instinctively becomes superstitious, reaches into the misty and obscure, and conjures up a thousand shadowy phantoms. This is common among seamen, and it will be remembered that the whole crew sympathized with the Ancient Mariner in this feeling. They all look upon him with reproachful eye; they upbraid him for having so wantonly killed the bird of good omen; they tear the holy cross from his neck, and hang the dead albatross in its place. Then, while the ship is becalmed, they actually meet with great distress; the arctic sun burns above them, and the air becomes faint with heat; they are exposed to extreme hardships, and intense physical suffering. This, united with the reproaches of the seamen, drives the Ancient Mariner mad. He associates every thing he sees with his keen sense of guilt, and in this way intertwines his own diseased imagination with every circumstance around him, till the mere glitter of the waves seems to flash judgments upon his soul, and grim faces look out from the very air.

This beautiful poem embodies one of the great laws of our internal being,—that it makes its own world. The first peculiar attribute of the mind is to conceive,—to form images,—to create. Now its imaginings and creations must necessarily take the hue and color of itself,—be it good or evil. The next great law is association. Every object upon which we look, and every event of which we think, must be covered by the subtle web of past associations. The mind is, what the past has made it; and when it looks abroad on Nature, it cannot strip itself of these countless recollections. Thus the mind fuses and moulds every thing into its own likeness,—till wherever it looks it gazes upon—*itself*. Thus, with the Ancient Mariner, his mind has become disjointed, and every thing partakes of its own deformity. It has become diseased, and every thing has been tinged by its own blighted vision, till the actual world is peopled by phantoms, and the very face of beauty becomes ghost-like. There may be others who will think the effect too great for the cause,—and when we look at the ordinary sympathies of mankind, this appears to be true. The mere shooting of a sea-bird would hardly seem to merit the fearful judgments that follow, but we must think less of the deed itself, and more of the spirit that led to it. We shall then see that he had lost that Love, which is the harmony of all things, and that his heart must necessarily moulder within him, till again purified and kindled by holy affection. We should remember, that he had violated the law of human sympathy, and in that way struck a blow at the Creator of all.

Love is the central, sun-like principle of the moral universe. God is love. Every work in the wide creation is a symbol of that love. This is the great harmony of the whole. The mind of man is a portion of God's universe. It is the living link between it, and Him;—and as it parts with this heavenly principle, it wrenches itself away, by its own unworthiness, from the great whole. It becomes in discord with the spiritual world, as well as the natural; and thus dissevers itself from both. It crushes its best affections, and tears out the very nerve of its inner life. It sins against itself, and the divine law; and must be purified by its own fire. This is the key to the Ancient Mariner. This it is, which gives the whole tale its sublime grandeur. It displays the internal life. It lays bare the subterraneous springs of a human

soul. It makes us feel the sinfulness of trampling upon holy principles, and unfolds the consequences, with their gradual development and final issue. Thus, in this wild tale, there are treasures of wisdom; for while we read, the perception of a grand truth breaks in upon us, and pours its whole flood of light over the mind.

After this comes 'Christabel.' This is a singularly wild and remarkable production. The first part was written in 1797; the second, after his return from Germany, in 1800. It was circulated in manuscript among the most distinguished literary men of Europe, and in this way, long before it was given to the public, became known to Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and Southey, and was held by them in high estimation. It may seem somewhat singular, that it should have met with so cold a reception, when first published;—but it should be remembered that it had long been alluded to, by some of these writers, as being one of the most extraordinary works of the day. The public expectation had thus been raised to the highest pitch, and was prepared to be satisfied with nothing short of superlative merit. Besides, it was sent into the world unfinished; it was to have consisted of five parts, two only of which were ever written, and it remains even now merely a fragment. It had moreover too much of the German spirit, in its very conception, to suit the public taste. It was too etherial, too indefinite, to be valued by the many. It belonged to that peculiar class of poetry, which never has, and never will awaken sympathy in the universal heart. It wants clearness; it is too ideal; and there are many, who cannot pierce its thick and shadowy mysticisms. It is not wholly founded either upon the intellect, or the passions,—and thus strikes a chord, which in all minds has not a corresponding key. Yet let not those, who cannot perceive its beauties, censure the judgment of those who can. It is no small praise, that it was avowedly the origin of all Scott's metrical ballads.

We now come to the dramas. In 1794, appeared 'The Fall of Robespierre,' a historical drama,—a work which displayed considerable talent, and which was remarkable on account of its having been written, in conjunction with Southey, in less than seventeen hours. It has many beautiful passages, and developes with much truth the wonderful characters of those, who acted on the vast stage of the first French Revolution. But, in order fully to appreciate this production, we should bear

in mind the singular rapidity with which it was written, at the time when its author had hardly reached the years of manhood. 'Zapolya,' a dramatic poem, in imitation of Shakspeare's Winter's Tale, has also many splendid passages, and is stamped throughout with signatures of genius. Its versification is clear and sweet,—and many of the characters discover a deep knowledge of the heart. Yet this, as well as 'Robespierre,' is not calculated for the stage. They are rather the dramas of the heart. Coleridge, strictly speaking, has not the dramatic faculty. He has the same fault with Byron; his own feelings shine through all his characters. It seems like a sort of 'poetic ventriloquism,' in which the voice, not the soul, speaks from another. He has not, like Shakspeare, an individuality of conception.

After this he published his tragedy of 'Remorse.' Here he has indeed gone much more out of himself. Here he has discovered a deep insight into the most hidden springs of the mind, and has made them visible to us with wonderful distinctness, both in the calm of quiet thought, and the dizzy whirl of passion.*

As the title of the play denotes, one of its great purposes is to show the workings of Remorse upon a base and guilty mind. Ordonio and Alvar, the two sons of Lord Valdez, love the lady Teresa, who rejects Ordonio, and gives her undivided affection to his brother. Ordonio is an artful and hypocritical villain, and plans the murder of Alvar. He employs a Moresco chieftain to accomplish the atrocious deed, and believes that it has been committed. The chieftain, however, is overpowered by the unsuspecting innocence of Alvar, and permits him to escape. He at length returns to witness the constancy of Teresa, and the harrowings of his brother's conscience.

In this drama we have the unfolding of some of the most delicate, and some of the most awful workings of the soul.

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* To show the success of this tragedy, when first introduced upon the stage, we will give an extract from Kelly, the well known actor in the King's Theatre, who thus speaks of its first introduction at Drury Lane. 'On the 23d January, 1813, Mr. Coleridge produced his tragedy, "Remorse." A thrilling sensation appeared to pervade the great mass of congregated humanity, and during its performance it was listened to with undivided attention, as if the minds of all present were rivetted and enthralled; and at the conclusion the applause was loud and protracted.'—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*

It gives passions, and the struggle of passions. It shows us those bright and beautiful hopes, that cluster around the heart of woman, even amid trial and desolation, and lays bare to our sight the horrible convulsions of that mind, on which guilt gnaws like a fanged monster. We see Teresa, with her deep and unchanging affection, her true devotedness, and exceeding purity, still letting her heart cling to the object of her love, and vowing before heaven that she will remain faithful to Alvar, living or dead. See her, as she muses by the green ocean, her soft hair lifted by the mild sea-breeze, where she loves

> 'To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
> All past hours of delight.'

Hear her while she answers the father of Alvar,—who seeks to comfort her, and induce her to love Ordonio.

> ———————'If this be wretchedness
> That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
> If in a most assured reality
> He should return, and see a brother's infant
> Smile at him from *my* arms?—
> Oh what a thought!'———

Ay, *what* a thought! How thrillingly touching and how true! It is by giving character through these slight but exquisite passages, that genius shows its power.

What a contrast to the innocent and timid Teresa, is the wife of Isidore!—and yet both are equally true to nature. Alhadra is full of bold and masculine courage, and during the various scenes through which she passes, we see her whole character. Now she presses down her passionate feelings with an iron nerve, and now lets them burst forth like a torrent of fire. Now she broods, with smothered indignation, over her many wrongs, and now rushes on even to conflict in her mad frenzy for revenge. Hear her,—a woman born among the mountains,—stung to desperation by the murder of her husband, exclaiming,

> ———————'Knew I a hundred men,
> Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
> This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world!'

There are many other very striking and powerful scenes, but our limits forbid our dwelling at length upon them. There is however the dungeon scene, all of which is fine,

and part of which we will extract, as it gives the moral of the whole play. It is from Alvar, who, after describing the dreadful solitudes of that place which had been formed by man for man, proceeds to show how different are the ways of nature.

> 'Here he lies
> Circled with evil, till his very soul
> Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
> By sights of evermore deformity!
> With other ministrations, thou, O Nature!
> Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
> Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
> Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
> Thy melodies of words, and winds, and waters!
> Till he relent, and can no more endure
> To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
> Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
> But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
> His angry spirit healed and harmonized,
> By the benignant touch of love and beauty.'

To show the truth of this principle, is the whole design of the tragedy; to hold up before our minds the superiority of the benignant over the vindictive principle, in its influence upon the guilty.

In 1800, Coleridge gave to the world his celebrated translation of Wallenstein, from the German of Schiller. This has been pronounced by eminent scholars to be the best translation from the German in the English language. It is a work, in which one of the greatest poets of Germany concentrated his highest powers, and which his countrymen value as one of the most splendid monuments of their genius. It is of too great a length, and cast in too philosophical a mould, to suit the public taste; but it is a work which the student will always appreciate;—the oftener it is turned to, the more will be found in it to admire. The scene in the Astrological Tower is a poem in itself. The affection between Max and Thekla combines every excellence, and the character of the Princess Thekla may bear comparison with the best of Shakspeare's. It is wholly original,—and is admirable for its beautiful simplicity, energy of purpose and elevated love. It is not however our intention to enter into any analysis of this tragedy. It is sufficient to say that it is the greatest dramatic work of which the last century can boast, and that Coleridge has

done much for the literature of his country by his admirable translation.

Before we close this article, we can only say, concerning the true power and living spirit of Coleridge's writings, 'seek, and ye shall find.' His works are solid with meaning. They suggest truths, and leave them to be drawn out by the reader. Goethe has said, that 'a work which leaves nothing to divine, can be no true, consummate work; its highest destination must be to excite reflection: and no one can truly love a work till he has been compelled to follow it out, and complete it in his own mind.'

It has been said that Coleridge's works are fragments;—that they have no unity. We think it is not so. His works, taken singly, are fragments; put together, they make a whole. His poetry is a part of his philosophy. It is the golden clasp, that connects the chain. It is his philosophy, after he has breathed into it a living soul. In his 'Aids to Reflection,' he says, 'religion is not a theory, but a *life*;' so it is with his philosophy: and in his poetry he shows this. He shows how it changes the whole man, and opens the inward perceptions. In fact, throughout his whole poetry his Christian philosophy flows, like the sap, into every branch, and leaf, and blossom. Those who would study the one, then, should study the other. They are the productions of one mind. They unfold the same principles,—and explain and support each other.

Again, in his poetry we find perfect truth. Nature is represented as it really is; not dry and dead, but full of meaning. It not only has form, but life. He never veils Nature, but unveils it, that we may see the light from within. Matter is to him full of spirit. It is an instrument in God's hand to develope the soul. Harmony and loveliness, in the book of Nature, are the counterparts to 'God is Love,' in the book of Revelation. The Creation is an embodying of God's character. All its varied works are the symbols of his attributes; and we must look through them to Him. God is omnipresent, and the unfolding of a flower is a direct revelation from the Most High. 'Adam walked with God in the garden.' Earth is not now more distant. He is with us, though we may not be with Him. 'In our Father's house are many mansions.' This world is one, and He fills it; but to know Him and feel Him, we must become spiritualized, and possess a power superior to the senses. 'The kingdom of God is within us.' It is

this, which gives such value to the writings of Coleridge. It is this, which makes him, not merely a moral writer, but strictly a religious writer. Not that he always writes upon religious subjects, but that he writes upon all subjects in a religious way. He has the religious spirit; the heavenly spirit; the spirit of love. Thus his writings are good; they purify, they elevate, they quicken, they impart himself.

The works of such a writer are of no country; they are the world's. They belong to no age,—but to all men of all ages. They contain truth,—and truth is eternal. They are written with reference to the life to come, and have therefore a spiritual power. For the character of such a writer, we can hardly feel too great a reverence. He has brought out the inner man. He has made the senses do homage to the spirit. He has drunk in from Nature and Revelation, till they have expanded and beautified his soul. He sees the subtle analogy between the spiritual and the natural, and makes the one illustrate and develope the other. He feels the superiority of the inward to the outward, and therefore never sinks himself into mere materialism, but reaches upward to the Infinite. The eye of his soul is not upon the opinions of others, but upon truth, and he crushes the hardest problems, and pierces the most hidden depths, that he may know things as they are. His eye is upon God, and he feels that God's eye is upon him, and he looks with profound awe upon His moral government, and seeks humbly to illustrate the ways of His Providence. Thus he has done much good. At the time when the tide of skepticism was sweeping over the continent of Europe, he stood forth like a bulwark. At a time when the feelings of mankind were tending to materialism, he still reverenced the Unseen, as the Eternal. And in all his works he has sought to give 'information, that opens to our knowledge a kingdom that is not of this world, thrones that cannot be shaken, and sceptres that cannot be broken or transferred.'* His work, then, has been a holy work,—and it is now nearly completed. The circle of his earthly life must ere long be finished. The light of the material world will fade before the light of a higher. The soul that has transmitted to us beauty and truth, will pass away,—but the beauty and truth will remain,—and it is for us to make them our own.

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* First Lay Sermon. P. 11.

ART. VIII.—*Outre-Mer.*

Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. Nos. I. and II. Boston. 1833—1834.

THIS work, only two numbers of which have yet appeared, is obviously the production of a writer of talent, and of cultivated taste; who has chosen to give to the public the results of his observation in foreign countries, in the form of a series of tales and sketches. It is a form, which, as every reader knows, has been recommended by the high example and success of Mr. Irving; and, in recording only such circumstances as suit his fancy, an accomplished traveller is certainly more likely to preserve the proper measure of spirit and freshness, than when he enters on the task of preparing an elaborate and formal narrative. It must not be supposed, that, in adopting the form of Mr. Irving, the author has been guilty of any other imitation. They have both entered on the same field, in different directions, and without the least hazard of crossing each other's path; and we are much inclined to wish that other writers, who possess the requisite leisure and accomplishments, would follow their example.

The *Pays d' Outre-Mer* was the name, by which the Holy Land was known to the pilgrims and crusaders; and the author describes himself as a pilgrim of the Land beyond the Sea. This land filled the visions of his youthful fancy, and when he first beheld its shores, it was with the same emotions, with which the wandering palmer used to hail the bounds of Palestine. It does not appear, however, that in roaming over classic ground, he felt as if he were undergoing penance; on the contrary, he seems to have pursued his journey with a tolerably cheerful spirit, and when it was fairly over, to have sat down to embody and preserve the recollection of the scenes he had passed through. We first behold him mounted on the summit of that locomotive ark, a French diligence, making himself merry with the aspect of his equipage, and the official personages to whom the reins of its government were confided, until he finds repose and shelter in the Golden Lion Inn, at Rouen. This was the first European city of importance he had visited, and he thus describes the feelings with which he gazed on its magnificent cathedral.

'I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent Cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overwhelmed my imagination; and I stood for a long time motionless, and gazing entranced upon that stupendous edifice. I had seen no specimen of gothic architecture before, save the remains of a little church at Havre; and the massive towers before me,—the lofty windows of stained glass,—the low portal, with receding arches and rude statues,—all produced upon my untravelled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church, the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place,—the lamps that burned on the distant altar,—the kneeling crowd,—the tinkling bell,—and the chant of the evening service, that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes,—filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church,—the huge columns, that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above,—the long and shadowy aisles,—the statues of saints and martyrs, that stood in every recess,—the figures of armed knights upon the tombs,—the uncertain light, that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel,—and the form of the cowled and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favorite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church,—all I had read of, but had not seen,—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I shall never feel again.'

At the *Table d' Hôte* of the Golden Lion, the pilgrim encountered a venerable personage, thoroughly versed in all the legendary lore of the city of Rouen, who related to him the story of 'Martin Franc and the Monk of St. Anthony,' which he professed to have found in an old manuscript of the public library. We would not question the veracity of the merry antiquary, who deserves to be regarded as the Dr. Dryasdust of this venerable city; but we strongly suspect, that the learned man has confounded his Oriental manuscripts with Norman ones. His story is, nevertheless, a good one; but its length forbids us to extract it, and we should only mar the whole by offering a portion of it to our readers.

The author next takes up his abode in the village of Auteuil, in a *Maison de Santé;* not to ascertain to what extent the healing art had been carried by its keeper, but because it

affords a secluded and agreeable retreat in the sultry months of summer. Here he 'possessed himself in much quietness,' and he has preserved a record of some of the circumstances, which are magnified into events in the annals of a village. The reader will be struck with the beauty of the following passage, in which the living reality is set before him by the quiet accuracy of the description, while the scenes themselves are brought together, as we often find them in the course of life.

'I was one morning called to my window by the sound of rustic music. I looked out, and beheld a procession of villagers advancing along the road, attired in gay dresses, and marching merrily on in the direction of the church. I soon perceived that it was a marriage festival. The procession was led by a long orang-outang of a man, in a straw hat and white dimity bob-coat, playing on an asthmatic clarinet, from which he contrived to blow unearthly sounds, ever and anon squeaking off at right angles from his tune, and winding up with a grand flourish on the guttural notes. Behind him, led by his little boy, came the blind fiddler, his honest features glowing with all the hilarity of a rustic bridal, and, as he stumbled along, sawing away upon his fiddle till he made all crack again. Then came the happy bridegroom, dressed in his Sunday suit of blue, with a large nosegay in his button-hole, and close beside him his blushing bride, with downcast eyes, clad in a white robe and slippers, and wearing a wreath of white roses in her hair. The friends and relatives brought up the procession; and a troop of village urchins came shouting along in the rear, scrambling among themselves for the largess of sous and sugar-plums, that now and then issued in large handfuls from the pockets of a lean man in black, who seemed to officiate as master of the ceremonies on the occasion. I gazed on the procession till it was out of sight; and when the last wheeze of the clarinet died upon my ear, I could not help thinking how happy were they, who were thus to dwell together in the peaceful bosom of their native village, far from the gilded misery and the pestilential vices of the town.

'On the evening of the same day, I was sitting by the window, enjoying the freshness of the air, and the beauty and stillness of the hour, when I heard the distant and solemn hymn of the Catholic burial service, at first so faintly and indistinct that it seemed an illusion. It rose mournfully on the hush of evening,—died gradually away,—then ceased. Then it rose again, nearer and more distinct, and soon after a funeral procession appeared, and passed directly beneath my window. It was led by a priest, bearing the banner of the church, and followed by two boys,

holding long flambeaux in their hands. Next came a double file of priests in white surplices, with a missal in one hand and a lighted wax taper in the other, chanting the funeral dirge at intervals,---now pausing, and then again taking up the mournful burden of their lamentation, accompanied by others, who played upon a rude kind of horn, with a dismal and wailing sound. Then followed various symbols of the church, and the bier, borne on the shoulders of four men. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, and a chaplet of white flowers lay upon it, indicating that the deceased was unmarried. A few of the villagers came behind, clad in mourning robes, and bearing lighted tapers. The procession passed slowly along the same street, that in the morning had been thronged by the gay bridal company. A melancholy train of thought forced itself home upon my mind. The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep,—and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side, and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding feast and the funeral pall! The bridal song mingles with the burial hymn! One goes to the marriage bed; another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain and transitory!'

In a very interesting sketch, the writer describes an excursion which he made on foot in autumn through the delightful valley of the Loire. It was the season of the vintage; which, in addition to the beauty of nature, just before the hour of its temporary dissolution, brought many scenes of rural happiness to his view. These he has painted with abundant grace and skill; and his course presented to him yet another charm, in the hoary monuments of other times, on which he evidently loves to dwell. We copy his descriptions of the chateaux of Chambord and Chernanceau, so strongly associated with the recollection of Francis I., the most refined, if not the most glorious monarch of his day.

'I breakfasted at the town of Mer; and leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long, broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day, found myself before the high and massive walls of the chateau of Chambord. This chateau is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle, to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it, the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-

grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within, all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the court-yard,—and the rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the court-yard I entered the central tower, and ascending the principal stair-case, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stept back into the precincts of the feudal ages; and as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast, deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me, and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music and revelry and wassail echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers.'

'At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the romantic borders of the Cher, and the chateau of Chernanceau. This beautiful chateau, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis the First. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture, a dwelling for a warrior;—but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion, with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

'The chateau of Chernanceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious court-yard in front, from which a draw-bridge conducts to the outer hall of the chateau. There the armor of Francis the First still hangs upon the wall;—his shield and helm and lance, as if the chivalrous but dissolute prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows, looking up and down the stream, command a fine reach of pleasant river scenery. This is said to be the only chateau in France, in which the ancient furniture of its original age is preserved. In one part of the building, you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favorite hanging over the mantel-piece. In another, you see the apartment of the infamous Catharine de' Medici;—a venerable arm-chair, and an autograph letter of Henry the Fourth;—and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis the First!—Doubtless the naked walls, and the vast, solitary

chambers of an old and desolate chateau, inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains,—the faded tapestry on the walls,—and the arm-chair by the fireside, the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to have left their halls for the chase or the tournament; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

'Wrapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble chateau, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the chateau,—and crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road, and a clump of woodland, at length shut them out from my sight.'

We offer one extract more, from the account of a journey into Spain.

'I passed by moonlight the little river Bidasoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain; and when the morning broke, found myself far up among the mountains of San Salvador, the most westerly links of the great Pyrenean chain. The mountains around me were neither rugged nor precipitous; but they rose one above another in a long majestic swell, and the trace of the plough-share was occasionally visible to their summits. They seemed entirely destitute of forest scenery; and as the season of vegetation had not yet commenced, their huge outlines lay black and barren and desolate against the sky. But it was a glorious morning; and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendor over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon. The scene was enlivened by the dashing of a swollen mountain-brook, whose course we followed for miles down the valley, as it leaped onward to its journey's end, now breaking into a white cascade, and now foaming and chafing beneath a rustic bridge. Now and then we rode through a dilapidated town, with a group of idlers at every corner, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, and smoking their little paper cigars in the sun. Then would succeed a desolate tract of country, cheered only by the tinkle of a mule-bell, or the song of a muleteer. Then we would meet a solitary trav-

eller, mounted on horseback, and wrapped in the ample folds of his cloak, with a gun hanging at the pommel of his saddle. Occasionally, too, among the bleak, inhospitable hills, we passed a rude little chapel, with a cluster of ruined cottages around it; and whenever our carriage stopped at the relay, or loitered slowly up the hill-side, a crowd of children would gather around us, with little images and crucifixes for sale, curiously ornamented with ribbons, and little bits of tawdry finery.

'A day's journey from the frontier brought us to Vitoria, where the diligence stopped for the night. I spent the scanty remnant of day-light in rambling about the streets of the city, with no other guide but the whim of the moment. Now I plunged down a dark and narrow alley,—now emerged into a wide street, or a spacious market-place, and now aroused the drowsy echoes of a church or cloister with the sound of my intruding footsteps. But descriptions of churches and public squares are dull and tedious matters for those readers, who are in search of amusement and not of instruction; and if any one has accompanied me thus far on my fatiguing journey towards the Spanish capital, I will readily excuse him from the toil of an evening ramble through the streets of Vitoria.

'On the following morning we left Vitoria long before daybreak, and during our forenoon's journey, the postillion drew up at a relay, on the southern slope of the Sierra de San Lorenzo, in the province of Old Castile. The house was an old, dilapidated tenement, built of rough stone, and coarsely plastered upon the outside. The tiled roof had long been the sport of wind and rain, the motley coat of plaster was broken and time-worn, and the whole building sadly out of repair: though the fanciful mouldings under the eaves, and the curiously carved wood-work, that supported the little balcony over the principal entrance, spoke of better days gone by. The whole building reminded me of a dilapidated Spanish Don, down at the heel and out at elbows, but with here and there a remnant of former magnificence peeping through the loop-holes of his tattered cloak.

'A wide gate-way ushered the traveller into the interior of the building, and conducted him to a low-roofed apartment, paved with round stones, and serving both as a court-yard and a stable. It seemed to be a neutral ground for man and beast:—a little republic, where horse and rider had common privileges, and mule and muleteer lay cheek by jowl. In one corner a poor jackass was patiently devouring a bundle of musty straw,—in another its master lay sound asleep with his saddle-cloth for a pillow; here a group of muleteers were quarrelling over a pack of dirty cards, —and there the village barber, with a self-important air, stood

laving the alcalde's chin from the helmet of Mambrino. On the wall, a little taper glimmered feebly before an image of Saint Anthony; directly opposite these, a leathern wine-bottle hung by the neck from a pair of ox-horns; and the pavement below was covered with a curious medley of boxes, and bags, and cloaks, and pack-saddles, and sacks of grain, and skins of wine, and all kinds of lumber.

'A small door upon the right led us into the inn kitchen. It was a room about ten feet square, and literally all chimney; for the hearth was in the centre of the floor, and the walls sloped upward in the form of a long tapering pyramid, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Quite round this little room ran a row of benches, upon which sat one or two grave personages smoking paper cigars. Upon the hearth blazed a handful of faggots, whose bright flame danced merrily among a motley congregation of pots and kettles, and a long wreath of smoke wound lazily up through the huge tunnel of the roof above. The walls were black with soot, and ornamented with sundry legs of bacon and festoons of sausages; and as there were no windows in this dingy abode, the only light, which cheered the darkness within, came flickering from the fire upon the hearth, and the smoky sunbeams, that peeped down the long-necked chimney.'

There are several sketches, to which we have not yet adverted; among them, are two or three of a humorous character, from which we could not well take portions without impairing the general effect; but which, though spirited and entertaining, can hardly be said to exhibit the highest power of the writer. His rich and poetical, and yet graphic description, and the true feeling with which he looks on nature and on social life, are the qualities which most attract us in his writings, because they are not precisely those in which travellers are most apt to abound. The greater part of these worthies consider themselves as itinerant critics, whose vocation would be indifferently fulfilled, if they should admit that they find any verdure between Beersheba and Dan; and it is equally rare and grateful to encounter a pilgrim, who can enjoy the clear blue sky and sunshine of other countries than his own. This generous feeling and true philosophy charm us in the pilgrim of the Land beyond the Sea; they throw a mild, yet most attractive coloring over all the objects he encounters, and all the scenes he passes through; and, whether we walk with him through the valley of the Loire, take passage by

night in the stage-coach from Paris to Bordeaux, or partake of the somewhat doubtful welcome of the inn of old Castile, we feel that we are in the company of a person of talent, and of cultivated taste. We are sorry to part with him, at the close of the second number, the last which has yet been published, at the Puerta de Fuencarral of Madrid; and take the liberty of suggesting to him, that if Spain be poor in present glory, she is rich in ancient recollections; and that there is no one, from whom additional sketches of her natural beauty and social aspect would be received with a heartier welcome, than from him.

ART. IX.—*The Washington Papers.*

The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the original Manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By JARED SPARKS. 8vo. Vols. II, and III. Boston. 1834.

THIS is the first *livraison*,—to use a convenient French term, for which we have no English equivalent,—of Mr. Sparks's promised selection from the correspondence and other papers of Washington. The two volumes are to form the second and third of the work; the first, which is to appear at some future time in the progress of the publication, being devoted exclusively to a new biography of the illustrious author, from the pen of his learned and indefatigable editor. We incline to think, that the feeling of the country will ultimately call for the printing of all the Washington manuscripts, voluminous as they are, at the public expense. The deep veneration for his character, that now prevails throughout the civilized world, and is constantly augmenting from generation to generation, will hardly permit the people to rest satisfied, while any portion of his compositions, which is known to exist, remains unpublished. As the only fitting monument to his memory is that which he erected to it himself in the independence and liberty of his country, so the only suitable inscription for that monument is the whole mass of written compo-

sitions, in which the patriot expressed, in his own simple, manly, and excellent language, his views of passing events, and which form a complete commentary on the history of the country through the whole period of his mature life. The collection,—amounting, as we are told by Mr. Sparks, to not less than eighty volumes,—was lately purchased of the family of Washington by the General Government, and will be safely deposited in the Department of State, where it may also be consulted with convenience by those who may have occasion to recur to it. Even there, however, it will not be entirely beyond the reach of the accidents, that must always endanger in some degree the preservation of a work, of which there is only a single copy in existence; and we can hardly doubt, as we have said, that in the course of a few years, it will be thought expedient to take precautions, by the multiplication of copies, against the possibility even of the destruction of this last and most interesting legacy of the Father of his country.

In the mean time, the feelings and the actual wants of the present generation called loudly for the immediate publication of a copious selection from the most interesting parts of this mass of writings; and it is fortunate that the preparation of the work has fallen into the hands of a person, every way so well qualified to execute it to the public satisfaction, as the present editor. On this point, we have expressed ourselves so fully in a preceding article of this number, that it is unnecessary to add any thing in this connexion. Mr. Sparks's former publications of a similar kind, afford the best evidence of his qualifications; and the great experience he has now acquired in the editorial profession, the unwearied labor which he has bestowed upon this undertaking, as well as the character of the present specimen, satisfy us that the public expectation will be completely answered.

In the preface to the second volume of the work, and the first of his writings, the editor has given a succinct statement of the general plan upon which he has proceeded, in arranging the whole, and which we consider as extremely judicious.

It was a task of some difficulty with him to determine, what general principles should be adopted, in selecting the parts for publication from the whole body of the papers left by Washington. In the first place, the mass of manuscripts, which extends, as we have remarked, to eighty volumes, consisting chiefly of letters, is so large as to preclude the idea of pub-

lishing more than a comparatively small portion. Again; from the nature of the Correspondence, being mostly official, and many of the letters having been written to different persons on the same subjects, there were necessarily frequent repetitions and numerous particulars constantly intervening, which, though essential at the time, in the transactions to which they relate, have no longer any interest or moment. Of this description are the innumerable details, incident to the subordinate arrangements of an army; such as supplies, provisions, clothing, camp equipage, arms, ammunition, and other points of minor consideration, which engaged the incessant care of the commander-in-chief, and entered largely into his correspondence even with Congress, and the highest officers, both civil and military. To print all the materials of this kind would not only have been useless in itself, but would have added so much to the size and expense of the work, as at the same time to make it cumbersome and unattractive to readers, and raise the cost above the means of many individuals, who would gladly possess it.

Under these circumstances, the Editor has endeavored to pursue such a course, as would most effectually accomplish the general object which he had in view, within the compass allotted to the present collection. For this purpose, he adopted two rules, which he has labored to follow as exactly as possible:—first, to select such parts as have a permanent value, on account of the historical facts which they contain,—whether in relation to actual events, or to the political designs and operations, in which Washington was a leading or conspicuous agent; secondly, to take such other parts, as contain the views, opinions, counsels and reflections of the writer on the various topics suggested to him by the occasion, and serve to exhibit the structure of his mind, its powers and resources, and the peculiar traits of his personal character. Taking these rules as a guide, Mr. Sparks went carefully through the manuscripts, without regard to what had before been made public, and selected from the whole the portions best fitted to his purpose.

'According to this plan, when a letter throughout bears the features above described, it will be printed entire, as will in every case the addresses, speeches, messages, circulars, and other state papers, issued by him from time to time. But many of the letters, both in the public and private correspondence, for the

reasons already assigned, will necessarily be printed with omissions of unimportant passages, relating chiefly to topics or facts, evanescent in their nature, and temporary in their design. Special care will be taken, nevertheless, in all such omissions, that the sense shall not be marred, nor the meaning of the writer in any manner perverted or obscured. Nor is this difficult, because the omitted passages usually treat upon separate and distinct subjects, and may be removed without injury to the remaining portions of the letter.

'It ought to be premised here, that, in preparing the manuscripts for the press, I have been obliged sometimes to use a latitude of discretion, rendered unavoidable by the mode in which the papers have been preserved. They are uniformly copied into volumes, and this task appears to have been performed, except in the revolutionary correspondence, by incompetent or very careless transcribers. Gross blunders constantly occur, which not unfrequently destroy the sense, and which never could have existed in the original drafts. In these cases I have of course considered it a duty, appertaining to the function of a faithful editor, to hazard such corrections as the construction of the sentence manifestly warranted, or a cool judgment dictated. On some occasions the writer himself, through haste or inadvertence, may have fallen into an awkward use of words, faults of grammar, or inaccuracies of style, and when such occur from this source, I have equally felt bound to correct them. It would be an act of unpardonable injustice to any author, after his death, to bring forth compositions, and particularly letters written with no design to their publication, and commit them to the press, without previously subjecting them to a careful revision. This exercise of an editor's duty, however, I have thought it allowable to extend only to verbal and grammatical mistakes or inaccuracies, maintaining a scrupulous caution, that the author's meaning and purpose should thereby in no degree be changed or affected.'

If any part of the plan, as thus explained and developed by the Editor, could be regarded as questionable, it would perhaps be the occasional omission of portions of letters, of which other portions are retained. As a general principle, we consider it highly important, that, in all collections of this kind, the documents published should, as far as possible, be entire. In most cases, subjects so nearly connected in time, place, or the personal relations of the writer, as to come within the compass of the same letter, will have, though they may not be apparent to the casual reader, bearings upon each other,

which may serve to explain and modify the statements made, or the opinions given upon each. Hence the perusal of a letter, known not to be entire, with whatever discretion the omission may be supposed to have been made, can never give us the same assurance that we are in possession of the writer's views, which we should feel if we had the whole before us. We are aware, that there may be cases, in which a too scrupulous adherence to the principle of publishing all documents and letters entire, might be inconvenient, in a collection of moderate extent, like the present; but we would venture to suggest to Mr. Sparks the expediency of deviating from it as rarely as possible, in the further progress of his labor, especially with papers of much importance or interest.

The contents of the immense mass of manuscripts, from which the present selection has been made, and the admirable order in which they were arranged by Washington, are particularly described by Mr. Sparks in the preface to the second volume. The account is very curious in itself, and illustrates, in some of its most important and valuable points, the character of the illustrious author.

'Two complete copies of Washington's revolutionary correspondence have been preserved at Mount Vernon. The first consists of the original files, which he always kept with him for reference and use in camp and in his campaigns; the second is a literal transcript from these originals, recorded in forty-four large volumes, in which all the letters are classified and arranged according to their subjects and dates. This transcript was executed under his own direction, near the close of the war, by secretaries employed for the purpose, who wrote a fair and handsome hand, and on whose fidelity he could rely. Even the dimensions of the volumes, the quality of the paper, and the style of binding, were prescribed by himself. Each parcel in the file is designated by a letter of the alphabet, and each paper in the parcel is numbered. By the aid of corresponding marks in the margin of the letter-books, a sure and speedy reference may be had to any original paper in the whole series. A brief sketch of the plan, as drawn out by Washington, and a few explanatory remarks, will show at the same time the principles of the arrangement, and the varied subjects of his correspondence.

'1. Under the first great division, were classed letters to the Congress of the United States; to Committees of Congress; to the Board of War and Ordnance; to American Ministers Plenipotentiary at Foreign Courts; to individual Members of Congress in their Public Characters.

'As he received his appointment, commission, instructions, and all his powers from Congress, it was necessary, that his intercourse with that body should be full, constant, and of the most confidential kind. In the first place, the army was new, undisciplined, unprovided; very few of the members of Congress were military men, or possessed of any knowledge of military affairs, either practical or theoretical; the burden of organizing and disciplining the army was at once thrown upon the commander-in-chief. But all the arrangements of this sort, the rules and regulations, and every contemplated change, were to be approved by Congress before they could take effect; and Congress reserved wholly to themselves the appointment of the general officers. Thus it was not only the duty of Washington to obey instructions and execute orders, but he was obliged to suggest what these orders should be, and wait till his suggestions were passed into resolves by the Congress. This was frequently a source of delay and embarrassment; it was a heavy and perpetual tax upon the forethought and reflection of the commander-in-chief, and made him virtually the head and soul of the whole military system, although a jealousy of their civil rights, and a fear of the tendency of warlike ambition, induced the members of Congress to keep a salutary check in their own hands. The condition of the army and an account of all the principal occurrences were communicated at stated times to Congress, doubtful cases were referred to their decision, and returns forwarded respecting the departments of the commissaries, quartermasters, and other officers engaged in providing for the wants of the army, and regulating its internal economy. The intimate and peculiar relations, thus subsisting between Congress and the army, gave rise to a correspondence, which, although it necessarily ran into details, was nevertheless of great importance. For similar purposes he kept up an intercourse by letter with Committees of Congress, the Board of War, and individual members. By these means his views were always presented to that assembly, and guided them in their deliberations and resolves.

'2. Letters to Provincial Congresses, Conventions, and Committees of Safety; to Governors, Presidents, and other Executives of States; to Civil Magistrates and Citizens of every Denomination.

'Although the army was under the general control and pay of the Continental Congress, and the number of men to be furnished by each State was prescribed from time to time by that body, yet the mode of raising the men, and in part the supplying of them with arms and clothing, were left to the States themselves. It was the business of the commander-in-chief to see, that the

men were actually brought into the field at the proper times and places, as well as to call out the militia upon emergencies, and to dismiss them when their services were no longer required. This duty opened a wide field of correspondence with the States, and some of Washington's best letters are circulars to the governors, making appeals to the patriotism of the people, and urging powerful motives for exertion and sacrifice in the common cause. Wherever the army was stationed, he was always cautious to keep the military and civil powers distinct, and to refer to the respective States all matters of a local nature, which did not clearly come within the jurisdiction of the army. The delicate and troublesome concerns of the Tories were of this description. The safety of the country required him to use the force he commanded to apprehend suspected persons; but he invariably turned them over to the civil authorities of the State in which they resided, to be dealt with as the proper tribunals should decide. Occasions frequently occurred, likewise, for corresponding with the committees of towns and smaller districts or communities.

'3. Letters to Officers of the Line of every Rank; to Officers of the Staff; and all other Military Characters.

'The correspondence under this head is much more voluminous, than that under either of the others. It extends to the whole army of the United States, however divided or wherever stationed; to the commanding officers in the great departments, to major-generals and other officers on separate commands at posts or in detachments, to officers of every rank engaged in any special service, such as partisan enterprises, foraging expeditions, or schemes for attacking the enemy's outposts, or procuring intelligence. It also includes instructions to officers, from the highest to the lowest; directions for the arrangements in camp, as well as the movements during a campaign; letters to quartermasters, commissaries, contractors, the clothier-general and his deputies, and all others concerned in providing supplies for the army; to surgeons and superintendants of the hospitals; to militia officers while on Continental service; and to other persons, acting in a military capacity within the sphere of his command.

'4. Letters to Foreign Ministers; to Subjects of Foreign Nations in the immediate Service of the United States; to Foreign Officers.

'When the French army came to America, it was, by a previous stipulation, to be under the command of Washington, while acting in concert with the American army. This arrangement, as well as the mutual plans for co-operation, necessarily caused much correspondence between Washington, Count Ro-

chambeau, Count d'Estaing, and other commanders of the French army and navy. In this the ministers from France to Congress participated, as the French military affairs in the United States were under their general supervision and guidance.

'5. Letters to Officers of every Rank and Denomination in the Service of the Enemy; to British Subjects of every Description with the Enemy; to Persons applying for Permission to go to the Enemy.

'The most important letters under this head are those to the British commanders, on various topics, but chiefly relating to the exchange of prisoners, in which there were many difficulties, emanating from the peculiar relations of the two contending armies to each other, and the manner in which the British government regarded the nature of the contest at the beginning of the war.

'6. Private Letters.

'In this division is included a long list of letters; and although they were classed as private, yet they are mostly on subjects appertaining to public concerns. They are not official; but many of them were written to persons in public stations, and intended to promote a purpose by stronger representations and the force of motives more delicate, than it was expedient to exhibit for general inspection. In this view they may be considered as expressing the unreserved sentiments of their author, and as explaining his designs and conduct on occasions, where the caution required in his official despatches must leave much for inference or conjecture. A few are mere letters of friendship; but even in such cases, the great work in which he was engaged seems to have absorbed his thoughts, and suggested the principal topics for his pen.

'Such is the mode projected and adopted by General Washington himself for classifying his papers, while commander-in-chief of the American army. Such is the broad outline of the topics to which they extend. The arrangement is, in the first instance, according to subjects; and, in the second, according to the order of time; that is, the mass of letters is formed into six distinct classes, and those in each class are brought together consecutively by their dates. In preparing them for publication, it has been thought preferable to throw them all into the order of time, thus preserving a strict continuity in the events to which they relate. This method, indeed, is the only one by which a just understanding of the papers can be obtained, without much trouble in referring from one part to another; since the subjects upon which they treat are not of an abstract nature, but com-

monly relate to the affairs in which the writer was immediately concerned, and are blended in the general train of the correspondence.'

In connexion with this account of the arrangement and contents of the Washington papers, Mr. Sparks introduces the following very judicious observations upon the question, how far Washington is personally responsible for the language of the letters and documents, which bear his signature.

'The question has been asked, how far Washington may be considered the author of the immense number of letters, to which, in his official and private capacity, he affixed his name. This is a question rather of curiosity, than of essential interest or consequence, and one which it would be quite impossible at this day to answer, in regard to every individual case. The letters have been preserved as they were transcribed into letter-books, and in the different handwriting of a great many copyists, who were employed from time to time for this purpose. The first drafts have been for the most part destroyed; for even in the correspondence during the Revolution, which now exists in the files that were used at the time, the letters thus filed are not in every instance the first drafts, but copies, so that it is impossible now to tell by whom they were originally penned. All the letters printed in the First Part of this work, embracing the period before the Revolution, I believe were written by Washington himself, because a large proportion of them are still to be found in his own handwriting, either in the condition of first drafts, or as transcribed by himself; and because, while acting as an officer in the French war, he seldom if ever had the services of a secretary, and at Mount Vernon he was certainly his own scribe, both in his correspondence and in his extensive transactions of business.

'That he wrote with his own hand all his official letters during the Revolution, it would be as preposterous to suppose, as that Marlborough, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or any other great commander, was the penman of all the letters to which he subscribed his name. Compositions of this kind are not adduced as evidences of the genius, the rhetorical ingenuity, the brilliant fancy, the felicitous invention, or the literary accomplishments of the persons, whose name they bear. The value to be attached to them, and the high consideration, which they justly claim, are derived from the circumstance of their being records of great events, expressing the opinions and unfolding the designs of men, in whose conduct and motives the destinies of nations are involved. They are the highest and purest fountains of history,

and by whatever hand the written language is constructed, the spirit and substance, the principles, facts, arguments, and purposes, must necessarily be considered as flowing from him, by whose name they are sanctioned; he is responsible for the whole; his character and reputation, as well as the vital interests of the cause entrusted to him, are at stake. Caution in weighing, and judgment in adopting the sentiments of others, are often not less indicative of true wisdom and greatness, than the power to originate and combine. It will be seen, by hints contained in several of Washington's letters, that his personal labor in writing was at times intense, even amidst the harassing cares and oppressive burdens, under which he struggled in discharging his military duties. When he resorted to the assistance of his secretary, aids, or other persons, it was his custom sometimes to prepare brief minutes of the topics, which he wished to have introduced into a letter, and leave the arrangement and style to the amanuensis. At other times he would dictate in detail the substance of a despatch; and again, when the subject was of minor importance, he would give general directions only, which the secretary would embody in his own language.

'There is no feature more remarkable, however, in the whole series of correspondence, than the similarity which prevails throughout in the style, the turns of expression, the habits of thought, and particularly the methods of stating facts and enforcing arguments. This will be obvious upon a very slight inspection; and no stronger proof can be required of the pervading influence of one master-mind, whatever instruments it may have employed to communicate its sentiments and effect its designs. It should be stated, moreover, that the originals of many of the ablest and best written papers, which will appear in the present work, may still be seen in the handwriting of the author. It is a mistake, which some have been too ready to adopt, that he was not accustomed to composition. The truth is, he commenced the habit very early, and practised it assiduously till the end of his life. It is equally true, that his defective education qualified him but indifferently to attain elegance or even accuracy of style. But he knew when his thoughts were clearly and forcibly expressed. To convey his meaning with directness and emphasis, was his chief study. Though he frequently betrayed a want of skill in the construction of his sentences, yet he was fastidious in the use of words, as is manifest from the numerous verbal erasures and insertions in his original manuscripts. Indeed he seldom suffered a paper of any sort to go out of his hands, even an ordinary letter of friendship or business, without first compos-

ing and correcting it with studious care, and then transcribing a fair copy. Bundles of letters to the managers of his farms, written in the midst of his weightiest public duties, afford a striking testimony to this fact.'

The concluding observations in the above extract, upon the style of Washington, in papers known to be from his own pen, though perhaps in the main just, are certainly not too favorable; and sufficiently prove that Mr. Sparks is not inclined to the error, so common to editors, of indulging in extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy upon their subjects. The education of Washington was no doubt defective, as compared with that now obtained at the best literary institutions of this and other countries; although, considering the moral influences which prevail at such institutions, it may be questioned, whether his character, as a whole, would have been improved by studying at one of them. However this may be, the deficiency in his education, as compared with that received at our colleges, lay chiefly in the want of any acquaintance with foreign languages, ancient or modern;—a branch of learning, the importance of which, especially for citizens of this country, is in common opinion much over-rated. But the very fact, that his attention was not distracted by the study of a number of foreign dialects, naturally led him to bestow more than the usual portion of time and care upon the language and literature of his own country, and were thus favorable to the acquisition of a good English style. He appears, accordingly, to have felt very early the great importance of this accomplishment; and the circumstances of his life, which threw him, while yet a youth, into habits of extensive epistolary communication with the first characters in the Colonies, upon subjects of the highest moment, gave him an extent of exercise in composition, which is rarely required even of professedly literary men at the same age. The result was, that he attained and possessed through life a most remarkable facility in com position, and probably wrote with his own hand as large an amount of manuscript, as almost any person that ever lived. That his style is not distinguished for elegance, in the usual sense of the term, may perhaps be admitted. The mind of Washington was not poetical or imaginative, and no system of training could probably have given to his language, either in conversation or writing, the brilliancy and warmth of coloring, which indicate a temperament of that description. But these qualities

are rarely admissible in letters of business, as those of Washington always were; and he is quite remarkable for an easy and natural flow of language, which is the first requisite in all good compositions, and which seems to be the proper and only *elegance*, that appertains to the official style. His grammatical accuracy is also remarkable, and though a severe eye would doubtless detect a great many blemishes in the whole mass of his writings, yet we doubt whether the average number, in any given number of pages, would be larger than in the composition of professed authors of distinction and acknowledged correctness. In accuracy and ease of construction, his style is, we think, superior to that of Jefferson, which has always, and deservedly, been much commended. In short, we cannot but regard the literary talent and habits of Washington, though applied exclusively through life to merely practical purposes, as among the most remarkable of his characteristic qualities; and as among those which contributed, most directly and powerfully, though in a subsidiary way, to his efficiency and usefulness.

The Editor has accompanied the papers contained in the volumes before us, with notes and illustrations of considerable extent, and which carry with them internal evidence of the care, industry and judgment, with which they have been prepared. In preparing himself for the discharge of this part of his duty, Mr. Sparks has exhibited a degree of diligence and perseverance, almost without precedent, and, as we are happy to learn, has met with facilities and aids, that are almost equally rare. He has made it a matter of conscience to visit the scenes of most of the important events in our history,—to examine in person the archives of Congress and of the United States, represented in that body, as well as the private collections of many revolutionary characters of note; and finally, to explore the immense repositories in the foreign offices of the British and French Governments, which, much to the credit of those Governments, were thrown open to him with unrestricted, and before unexampled liberality. We extract the few short and modest paragraphs, in which Mr. Sparks gives an account of these truly meritorious labors.

'The notes and other illustrations, comprised in this Second Part of the work, have been drawn from materials of the highest authenticity, collected in a wide range of research, and with much expense of time and labor. In the first place, the letters

received by Washington during the war, amounting to several thousands in number, the records of councils of war and courts-martial, the opinions of the general officers on important subjects, the orderly books, resolves of public bodies, and reports of committees, all of which are among his papers, afford a rich treasure of facts, to which I have constantly resorted. The manuscript papers relating to the Revolution, which are deposited in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington, containing all that remains of the proceedings and correspondence of the Old Continental Congress, I have also personally examined. For the same purpose I have visited the several States, which belonged to the original Confederation and took part in the war, and have examined in the public offices of each State the manuscript papers appertaining to the period under consideration. It has moreover been my good fortune, through the politeness of individuals, to gain access to many private collections of papers, including the entire correspondence of several of the major and brigadier generals of the army, the members of the Old Congress, and other civil and military officers of distinction. The materials thus collected, being original and perfectly authentic, and proceeding from the highest sources, possess a value which may easily be estimated.

'In England and France, my researches were pursued with no less perseverance and success. With a liberality on the part of the governments of both these countries, which demands the warmest acknowledgments, I was permitted to inspect in the public archives all the papers, which relate to the American war. The task occupied nearly twelve months of close application, but the labor was abundantly rewarded by the results. The British offices opened to me the complete correspondence of the ministers, Lord Dartmouth and Lord George Germain, with the governors of the colonies at the beginning of the contest, and with the commanders in America during the whole war, namely, Generals Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Robertson, Carlton, Cornwallis, and others of subordinate rank. The original correspondence of the British Commissioners, while negotiating the peace in Paris, was likewise examined; and also the original papers presented from time to time by Lord North to Parliament.

'In Paris, my researches embraced the voluminous correspondence between Count Vergennes and the French ministers, Gerard and Luzerne, while they were in the United States, amounting in all to nearly four hundred despatches, and unfolding the policy and views of the French Government from the beginning to the end of the war; also *Mémoires* and other pa-

pers on American affairs, written by members of the cabinet, or by able jurisconsults employed for that purpose. In the archives of the Department of War, the despatches of Count Rochambeau, and other officers commanding the French army in America, were submitted to my examination, and such copies as I desired were allowed to be taken.

'I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to express on this occasion the very high obligations, which I have been under to several gentlemen in Europe, who rendered most generous and valuable services in promoting the object of my inquiries, particularly to Sir James Mackintosh, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Holland in London; to General Lafayette and the Marquis de Marbois, in Paris; and to these I may add Mr. Lawrence, at that time *Chargé d'Affaires* from the United States to the Court of Great Britain, and Mr. Brown, the American Minister Plenipotentiary in France.

'From the large extent and various nature of the papers above indicated, it is obvious that only a partial use can be made of them in illustrating the writings of Washington; yet, as they all have a bearing on the great train of events, in which he acted the most conspicuous part, they contain many particulars, explanatory of the designs of persons and parties, which could not be known at the time he wrote, and others that will throw additional light upon the topics which employed his pen, and the affairs in which he was engaged. In preparing the notes, I have relied almost exclusively on manuscript authorities, and avoided as much as possible the encumbering of the pages with matter, which is already accessible in printed books. By this process I trust it will be found, that some valuable accessions have been made to history, at the same time that the character and deeds of Washington have received new elucidation.

'The plans of battles and military movements, which are occasionally inserted for a better understanding of the text, have been compiled from the best drawings that could be procured, as well English and French, as American. In this design, I have been specially aided by a series of manuscript drawings in the possession of General Lafayette, which were taken by a French engineer attached to his staff, and which are executed with scientific accuracy and beauty. Some of the old drawings, published at the time in London from imperfect sketches and surveys, I have been able to correct by the documents, to which I have had access, and by actual inspection, having personally visited nearly all the localities, which were the theatre of the chief operations of the American Revolutionary war. No pains have been spared to give these plans all the accuracy, of which

they are susceptible on so small a scale, and with the present means of information.'

We have thought it due to the importance of the publication now before us, which we consider as being, in the proper and best sense of the word, a truly national work, to present to our readers somewhat in detail, and, to a considerable extent, in the language of the Editor, an account of the materials from which the collection has been drawn, and of the principles upon which it is to be conducted. Our preceding remarks and extracts apply equally to all the portions of the work. Of the two volumes immediately before us, the second, which is the third of the work, comprehends the commencement of the correspondence and documents relating to the Revolutionary war, and will come more naturally under review in connexion with the subsequent volumes, which will complete the series of that correspondence. We shall therefore confine the farther remarks which we have to offer on the present occasion, to the first of the two volumes before us, being the second of the work, which composes of itself the *First Part* of the entire correspondence, and covers the period in the life of Washington preceding the Revolutionary war. Although the contents of this volume, considered as materials for the future historian, are less important than those of the following ones, we look upon it, nevertheless, as one of the most curious and interesting portions of the collection. It exhibits the formation and gradual development of the character of Washington; and solves in a satisfactory manner the problem, which has hitherto appeared to most persons a very difficult one,—how a country gentleman, exclusively devoted to agricultural and civil pursuits, on being called to direct the military operations of a great confederacy, extending over half the continent, should have exhibited, in all the departments of his new vocation, from the largest plans of campaign, down to the smallest details of the camp, not only the talent and courage which might be regarded as original gifts of nature, but the self-possession, judgment, accuracy and familiarity with details of an experienced commander. We now see, what was known in general before, but had not yet been brought home to the mind of the public, in such a way as to be fully realized, that Washington had served a regular apprenticeship to the great employment of his mature life, during the

old French war. In the operations of that, as far as Virginia was concerned, disastrous contest, he took throughout an active part, and commanded in chief, for several years, the troops of his native Commonwealth, though at that time scarcely above the legal age of discretion. In this early rehearsal of the great part which he was afterwards to play, he exhibited already the eminent qualities, which belonged to his character, and produced an impression upon the minds of his countrymen, the depth and extent of which are perhaps most fully shown by the well-known remark of President Davies; who, with a fortunate and sagacious foresight, that has never been equalled in any other instance, publicly spoke of Col. Washington, as that 'heroic youth, who seems to have been expressly raised up by Providence, for the purpose of rendering hereafter some signal service to the country.' We proceed to give, in the language of Mr. Sparks, an account of the contents of the first of the two volumes now before us, and of the sources from which they have been collected.

'In the method, which has been adopted for the present publication, the First Part consists of letters and papers written before the American Revolution. They relate chiefly to the French War, in which Washington was actively engaged for five years. During a large portion of that time he was commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and his correspondence in that capacity, both as furnishing historical materials and manifesting the characteristics and resources of his own mind, is curious and valuable. The importance attached to this correspondence by himself may be understood from the fact, that, many years after the letters were written, he revised the first drafts, and caused them to be carefully recorded in volumes. They have been preserved in this condition. Several of the originals still exist in his own handwriting. The same letter-books also contain military orders and reports of courts-martial, with connecting and explanatory remarks, which appear to have been added at a later date. These records form a complete narrative of the events in which Washington was concerned, from the time he joined General Braddock till he retired from the army.

'At Braddock's defeat, Washington, in common with the commander-in-chief and the other officers, lost all his papers, which were taken by the French, sent first to Canada, and thence to France. Among these were contained his official correspondence of the preceding year, and a private journal of the cam-

paign, important as developing the particulars of his military movements, of the death of Jumonville, and of the affair at the Great Meadows. Fortunately this loss has been in a good measure repaired from other sources. By the courtesy and favor of the British Ministry, I was allowed free access to the archives of the public offices in London, where I found, particularly among the manuscripts in the office of the Board of Trade, several valuable documents illustrative of these events. Through the politeness of Mr. Lockhart, I was also made acquainted with the existence of Governor Dinwiddie's letter-books, and a collection of Washington's early letters, in the possession of Mr. Hamilton of London, who very obligingly permitted them to be copied for my use. The file of Washington's letters contained the originals written to Governor Dinwiddie, describing all his military transactions previous to Braddock's defeat, and of course filled up the chasm occasioned by the loss of his papers in that disastrous battle.

'In the library of the War Department at Paris, I had moreover the good fortune to find some original papers respecting the operations of the French, on the frontiers of Virginia, during the time of Washington's first campaigns, copies of which were freely granted to me.

'Many particulars, in addition to these materials, have been derived from the military and other letters, official and private, which were received by Washington in the time of the war, and were preserved at Mount Vernon. These have served to shed much light upon his own writings, by contributing matter for brief notes, and more full explanations in the Appendix. For this object I have likewise consulted such other manuscript authorities as could be obtained, relating to the period in question, and the best printed records and documents, such as the journals of assemblies, statutes at large, proclamations, governors' messages, and the correspondence of officers high in rank, both military and civil, English and French. It has in all cases been my endeavor to establish facts, as far as possible, by original testimony, and to take nothing at second hand where means existed of ascending to a more authentic source. As this aim has been pursued with a scrupulous care and persevering diligence, it is believed, that as much accuracy has been attained, as the nature of such inquiries will admit, and that nothing has been passed over, which would serve to illustrate the character of Washington, or explain the transactions in which he took an important part.

'After he resigned his commission in the army, and retired to his plantation at Mount Vernon, he devoted himself for fif-

teen years almost exclusively to his private affairs. He was usually a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, but few traces remain of his public acts in that body. A list of the voters at his several elections, denoting the persons for whom they voted, has been preserved, from which it appears, that he was uniformly chosen by a large majority over all his competitors.

'Two manuscript volumes contain the copies of letters, which were written between the time of his leaving the army and the beginning of the Revolution. They are copied out with peculiar neatness in his own handwriting. As these letters were directed chiefly to his mercantile agents in London, employed to sell his tobacco and the other produce of his plantation, and to purchase such as he wanted from that market, they have little in them of public or permanent interest. They show the exactness of method, the unceasing industry, the minuteness of detail, and rigid economy, with which he managed all his affairs, and prosecuted every kind of business he undertook. Political reflections, general remarks, and opinions on higher topics, are occasionally introduced, but these are incidental, few, and brief. From this part of the correspondence such selections have been made, as were suited to the objects of the present work.

'For many years previous to the Revolution, it was Washington's custom to keep a diary of some of the principal incidents that occurred within his observation. For this purpose he commonly used an almanac, interleaved with blank paper, and bound in a small volume. He made daily entrances under three heads, namely, first, '*Where, how, or with whom, my time is spent;*' secondly, '*Account of the Weather;*' thirdly, '*Remarks and Observations.*' He was a careful observer of the weather, and almost every night recorded the aspect of the heavens during the preceding day, whether cloudy or fair, the direction of the winds, and temperature. Whenever he left home he carried the interleaved almanac in his pocket, as also another little book, in which he entered daily the amount of money paid out by him, and the specific objects for which it was paid. This habit ceased during the Revolution, but was renewed afterwards. The contents of his diary turned chiefly on agricultural operations and other business concerns. These volumes, kept for a series of years, afford some biographical materials not destitute of interest.'

The above extract gives a complete view of the character of the materials, which compose the body of the volume. The Appendix, consisting of a hundred and thirty pages, contains a number of interesting disquisitions by the Editor, upon seve-

ral points of importance in the early history of Washington. The first article in this part of the work, entitled 'Washington's Early Papers,' throws a good deal of light upon his family connexions and personal adventures at this period of his life; and also includes several extracts from diaries kept by himself, on a voyage to the Island of Barbadoes, and on some of his excursions for the purpose of surveying, as well as the more formal journal of his expedition across the Allegany mountains, which were already in print. The second contains a dissertation on the circumstances attending the death of M. de Jumonville, a French officer, who fell in an engagement between a small detachment of troops under his command and an American corps commanded by Washington, during the war of 1756. The proceedings of Washington in this affair were represented at the time, in France, as not in conformity to the rules of honorable warfare. This charge had been refuted by Washington himself, in a letter written to a friend, who requested information on the subject, and is now disproved by Mr. Sparks at greater length, and in a very satisfactory manner. The third and fourth articles in the Appendix are devoted respectively to remarks on the battle at the Great Meadows, and on Braddock's defeat;—the rest are shorter, and of a more miscellaneous character, but are full of valuable information, and do great credit to the judgment and industry of the Editor. The shorter notes at the bottom are uniformly drawn from authentic, and, in general, before unexplored sources, and throw a useful light upon the corresponding passages in the text.

It is not our intention on the present occasion to make any remarks, in a formal way, on the life and character of Washington. Any suggestions of this kind, which might occur to us, would appear with more propriety in connexion with a notice of the volume of the collection devoted to his biography. In the few pages which now remain to us, we shall cursorily advert to some of the more interesting topics, that are treated upon in the volume now before us.

The education of Washington, though generally, and doubtless in some respects justly, represented as defective, was not neglected, but appears, on the contrary, to have been conducted with great care and good judgment. We doubt whether, for the practical purposes of life, and for the particular course on which he was destined to enter, he could possibly have received a better one. He enjoyed the inestimable benefit of

passing his youth in the healthy atmosphere of home:—his attention was directed to studies of substantial rather than ideal importance, and his morals and manners were apparently the objects of earnest solicitude. His earliest papers consist of exercises in arithmetic, geometry, and surveying, executed with great neatness and accuracy. In a book, dated when he was thirteen years old, there is a manuscript, occupying thirty folio pages, entitled *Forms of Writing*, consisting of models for papers to be used in the transaction of business, such as a note of hand, a bill of exchange, a bond, an indenture, a lease, and a will. In the same book there is another curious article, entitled, *Rules of civility and decent behavior in company and conversation*, containing one hundred and ten maxims of this description, carefully written out, and numbered. The source from which they were derived is not known, but as they exhibit a maturity both of thought and language much beyond the age of Washington at that time, and are not to be found in print, they were doubtless collected for his use by some intelligent and judicious friend. We regret that Mr. Sparks did not publish the whole of these rules, from which he has given a selection only. They are particularly interesting, from the bearing they doubtless had on the formation of the character of Washington, and, as far as they are given, they seem to us to furnish a very well-executed code of the minor morals of social life, which the circumstances of its origin should strongly recommend to the attention and observation of the American people. We would respectfully suggest to the Editor the expediency of inserting the entire paper, in some future volume of the collection. We copy the portion which is given in the one before us.

'1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers and feet.

3. Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

5. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one, so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion unasked; also look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

9. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

10. They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth, or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

11. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin.

12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

13. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

14. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

16. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

18. Being to advise, or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently, or at some other time, in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

19. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

20. Mock not, nor jest at any thing of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver any thing witty, and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

21. Wherein you reprove another, be unblameable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

22. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

24. In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

25. Play not the peacock, looking every where about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, your stockings sit neatly, and your clothes handsomely.

26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

28. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

29. Utter not loose and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

30. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death, and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

31. Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

32. Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

33. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; be not pensive, when it is a time to converse.

34. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

35. Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired do it briefly.

36. If two contend together take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

37. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors.

38. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

39. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

40. Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

41. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech be ended.

42. Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.

43. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

44. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

45. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

46. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

47. When you deliver a matter do it without passion, and with discretion, however near the person be, you do it to.

48. When your superiors talk to any body, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

49. In disputes be not so desirous to overcome, as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

50. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

51. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

52. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

53. Be not angry at table whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

54. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table; but if it be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.

55. When you speak of God and his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

56. Let your recreation be manful, not sinful.
57. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.'

Washington was the third son of Augustine Washington, who was twice married, first to Jane Butler, and afterwards to Mary Ball. The fruit of the first marriage was three sons and a daughter, and of the second four sons and two daughters. The eldest son by the first marriage was called Butler, and died young. The second, named Lawrence, was born about the year 1718, and was consequently fourteen years older than George, who was but the eldest son of the second marriage, and was born in 1732. Lawrence was a captain in the British army, and served in the unfortunate expedition which was fitted out against Porto Bello, under Admiral Vernon, in the year 1741. On the death of his father, in 1743, he came into the possession of the family property, and retired from the army; soon after which he purchased the estate on the banks of the Potomac, and gave it the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of the Admiral. At his death the family estate devolved upon George, who was at that time probably the oldest son living, although no particulars are given of the death of the third son by the first marriage. Until this, Washington had probably little or no property, either in possession or expectation, and he seems very early to have turned his attention to the public service of the country, as his occupation. At the age of fourteen, he obtained, on the application of his brother Lawrence, a midshipman's warrant; but his mother, though she at one time reluctantly gave her consent to his entrance into this line of life, was never fully reconciled to the plan, and in consequence of her objection it was finally abandoned. At the age of sixteen, he appears to have taken up the employment of a surveyor of lands, and for the next three years was wholly occupied in this way. The field of his operations was on the Allegany mountains, and on the southern branches of the Potomac. The country was an entire wilderness, and the labor of surveying was so severe, that he was rarely out more than a few weeks at a time. His home was with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon, although he sometimes resided with his mother at Fredericksburg. On these excursions he usually kept diaries, some extracts from which are given by Mr. Sparks, and show that at that early age he had already acquired a great maturity of thought and

style. In a letter written in one of these professional excursions, from the house of Lord Fairfax, then an inhabitant of Virginia, the young hero speaks with some warmth of the personal attractions of a young lady residing in his Lordship's family, but intimates that he was protected from the influence of her charms by a predisposition in favor of a certain 'Lowland beauty,' whose name and history seem to be now unknown.

However narrow a field the occupation of a surveyor, had he continued to pursue it through life, would have afforded for the display of the eminent talents and high moral endowments of Washington, it is hardly possible to imagine, that he could have passed the period, which he devoted to it, in a manner more favorable to his physical development and to the formation of his character with reference to his future course. It is probable, that after his intention of entering the naval service was abandoned, he looked to the army as his ultimate resort, and that he took up the employment of a surveyor as a temporary occupation, and a useful course of discipline. We find, accordingly, that, at the age of nineteen, he obtained, probably through the influence of his brother, an appointment as one of the adjutants general of Virginia, with the rank of Major. During the same year he accompanied his brother Lawrence, whose health was then rapidly declining, and who died the next year, on a voyage to the island of Barbadoes. Some interesting extracts are given from the diary kept during this voyage. The next year Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie, who had recently arrived, divided the Colony into four military districts, assigning to each an adjutant, and in November, 1753, the appointment of Washington was renewed for the northern district. About the same time he was despatched on the mission to the commander of the French forces on the Ohio, which gave occasion to his first conspicuous appearance on the stage of public life. The journal of this expedition was published at the time in England, and has been often reprinted in America. It does the highest credit in every respect to his character, both intellectual and moral. The instructions given to him by Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie, and the correspondence of the latter with the British ministry, after the return of Washington, expressing strong approbation of the manner in which he had executed his commission, are now published for the first time from the Dinwiddie manuscripts.

Soon after the return of Washington from this expedition, the Governor and Council determined to enlist two volunteer companies of a hundred men each, to be employed in constructing a fort on the Ohio River, and the command of them was to be given to Washington, who was stationed at Alexandria, and retained his former rank of Major. The first letters in the collection before us are written from that place, on the subject of this expedition. The Assembly afterwards enlarged the force to be employed to three hundred men, divided into six companies; the chief command was given to Colonel J. Fry, and Washington was second, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. On the 2d of April he marched from Alexandria with two companies; and on the 20th arrived at Will's Creek. Another division of the little army, which had preceded him, under Captain Trent, and taken up a position at the fork of the Allegany and Monongahela rivers, now Pittsburg, had been attacked by the French and compelled to surrender. This was the first act of open hostility that occurred in the memorable war, commonly called that of 1756. On the death of Colonel Fry, about the first of June, Washington took the temporary command of the expedition; and, on the permanent appointment of Colonel James to the same post, he was advanced to the command of the Virginia regiment. In the correspondence belonging to this period, he adverts to the affair of M. de Jumonville, and to the battle of the Great Meadows, both of which, as we have remarked, are illustrated at considerable length in the Appendix. The projected expedition across the mountains was found impracticable; but the Assembly, in October of the same year, voted to raise ten companies of a hundred men each, and in order to avoid the difficulties respecting rank, which had occurred between the royal and colonial officers, they determined that the companies should be all considered independent of each other, and that there should be no colonial officer of higher rank than captain. Washington, who already held the rank of colonel, declined of course to remain under the new organization, and resigned his commission. But his reputation was already so high, that his presence was regarded as important, if not essential, and on the arrival of General Braddock, at the opening of the next year, as commander-in-chief, in order to avoid any difficulty on the score of rank, he invited Washington to accompany him as his aid, with a Colonel's commission. The

following letters are occupied with details of the events of the disastrous expedition, that terminated in Braddock's defeat; of which a long and interesting account is given by Mr. Sparks in the Appendix. It was immediately after this action, that President Davies, then a clergyman in Virginia, made use of the remarkable expression, alluded to above. Washington escaped unhurt, though he had two horses shot under him, and received four bullets in his coat. On the 14th of August, he was appointed by the Governor, commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, which had now been raised to sixteen companies, comprehending in the whole a thousand men, and thus attained, at the early age of twenty-three, by the mere force of his own courage and conduct, the same respectable and elevated station, though on a smaller theatre, which he filled with so much honor in after life. His correspondence as commander-in chief, principally with the Governor, extends through the next three years, and occupies the greater part of the volume. At the close of the year 1758, he retired from the army, and took his seat in the House of Burgesses, of which he had recently been elected a member. The great satisfaction which he had given to the troops under his command, and to the public at large, is evinced by the address of the officers, now first published, and by the interesting scene which occurred in the House of Burgesses, upon his taking his seat. It is related by Mr. Wirt, on the authority of Edmund Randolph, in the following terms.

'As soon as Colonel Washington took his seat in the Assembly, Mr. Robinson, the speaker, in obedience to an order of the House, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression, as entirely to confound the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgements for the honor, but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second, when the Speaker relieved him by a stroke of address, that would have done honor to Louis the Fourteenth in his proudest and happiest moment. "Sit down, Mr. Washington, said he, with a conciliating smile, "your modesty is equal to your valor, and that is saying more for it than I could possibly express in any other language."'

The concluding part of the collection is composed of a few private letters, written from Mount Vernon, during the inter-

val between the retirement of Washington from the army and the opening of the Revolutionary War. We deem it unnecessary to make any extracts from the correspondence, as specimens of its style or substantial character. It is more valuable as materials for history, and as illustrating the character of the writer, than from the intrinsic interest of the contents, which relate in general to matters of mere detail. It has all the prominent qualities of the subsequent revolutionary correspondence, and exhibits a complete maturity of mind, as well as style. The latter was probably somewhat improved by revision at a later period of life. With cordial thanks to the Editor, for his indefatigable and well-directed labors, we take our leave, for the present, of this collection, to which we shall probably take occasion to invite the attention of our readers again,—perhaps more than once,—before its final completion.

ART. X.—*Temperance.*

Fifth Annual Report of the New York State Society for the Promotion of Temperance, presented by the Executive Committee, Feb. 25, 1834.

IN our number for January, 1833, we submitted some remarks to our readers, on the subject of Temperance. We expressed the opinion, at that time, that, for obvious reasons, the great work of producing a general reform in the matter of intemperance, was 'likely to become, to a certain extent, *a standing duty of good men;* a work, however successful, which must be always doing, and never wholly done.' We are disposed to repeat this remark, at the present time, as one of still pertinent application. We do not know that there is any perceptible relaxation of the zeal, with which this subject was taken up, a few years since,—we have noticed no such relaxation. Should it manifest itself in any quarter, it must be considered as a perfectly natural occurrence, for the ardor, with which novelties of all kinds are taken up and pushed forward, is, with that part of the community who are caught with *mere* novelty, naturally followed by indifference, when the novelty is worn off. There is a class of pioneers in the world of benevolence and public spirit, as in the Western

territory, who, by the time the fields are beginning to open to the sun,—and while the tall black trunks are still standing, —fly forward to subdue some farther forest, still more remote from the haunts of men. But they are the most useful laborers in a great cause, who adhere to it when novelty is over,—pursue it when the *éclat* of a popular wonder is past, —cherish it, when perhaps a partial reaction, in what is called public sentiment, comes on,—and clear it from the prejudice which results to it, in consequence of the abuses, evils, mistakes, and untoward incidents, which beset all human things, and seldom fail to develope themselves, in company with the benefits and blessings of great moral changes.

Our remarks in January, 1833, were drawn out, by one of the annual Reports of the New York State Temperance Society. By again making the record of its proceedings the text of a few observations, we intend no invidious preference of its agency, over that of the other associations for the same object, in the United States, from the American Temperance Society down to the smallest village Union; which have, as far as we are acquainted with them, all deserved nobly of the cause of humanity. In the motives of those, who take the lead in these institutions, or swell the ranks, we suppose there is the average amount of human infirmity,—in their measures, the average mixture of discretion and imprudence,—in the estimates of the effects produced, the average compound of truth and over-statement. If we insist on waiting to commence the reform of great evils, till we can find men and societies, of whom these same remarks cannot be made, we shall wait till this state of probation is over, and humanity, with all its capacities, imperfections, evils, and modes of discipline, is resolved into a different state of being. If we give as a reason for not countenancing a great work of reform for the extirpation of a crying evil, that those who are engaged in the work are not free from the imperfections of humanity;—that its first subjects, in ceasing to be the victims of the evil, do not become saints,—that some of those, who enlist in the cause, are mercenaries, or that some others become deserters,—or, that, while a vigorous remedy is applied to the main evil, other shades of evil or inconveniences have crept in, we show a great degree of simplicity or insincerity; for these objections would suspend all effort, individual or social, to reform the most acknowledged evils.

Thus it is said, that of those, who have been led to abstain from the use of ardent spirit, under the influence of the Temperance reform, some consume a larger quantity of wine, or cider, or beer, or some other succedaneous intoxicating liquor, and that therefore the Temperance reform is not a sincere, thorough, honest work. But this is very unjust. A work may be sincere and honest, and yet not wholly effectual. Is there any thing perfect in human affairs? We suppose, as a political movement, the American Revolution was as honest, as any that is recorded in the world's annals. Was there not in its secret history and in its public transactions, we do not say the usual amount, but the usual mixture of selfishness and passion?—And suppose some individuals abandon rum, only to indulge in cider or wine, what then?—It cannot be supposed that all, or a very considerable portion of those, who pretend to have become temperate, are of this description; and therefore the fact amounts to no more than this, that some persons, who were thought to have abandoned a very pernicious habit, have substituted another quite bad, though less pernicious than the former. It does not touch the value of the reformation, where it is sincere and genuine. The benefits and the blessings of the reform are to the *individuals* who are the subjects of it; and where it is genuine and entire, it is not the less so, because in some other cases, there has been deception or backsliding.

Again, it is reform to abandon rum, even to take up cider, beer, or wine; for though these last, taken in sufficient quantities, are inebriating, yet it is not so easy to produce that effect by their use. To extirpate the use of rum is taking a great and important step, even for those who fly to some other stimulant; for there is no substitute, in which the poison can be had so cheap, so palatable, so highly concentrated. There is nothing so formidable as rum; a man cannot well change in this matter, without changing to advantage;—it is not possible, we believe, to go farther and fare worse.

The last annual Report of the New York State Temperance Society discloses a continued energy of purpose,—an increased operation of a very thoroughly organized social machinery,—and above all, a great enlargement of the sphere of operations through the press. The circulation of documents, effected by the Society, has risen from forty-eight thousand, which was the amount in the first and second years of the Society's ex-

istence, to more than four millions and a half, the past year. Of this prodigious circulation one half is gratuitous ;—that is, the expense of it is defrayed out of the Society's funds, or the donations of benevolent individuals, without any payment on the part of those who receive the publications.

Among the interesting statements contained in this Report, is that which relates to the testimony of physicians on the use of ardent spirits. In the course of the year 1833, more than fourteen hundred physicians, in different parts of the Union, have affixed their signatures to a declaration of the utter uselessness of ardent spirit, as a drink, as well as of its injurious effects upon the human system. This is attacking the use of spirit in one of its last strong holds. The idea that it is strengthening, cheering, bracing ;—that it does you good when you are very cold, or very warm, or drenched in rain, or parched with heat and dust ; or, what is the more common complaint, when you do not know exactly what is the matter, and think a little ardent spirit would do you good,—this idea tends greatly to perpetuate its use, and is one of the last prejudices to be shaken. The Faculty have rendered a valuable service, by the unanimity with which they have expressed themselves on this subject ; and their testimony is as creditable to the tone of moral conduct which actuates the profession, as it is valuable ; for of all the purveyors for the doctor, the rum bottle is unquestionably the most active and successful.

But it is to temperance on board our merchant ships, that we propose more particularly to call the attention of our readers, at this time, in connexion with the very interesting document on this subject, emanating from the Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society. On the 20th of March last, that Committee was directed to address the following questions to such ship owners, and ship masters, as would be best able to furnish the requisite information.

'1. What is the name (or names) and tonnage of your ship (or ships), sailing on the temperance principle?

2. To what port (or ports) does she (or they) belong, if registered in different ports?

3. Of what number does the crew usually consist?

4. Did you formerly furnish ardent spirits, among your ship-stores?

5. Do you think you ever derived any advantage from furnishing it?

6. If you do not furnish ardent spirits now to the men, what substitute, if any, do you use?

7. Is it your opinion, that, under any circumstances of storm, change of climate, or fatiguing service, your crews would endure more, suffer less, or perform greater labor with ardent spirit than without it?

8. In stormy weather, when tea and coffee cannot be prepared for the men, and their exertions are great and the different watches go off duty, cold and wet, to their berths, without ardent spirit, have you ever found any ill effect to arise, either to health or to habits of strict subordination?

9. If engaged in whaling, have you found any ill effects from not using spirits, especially in cutting up whales in latitudes, when the greatest activity is necessary, and the effluvia sickening?

10. Under such circumstances as are alluded to in the last question, what has been your practice in regard to refreshments for your men?

11. In either high or low latitudes, is it your experience that ardent spirit as a drink is necessary for either the health or comfort of sailors?

12. Will you add, by way of remark, any facts or circumstances within your own personal experience or knowledge, which you think will be of importance to the cause of temperance among seamen?'

These queries appear to have been addressed, under the direction of the Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society, in compliance with the wishes of the friends of the cause of temperance in Great Britain. The answers contain a mass of information of the highest interest, and we do not know that we can better employ our pages, than by laying some portions of it before our readers.

Mr. David M. Bunker commands the ship Neva, of New-York. Her crew usually consists of fifteen men, and spirit was formerly laid in among her stores, but is so no longer. Captain Bunker is of opinion, that he never derived any advantage from having it furnished to his men. He now sometimes furnishes coffee as a substitute. He answers the seventh question in the negative. In stormy weather, when hot tea and coffee cannot be prepared, he has given the men ginger and water. He answers the ninth and eleventh questions in the negative. The following interesting facts show, that he does not speak on the subject without the warrant of experience.

'On the coast of Scotland, or rather off the Orkney Islands, in the month of November, 1831, in the latitude of North Renolencha, and between that and Fair Isle, I experienced very bad weather, and was in a ship loaded with iron from Sweden bound to New-York. The ship leaked very bad, and after beating off there for several days, the men got very much beat out with fatigue, and one night, after getting the topsails close reefed, the watch went below. But not long after that, the mizen topsail went, the main course also soon went, and soon after the main topsail split. We had been obliged to carry sail to keep off the shore. The men were at work all night taking in sail, and so forth, and in the morning I ordered a new main topsail bent, and also another foresail, and while the men were on the main topsail yard, they saw the land. They had no time to get any thing to eat, and no time could be allowed for cooking even a cup of coffee. The weather was very cold, and I feared the men would give up. I accordingly sweetened some water and put in some ginger, which seemed to invigorate them, and they continued all that day working and getting sails up to the yards, which had been blown away the night previous, and our exertions were crowned with success; and we got the ship clear of the shore, without the aid of stimulating drinks. I might, if time allowed, add many more cases, but this must suffice for the present.'

Captain Caleb Curtis, for twenty years a mariner and ship master, used to furnish his men with spirits, but was led to the conclusion that it was useless, from observing that a fellow ship master, in the trade from Liverpool to Charleston, S. C., never gave his men grog. Although he was supposed to do this from parsimonious feelings, his men never complained; *he always sailed with three less men than ever shipped on board other ships of the same size*, and always had good men. Since it has become customary not to furnish grog, Captain Curtis hears no complaint for the want of it, and he does not find that seamen are more reluctant to ship on board temperance vessels, than on those in which rum is furnished. Captain Curtis thinks that more than one half of the vessels that sail out of the port of Boston, take no spirits.

Captain Edmund Gardner, a retired ship master of New-Bedford, states it as the result of his experience, acquired in ten voyages to the Pacific, in all capacities, from that of a common sailor to that of commander, that ardent spirits are entirely unnecessary and worthless as an anti-scorbutic. In

passing Cape Horn, he has been exposed to wet, cold, and rough weather, for more than six weeks together, on which occasions he was always able to preserve the health of his ship's company, by taking care, as far as possible, that they should have a dry change of clothing, when they left the deck wet, and by giving them plenty to eat, and tea made hot with ginger to drink. Experience has proved, that the American whaling ships may be at sea with their ordinary provision of stores about ten months, without great danger of scurvy, but not for a much longer period. Calculation is accordingly made by their commanders, to be able within that period, to recruit their stock of fresh fruit and vegetables. This is the only specific on which experience has taught them to rely, (apart from the necessary care to keep their men as cleanly, and their clothes and sleeping accommodations as comfortable as possible,) to prevent or cure that formidable and once frightful disease. The instances of death from this disease, on board the American whaling ships, are now exceedingly rare, and those of disability to perform duty far from frequent.

Captain Gardner performed five whaling voyages to the Pacific, and procured much of his oil near the equator, on the west coast of Mexico, and on Japan. He never found in these trying latitudes, nor in any of his voyages, any occasion for ardent spirits, except for external use. He was in the habit of brewing spruce beer, once a week, and thought this very serviceable to his people.

On the subject of the length of time, for which water can be preserved, Captain Gardner says he has kept it sweet and good for two years, in as hot weather as is to be found in any part of the globe. He thinks the water will never become corrupted, if the casks are vented. He gives it as the sum of all his observation and experience, that spirituous liquors are *never* necessary for the preservation of sea-faring men, nor conducive to their health.

Captain Walter Crocker, of Boston, commander of the ship Israel, in reply to the seventh query, says that the men 'will unquestionably be better, in any possible case, without spirit as a drink.' He answers the eighth and ninth questions in the negative, and in reply to the tenth he remarks 'that there is much better subordination without spirits, much better health in sickly climates, men are much more peaceable, contented, and happy among themselves, without spirit.'

Captain Richard Girdler, of Marblehead, commanded a temperance ship from 1825 to 1832. He found that 'his crew could endure more, that they suffered less, and performed greater labor, without ardent spirit than with it;' and he thinks that it is not necessary in any vicissitude of climate, as a drink, for the health or comfort of sailors. We quote the following passage from Captain Girdler's letter :—

'I sailed in the ship Grecian, upwards of two years, and had my shipping articles opened in large and legible characters, that no ardent spirits whatever should be allowed on board the ship, as former experience taught me that almost all the evils on ship board arose in consequence of rum-drinking. From this system I have experienced the most happy effects. I have lost no men by sickness or any other accident, and when visiting unhealthy climates, an early attention to the complaints of my crew has restored them to health. On the contrary, in pestilential climates, I have observed that intemperate seamen are generally victims, in consequence of their medicine having little or no effect on their constitutions.

'There is no difficulty in managing a sober crew; but all manner of evil is to be dreaded among the intemperate.'

Messrs. Mitchell and Co., engaged in the whaling business at Nantucket, state that since the year 1830 no spirits have been furnished in their vessels. In reply to the question, 'Do you think you ever derived any advantage from furnishing it?' they answer, 'Never; we have failed in several instances of obtaining voyages in consequence of it.' In reply to the seventh question, they say, 'certainly not; we know from *personal* experience, that change of climate or fatigue service is easier endured without ardent spirit, than with it.' In reply to the eighth interrogatory, they observe, that 'during a voyage of forty-two months in the Pacific Ocean and on the coast of Japan, no ill effects have ever been discovered in consequence of the absence of spirit, either to health or strict subordination.' These gentlemen farther say, that they have long been of opinion, that ardent spirit was a useless article on board ship, as part of the stores; and in the year 1830, they determined to try the experiment of sending their own ships to sea without it. The answers quoted above, to the queries propounded by the Committee, show the entire success of the experiment.

The letter of Messrs. Mitchell and Co. is accompanied with

a list of twenty-seven vessels, employed in the whale fishery, out of the port of Nantucket, and navigated entirely without ardent spirits. The whole number of whale-ships out of this port, including three just launched, was, on the eighth of last May, seventy-seven. We are sorry to see that twenty-seven only had as yet dispensed with the treacherous poison. But we entertain no doubt, that, when the practical good sense and sound judgment of the ship owners in Nantucket shall be turned a little more carefully to the question, they will, both from a regard to their own interest, and tenderness to the welfare of their seafaring brethren, remove this fruitful cause of disease, poverty, and ruin from their reach. New-Bedford has done better in this respect than Nantucket; and we own it is a new idea to us, that Nantucket, in proportion to her means and resources, should be outdone in any bold or good work, in any quarter. Sad indeed were the fact, if they, who bravely and successfully attack the great monsters of the deep, should be unable to stand in contest with the venomous worm of the still.

Captain Edward Richardson, of New-York, speaks from seventeen years' experience, as a ship master. His substitutes for spirit, (which he formerly furnished,) are cold water, coffee, and tea. He found spirits, under all circumstances, injurious, and for the last six years that he has abandoned the use of them on ship board, he has had much less sickness to contend with. The following remarks of Captain Richardson deserve very serious consideration, on the part of ship owners and ship masters, that have the cause of temperance really at heart. After stating that three ships, in which he is concerned, are 'thorough temperance ships, and do not furnish ardent spirits for officers or seamen, and none for passengers, except as medicine;' he adds, 'ships are *called* "temperance ships," if they ship their sailors to do without grog, and carry the old fashioned case in the cabin, for officers and cabin passengers. I hope great care will be taken that such ships do not get upon your list. But very few ships give the sailors grog now, and there are but very few, that do without it in the cabin. The great difficulty, in the way of the temperance reform among seamen, is the backwardness of merchants.'

The communication of Captain B. B. Williams, of the Henry Thompson of Boston, is particularly valuable. He observes,

that the shipping articles of his vessel, like those of *most of the vessels* out of the port of Boston, are headed, 'no ardent spirits allowed.' Formerly it was considered a part of the contract to furnish grog: now the custom is fully established the other way, and there is no difficulty in shipping crews on the principle of total abstinence; in fact the question is never asked. The principal difficulty, in carrying into effect total abstinence on board of vessels, is the intervention of landlords, who are the agents for shipping the crews. Sailors can be obtained only through the agency of these landlords. The landlords generally give them as much as they will drink, while their money lasts. They are then shipped, and must often be taken on board in a state of intoxication. *Delirium tremens* follows, and it is some time before they can be reduced to the abstinence required. They then become as useful and able seamen as any on board, and do their duty faithfully. Captain Williams states, that almost all the insubordination, which he has known in twenty years, proceeds from intoxication. It is easy to keep the sailors from the use of ardent spirits on ship board, and there is no murmuring when they find they must submit to it. But the moment they get on shore, they fall into the hands of the landlords. Their old propensity returns upon them;—they are treacherously tempted to gratify it. They indulge in excess till their money is gone, and they are again shipped in a state of intoxication.

Captain Williams gives it as his opinion, that about one seaman in twenty will refuse ardent spirits altogether. Very few are able to resist the temptations to excess, which are thrown in their way on shore. It has been the practice of some commanders of vessels, even against their inclination, to furnish spirits to intemperate sailors, whose craving appetite, it was thought, could not safely, at once, be deprived of its wonted gratification. That this, however, is erroneous, is established by the experience of the House of Correction in Boston. No spirits are allowed there; and out of one hundred and twenty-six drunkards, received from the tenth of July to the twenty-fourth of September, 1833, not one died. The remedy applied in *delirium tremens* is wormwood tea, as hot as it can be drunk. Almost the only cases of sickness in the House of Correction and Marine Hospital are those of *delirium tremens;* and this treatment usually turns out the patient in health, and in a condition to labor, in one or two weeks.

It is Captain Williams's belief, that though ship owners and ship masters are doing a great deal to encourage temperance among sailors, their efforts never can be wholly effectual, so long as the present mode continues of shipping sailors, through the agency of landlords, who have them completely in their power. The landlords come on board vessels arriving in port, often before their sails are furled, (*which it is impossible to prevent?*) with bottles in their pockets, and tempt the sailors to drink. If a sailor drinks, he is generally secured. The landlord takes the sailor to his house, and when the sailor and his clothes are once there, the latter are held for a week's board. By the end of a week, his funds are generally low, and he is then obliged to wait for an advance on a new shipment, to get out of the house of his landlord. Captain Williams mentions the following fact, as being within his knowledge. A sailor who had been a voyage with him was paid off about a hundred dollars, and was taken by a landlord to his boarding-house in the evening, by the mode of seduction just mentioned. The next morning he wished to get his clothes out of the clutches of his landlord, that he might go home in another vessel. The landlord refused to deliver them. His bill was eight dollars, and one item in it was sixty-six glasses of grog. He had been in the house from supper time till the next morning at breakfast. He had offered to pay the bill, but the landlord refused to receive the money; nor was it till Captain Williams interfered, that he would surrender the clothes, and take the payment of his bill. This is but an example of the abuses which exist in the sailor boarding-houses. It is evident in the present case, that the poor fellow,—his pockets filled with his hard earned dollars,—was plied to drink all he could possibly take into his stomach, and on the charitable supposition that all the grog charged to him had been delivered to somebody, we must still presume, that a great part was consumed in promiscuous good fellowship about the bar. Kept in a state bordering on intoxication,—unable by the detention of his effects to get away,—stimulated by the wretch who was plundering him, and his vile confederates of both sexes, he would, of course, in three or four days have run through his hundred dollars, without supposing him to be actually robbed, as is no doubt often the case. This done, he is kept two or three days longer, pillaged of all his extra clothing and the advance of another shipment, and then brought down, in

a state of intoxication, and put on board ship, for another voyage.

We have long been of opinion, that the sailor landlord system is one of the most crying evils amongst us. Cruelty, fraud, immorality, and the degradation of the merchant service, and in consequence, of the Public Marine, are all contained in it. The character of the sailor is kept by it, in a state of eternal abasement. It is a short process, and told by Captain Williams in two sentences. The seaman enlists on board a temperance ship; he makes his voyage, and while it lasts, abstains from ardent spirits. Thus far he is in the path of virtue. He is able to sustain the hardships of the sea, without having his system eaten up by fiery stimulants, and he brings home a little stock of money, dearly earned. No serious danger awaits him, with this one fatal exception. There is no particular obstacle to his perseverance in good courses. He is exposed to no other temptations, than those, which beset the rest of the community similarly situated. There is no reason why he should not seek out his aged parents, perhaps in some inland village; comfort them with a portion of his earnings; possibly find the love of his native spot revive in his heart, and form the determination of marrying Susan, or Eliza, or Jane, his sweetheart before he went to sea, and cultivating a small piece of land the residue of his days. There is no reason, why, if he wishes to pursue a course like this, but wants a little more money to enable him to stock his little farm, he should not put his hundred dollars in the savings' bank and go another voyage. Or he may set up a bit of a shop in the city, and trade in a small way;—or if he can read and write, he may work his way up from the forecastle to the cabin. In fact, the sailor, instead of being, by any necessity of the case, a needy, shiftless creature, enjoys opportunities of getting up in the world, not possessed by the mass of the laboring population. It is a little capital which is wanted for a start in life; and the great difficulty is to overcome this want. Now the very nature of the sailor's calling, in a well conducted ship, brings him home, at the end of his voyage, with a clear hundred or two of dollars in his pocket. Why should he not make as good use of it, as the young man who comes from the interior and works a year or two on a farm, for his ten dollars a month; or as those of either sex, who, by a few years passed in a factory, amass a little capital, which

enables them to return to their native villages and make advantageous establishments for life? But not so the sailor. In consequence of this execrable landlord system, an organized band of merciless tigers lies in wait for poor Jack, on his arrival in port. Before the sails are furled, some one of these is on board, to tempt him with a bottle of rum; and this, says Captain Williams, cannot be prevented. If we were Captain Williams, we would try it. We would treat the man, who should thus illegally trespass on the deck of our ship, for the infernal purpose of corrupting the morals and plundering the pockets of our crew, as we would treat the man, who should intrude into our house, with a bottle of rum in his pocket, to practise the same villany on the members of our family. A captain's ship is his castle, and his crew are his children and apprentices; and the virtuous ship master, who knows how to keep a vagabond out of his house, that should come there to get his child or his hired man drunk, knows how to protect the honest fellows under his command, from this part at least of the perils to which they are exposed. But this, alas, is but a part,—a small part,—of the danger. The sailor once landed, it seems as if there were on earth no eye to pity and no arm to save him. He must have a night's lodging. He cannot go to the Tremont, nor the Bromfield House, and he falls, almost by necessity, into the hands of a 'landlord.' Once in his fangs, how can he escape? It is not in human nature. Tempted by the hospitable glass offered him as a pledge of welcome; exhilarated by the firm tread of the earth under his feet,—the bustle of land,—by indulgence in all that can tempt his palate,—by the other and still more dangerous seductions that beset him, what can he do?—Drink, drink, drink; and in this, sacrifice at once, money, temperate habits, health, the power of self-control,—the good resolutions taking root in his heart,—and reduce himself, in a few days, to the cruel necessity of embarking on another voyage, needy, destitute, hopeless.

The case is enough to make a man weep tears of blood. In more than half the cases, the sea is resorted to as a school of discipline. The young man is thoughtless, or he has not had a good home; or he has never been blessed with the vigilant inspection of the parental eye;—or with these guards, he has not done all he ought to have done; he is restive when the yoke of life and duty is first put upon him; and he is obliged, as the phrase is,—to go to sea. He is froward, but not

hopeless ; wild, but not desperate. He needs restraint ; but he does not deserve to be trampled into the mud of iniquity and despair. Removed from temptation on ship board, kept to constant and regular labor, under a judicious commander ;—made to taste of the hardships of the life into which he has thrown himself ;—with opportunities, as he sits listlessly on deck in his night watches, gazing into the sky, to think of the father, the mother, or the sister, whom he left weeping at his perversity under the roof beneath which he was born ;—there is no reason in the world to despair of his return to the right way. Many a heart-felt sigh of regret mingles with the gale that threatens the bending topmast ;—many a virtuous resolution responds to the cry of ' all hands on deck,' when it summons the poor sailor,—his watch hardly closed,—drenched, chilled, stiff, and sore, from his hammock to the shrouds, in a pelting wintry storm. But all in vain. The devil's sentinel is on the watch for him, before he gets to land. A monster, that gets his living out of the poverty, disease, and sufferings of seamen, is in wait for him. He carries a poison in his pocket, by which he stupifies his senses, till he can get him into his power, and then plunders him systematically, at his leisure, and without remorse.

Is there no remedy for this ? There must be. It is not possible, that an evil so gross, so definite, so undisguised, so organized, should be without a remedy, complete or partial. It must, we think, begin with ship owners, and ship masters. Let them, in the first place, refuse all countenance to the class of landlords such as we have described ; and especially let them refuse to ship any seaman who does not offer himself, and finally come on board ship to sail, in a state of sobriety. This would strike at the root of the system ; for it would prevent the landlords from regularly getting rid of their victims, in a state of intoxication. There are, we believe, some boarding-houses for seamen, on the temperance principle, and there will, we trust, before long be more. Let some of those virtuous seamen, who, as Captain Williams thinks, in the proportion of one to twenty, are able to hold out against the fascination of ardent spirit, be encouraged to keep boarding-houses for their brother tars, and let a preference be given to them in shipping crews. Let every ship master affectionately put his men on their guard against the dangers that await them, and caution them against the vagabonds that prowl

about the wharfs, to seize them, on their landing. Let the author of 'My Mother's Gold Ring' write a tract, especially calculated to be put into the hands of sailors about to land. Let the municipality conscientiously administer the power, with which they are clothed,—(a power of life and death, vastly greater in the result, than that of the magistrate who is authorized to sentence the felonious perpetrators of a few capital crimes,)—the power of multiplying or reducing the number of legalized poisoners; and let the law of the land turn one of its argus eyes toward the high-handed infractions of its provisions, which are daily committed in the sailor boarding-houses. These, with the blessing of Heaven on the means of direct religious instruction, might do much. In this last respect, the port of Boston is signally favored in the labors of the reverend gentleman, (Mr. Taylor,) who so assiduously, skilfully, and honorably devotes himself to the moral and spiritual improvement of those, whom he is not ashamed to call his brother tars. May his health be spared; and his heart cheered.

But we have been insensibly led from our immediate purpose, which was to present our readers with an abstract of the 'testimony of the American merchants and sea captains,' on the subject of temperance, as collected by Mr. Delavan. Captain Harding, of the ship Romulus, has made a very valuable communication. We think we cannot do better than quote it entire.

'This paper being put into my hands yesterday by one of the advocates of temperance among seamen, Capt. E. Richardson, I have answered the within-named questions from my own experience, except as it regards whaling ships, having never been in that trade. I am now 54 years of age, have commanded a vessel since the year 1801, almost 33 years, without any interruption, except that occasioned by the embargo and war. I always furnished ardent spirits to my crew, then considered a necessary part of ship stores, and used it myself, until April, 1828, when, having become a subscriber to a temperance paper published in Boston, called the National Philanthropist, edited by Rev. Wm. Collier, and taking a yearly file of those papers with me to sea, my eyes were opened for the first time to see this important subject in its true colors. I immediately abandoned the use of ardent spirit in all its forms and names, and have not directly or indirectly used any since. Changing my employ soon after, my owners were distillers of N. E. rum, and when I joined the vessel, brig Iris of Portsmouth, N. H., 250 tons, the usual barrel

of N. E. rum was on board among the stores, and although remonstrated against by me, was not taken out, the owners believing the ship's duty could not be so well performed without it as with it; the bad effect of which was seen by me, by the pilot getting drunk, and running the vessel on shore in the Mississippi, and felt by the owner, in paying for a steam-boat to tow her off. Having his rum returned the second year without being used, he has not troubled me with it since. He is quite a large ship-owner at Portsmouth, all of which, I believe, now sail on the temperance plan, notwithstanding he is a manufacturer of N. E. rum still. The ship Romulus, I have commanded since September, 1831. In her I made one voyage to New-Orleans, Havre, the Canary Islands, and back to New-York; and in May, 1832, sailed to Canton, and returned in August, 1833; and my last voyage from Havre to Mobile, last September, and thence to Liverpool, from whence I have just returned, have all been performed without ardent spirits being furnished to the crew or officers, not having any *for cabin use, nor even for passengers.* I find no inconvenience arising from it; on the contrary, I have an orderly and obedient crew, no noise or profanity, or disobedience. I would not be understood by this to say, that sailors themselves have, as a community, become sober and temperate, except when placed on ship board, where the intoxicating liquor cannot be obtained; for I usually have to cleanse the forecastle of that *common disturber* on first going to sea, after which all is peace and quietness. As it respects reformation among seamen, I fear those accounts we have so often seen in our marine periodicals have been much over-rated. I would by no means wish to discourage our benevolent citizens, who have done and are doing so much to bring about a reformation in the morals of seamen; they have my best wishes, exertions and prayers for success.

'In answer to your 8th question I say, that when I was in the habit of using ardent spirits, when wet and fatigued at sea, on going below to refresh and shift myself, I thought a *little toddy* was absolutely necessary to prevent taking cold; but now that I am more than fifty years old, I can get wet, cold and fatigued, go below and put on dry clothes, and if thirsty take a drink of water, and feel no inconvenience whatever, so that in this case I answer from actual experience.

'Wishing you every success in this benevolent undertaking, I am, sir, your most obedient servant in the temperance cause.'

A very valuable hint is dropped by Mr. William Savage. 'I think it as essential,' says he, 'that no spirit should be furnished in the cabin for the officers, as that the men should be

without spirits. In the early part of my life, I made many voyages to sea, as supercargo often, and as passenger. I have seen many instances of the ill effects of a master or a mate's taking a strong glass of grog; though not absolutely drunkards, it was easy to perceive that a strong glass of grog, and particularly a second one, deprived the officer of a part of his cool judgment. I have seen much evil, but never the least good, from having rum on board; all quarrels at sea have rum for their foundation.'

From a communication of Mr. Joseph Rickehen of New-Bedford, it appears that of one hundred and eighty-six vessels in the whale fishery, out of that port, one hundred and sixty eight are temperance ships; and eighteen out of thirty in the merchant service! This statement is in the highest degree creditable to the ship owners and ship masters of that place, and we trust they will find an ample reward in the prosperity of their business, and in the calm consciousness of having done their duty to their poor brethren, engaged in their service, in the arduous and perilous labors of their calling.

We cannot but express, in conclusion, the hope that extensive circulation will be given to the valuable papers, of which we have laid the substance before our readers. They are of high public interest. The subject goes to the strength of the navy, to the prosperity of the merchant service, to the health and morals of our seamen and all connected with them, and it has not yet been sufficiently attended to by the public at large.

Note to page 327. After our remarks on the subject of the Italian Sailor, put to death at Canton, for an alleged murder, had passed through the press, we met with the following account of the affair, in the Chinese Repository, published at Canton, in the month of January of the present year, page 423. We spoke with some hesitation on this subject; but our readers perceive from the following perfectly authentic statement, that we were warranted in denying the accuracy of the assertion in the Quarterly Review. Considering the subject-matter, that assertion may well be pronounced not only gratuitous but malicious.

'The circumstances connected with the execution of the unfortunate Francis Terranova, an Italian sailor serving on board an American ship, in 1821, are yet fresh in the recollections of many. We do not undertake to say what degree of blame was imputable to him in causing the death of *Ko-leang-she*. It is generally believed that he was bartering with that woman for ardent spirits, when the quarrel arose which ended in her death. The charge of murder was brought against him, the *whole* American trade was stopped, and the security merchant and linguist of the ship Emily, to which he belonged, were both arrested, and placed in close confinement within the walls of the city of Canton. On the 25th of October, Terranova was brought from Whampoa, and placed in irons at the public hall of the Hong merchants. "During the two following days, the forms of a Chinese trial were gone through in the same place, but the precise nature of the proceedings can only be conjectured, as no foreigner of any description was allowed to be present; and on the third day, about day-break, notwithstanding a very general expectation entertained here, that his life would be spared, the unfortunate man was brought forth and publicly strangled at the usual place of execution, without the walls of the city. His body was given up to the Americans in the course of the evening, and on the following day, the trade was re-opened."'

Since the foregoing lines were in type, we have, through the kind intervention of a gentleman at Baltimore of the highest respectability, received from the owner of the Emily, the vessel on board which the unfortunate occurrence happened, and from her captain, an authentic account of the proceedings in the case. It fully confutes the unwarrantable insinuation in the Quarterly Review; and possesses considerable interest as a sketch of Chinese jurisprudence and manners. It comes too late for insertion in our present number, but will find a place, with the appropriate comment, in our number for January next.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Memoir of Rev. George Dana Boardman, late missionary to Burmah, by Alonzo King. Boston. Lincoln, Edmands & Co. 12mo.

Memoir of Col. Ethan Allen. By Hugh Moore. Plattsburgh. 12mo.

The Life of the Rev. T. T. Thomason, M.A. By the Rev. J. Sargent, A. M. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 856.

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French Questions on Sir W. Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. By F. M. J. Surault. Cambridge. James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 222.

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INDEX

TO THE

THIRTY-NINTH VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

A.

Absentee, Miss Edgeworth's, its uncommon excellence, 179.

Adams, John, his position in reference to the old parties, 238—circumstances under which he became minister to Great Britain, 314—his account of his presentation to the king, 315.

Adelchi, Manzoni's tragedy of the, examined, 359.

Æschylus, his character as a tragic writer, 332.

Æsthetics, Schiller's writings on, enumerated, 21.

Agrarian Law, nature of the civil reform which it contemplated, 416—its effect on the fortunes of the patricians, 417.

Aitken, Robert, his account of Thomas Paine, 292.

Alba, Duke of, anecdote concerning the, 127—his atrocious cruelty towards the people of Flanders, 130.

Alfieri, character of his dramas, contrasted with his personal character, 346—his tragedy of Saul examined, 347.

Alfred, King, his laws relating to usury, 84.

American Quarterly Review, account of its foundation, 299.

Ancient Mariner, Coleridge's, remarks upon its origin and character, 451—explanation of the purpose with which it was written, 452.

Animal Heat, examination of some of its phenomena, 409—probability, that it is dependent on respiration, 411.

Anti-Federalists, appearance of this party for the first time in the Convention which framed the Constitution, 215—their ready acquiescence in the Constitution, 217.

Aristodemo, Monti's, its excellence as a tragedy, 354.

Aristotle, incorrectness of his reasoning respecting usury, 80.

Artevelde, James Van, is appointed protector of Ghent, and arranges its internal government, 117—his death and character, 118.

Artevelde, Philip Van, his elevation to the protectorship of Ghent, 120—defeats Louis de Mâle at Gentbrugge, 121—gains the victory of Boverhout, 122—is defeated and slain at Roosebeeke, 123.

Athenæum, Boston, account of its foundation, 297.

B.

Bacon, Lord, his classification of civil history, 30—his classification of pure history, 31.

Barante, M., his History of the Dukes of Burgundy, reviewed, 112.

Barclay, Mr., his diplomatic correspondence alluded to, 309—his ability in the negotiation of a treaty with Morocco, 322.

Beggars, ascendancy of the party of the, in Ghent, 131.

Belinda, Miss Edgeworth's, some comments on, 180.

Bengal, rates of interest in, 92.

Bibliotheca Classica Latina, reviewed, 57.

Black Hawk, specimen of his eloquence, 155.
Bodin, John, character of his work for facilitating the study of history, 34.
Bowles, effect of his sonnets, in inspiring the poetical genius of Coleridge, 439.
Bolingbroke, Lord, his definition of history, 40.
Bosche, Pierre Van den, becomes a popular leader at Ghent, 120.
Boston Gazette, date of its establishment, as a newspaper, 282.
Boston News Letter, the first newspaper in this country, some account of the, 281.
Bottomry, evasion of the usury laws by loans on, 91.
Boudinot, Mr. his correspondence quoted, relative to the mutiny in the Pennsylvania line, 306.
British Treaty, of the controversy respecting the, 255.
Brougham, Lord, his remark on the importance of Classical learning, quoted, 68.
Brown, Charles B., his editorship of the American and Annual Registers, 295.
Brutus, his avarice and extortion, and error generally entertained respecting his character, 432.
Bunker, Capt., his letter quoted, respecting the use of ardent spirit on board merchant vessels, 499.
Burke, Edmund, letter addressed by Crabbe to, 141—his character, 142—his kindness to Crabbe, 143.

C.

Caffers, to whom the title is applied, 371—their character, and manners, 372—their apparel, and social disposition, 373—their ideas of wealth, 374—value set by them upon their cattle, 375—their aliment, 376—their mildness of disposition, 377—account given by travellers of their character, 378—their reputation for honesty somewhat questionable, 379—nature of their government, 380—degradation of the female sex among the, 381—their geographical situation and condition, 382—severity of the British towards the, 383—their want of a written language, 384—prospects of missionaries among the, 385—their productions, 392.
Caffraria, Kay's Travels in, reviewed, 371.
Calsibigi, his account of the Italian drama, 345.
Campbell, John, his troubles as editor of the Boston News Letter, 286—his controversy with Franklin's journal, 287.
Cassius, his personal character, 432.
Castle Rackrent, Miss Edgeworth's, its peculiar excellence, 176.
Cesar, Julius, his character and the honorable purpose with which he passed the Rubicon, 429—becomes Dictator, 431—his measures for the relief of the laboring classes in Rome, 432.
Chambord, description of, quoted from Outre-Mer, 472.
Channing, Dr. W. E., his connexion with the Monthly Anthology, 296.
Channing, Prof. E. F., his editorship of the N. A. Review, 298.
Charles V., is born at Ghent, 124—his controversy with the people of Ghent, 125—harsh treatment of them after their submission, 127.
Chernañceau, description of the chateau of, quoted from Outre-Mer, 473.
China, opening of our trade with, 323.
Chorus, importance of the, in Greek tragedy, 335.
Christabel, Coleridge's, remarks upon its character, 453.
Christian Examiner, some account of its publication, 299.
Chyle, purposes which it answers in the animal system, 404.
Cicero, extent of his literary labors, 64.
Cities, their influence on the development of civil freedom, 112.
Civilization, its progress and prospects in South Africa, 389.
Classical Learning, its tendency and use in the intercourse of life, 57—Lord Brougham's view of its importance, 68.
Cloths, introduction of the manufacture of, into Ghent, 115.
Coleridge, S. T. his poems, reviewed, 437—his versatility and power of language, 438—his condensation and originality, 439—his power of graphic delineation, 440—his benevolent spirit, 441—his religious feeling, 442—his Juvenile Poems, 443—his Religious Musings and Destiny of Nations, 444—his Sybilline

Leaves, 445—his Fears in Solitude quoted, 446—defects of his Love Poems, and superiority of the Meditative, 447—grandeur of his Hymn to Mont Blanc, 448—his Frost at Midnight, quoted, 450—remarks on his Ancient Mariner, 451—his Christabel, 453—character of his dramatic writings, 453—his translation of Wallenstein, 456—general spirit and power of his writings, 457.

Colonies, of parties in the American, 211—situation of the American, prior to the adoption of the Constitution, 212.

Columbus, value of his biography, as inspiring a love for history, 203.

Confederation, character of the American, 214.

Constitution, U.S., division of parties growing out of the proposition and adoption of the, 212—its character, considered as a compromise, 216—its character, as a social compact, 222.

Conte di Carmagnola, Manzoni's, examined, 357.

Corneille, allusion to his dramatic excellence, 342.

Cours d'Histoire Moderne, Guizot's, reviewed, 30.

Cousin, Professor, his definition of a great man, quoted, 243.

Crabbe, George, his life and writings reviewed—circumstances of his early history, 135—becomes apprentice to a surgeon, 136—his first poetical publication, 137—resolves to go to London, 138—his situation on reaching that city, 139—extracts from his journal, 140—his letter to Mr. Burke, quoted, 142—kindness of Burke towards him, 143—character of his Village, 144—his dark views of life, 145—their erroneous nature, 147—reception of his Village, 148—takes orders, 149—reasons of his long silence as a writer, and his character as a clergyman, 150—his novels, and their fate, 151—his general character as a poet, 153—his success in resorting to humble life for poetical themes, 154—accuracy of his descriptions of character, 156—his Parish Register, quoted, 158—his Peter Grimes, quoted, 158—character of his Sir Eustace Grey, and quotation from it, 160—Scott's letter to him, quoted, 161—revisits the society of London—Lockhart's letter respecting him, 163—his death, and the character of his biography, 166.

Crassus, his wealth in slaves, 425.

Crawford, Dr. his account of the generation of animal heat, 409.

Crocker, Capt., his opinion respecting the use of ardent spirit by sailors, 500.

Curtis, Capt., his testimony respecting the use of ardent spirits on board merchant vessels, 499.

Customs of Society, errors of some of the, 399.

Cyclic Poets, character of their subjects, 32.

D.

Dalberg, Baron, his friendship for Schiller, 9.

D'Alembert, his character of Montesquieu, quoted, 44, *note*.

Dampierre, Guy de, his restoration to his authority as Count of Flanders, 116.

Davenant, Lady, her character, as drawn by Miss Edgeworth, 184.

Davies, President, his anticipation of the fame of Washington, 482.

Day, Mr. author of Sandford and Merton, anecdote of, 180.

Declaration of Independence, real causes of its influence, 245.

Democratic Party, its origin, 223—rallies under the principle of liberty, 229—causes of its predominance, 232—its conformity with the tendency of the age, 235.

Dennie, Joseph, account of his literary career, 293—his death, 294.

Dexter, Samuel, his course in reference to the Federal party, 263.

Digestion, description of the process of, 403.

Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States from 1783 to 1789, reviewed, 302—manner in which it was published, 303—unfitness of officers in departments for the editorship of such a work, 304—circumstances which render it valuable, 305—inadvertence and haste exhibited in its execution, 305, et seq.

Dodsley, his liberal treatment of Crabbe, 144.

Domat, M., his argument respecting the taking of interest, in a religious point of view, 98.
Drama, public instruction the original object of the, 335.
Dry Exchange, mode of evading the usury laws by, 91.
Dushani, a Caffer chief, some account of, 393.
Dwight, Theodore, his History of the Hartford Convention, reviewed, 208—its character, 209.

E.

Edgeworth, R. L., his character, and anecdotes relating to him, 173.
Edgeworth, Miss, moral influence of her writings, 167—her superiority to preceding novelists, 173—her views on the subject of education, 175—her Castle Rackrent, and Moral Tales, 176—publication of her Popular Tales, 177—her Belinda and Patronage, 180—character of her Helen, and her object in writing it, 181—quotation from it, 187, and seq.—its defect, 199.
Education, what is meant by, 59.
Edward III., legislation in the reign of, on the subject of usury, 87.
Elephant, mode of hunting the, by the Caffers, 377.
Elizabeth, Queen, legislation during her reign on the subject of usury, 89.
Eloquence, reasons of the superiority of the Greek and Roman, 63.
Emerson, Rev. Mr., his connexion, as editor, with the Monthly Anthology, 296.
England, early prohibition of usury in, 83.
English Dramatists, their general excellence, 340.
Euripides, his qualities as a writer of tragedy, 333.
Everett, Mr. Edward, his editorship of the North American Review, 298.

F.

Fall of Robespierre, Coleridge's, its character, and the circumstances under which it was written, 453.
Familiar Letters on Public Characters, reviewed, 208—its character, 209—its view, as respects the character of Mr. Jefferson, 246.
Family Classical Library, reviewed, 57.
Fashionable Tales, Miss Edgeworth's, their first publication, and character, 178.
Fears in Solitude, Coleridge's, quoted, 446.
Federalists, their first appearance as a party in the convention which formed the Constitution, 215—principle under which they subsequently rallied, 229—extent to which their doctrines were carried, 261.
Female Sex, degradation of the, among the Caffers, 381.
Fielding, immoral character of his writings, 171—his skill in painting manners, 173.
Flemings, victory of the, at the battle of Courtrai, 116.
Follen, Dr., his preface to the life of Schiller, quoted, 4.
Francis I., his treatment of the people of Ghent, 126.
Franklin, Dr. his early connexion with the New England Courant, 283—his diplomatic correspondence alluded to, 310.
French Drama, its peculiarities, 341.
French Revolution, its influence on the character of parties in this country, 224.
Fresnoy, M. character of his work, designed to facilitate the study of history, 35.
Frost at Midnight, Coleridge's, quoted, 450.

G.

Gaika, character of the Caffer chief, 379.
Gardner, Capt., his experience as a ship master, and his view of the uselessness of ardent spirit, as a drink, for sailors, 500.
Gavre, downfall of the power of Ghent by the defeat at, 124.
General Repository and Review, its publication at Cambridge, under the editorship of Mr. Norton, 298.
Genius, definition of, and its compatibility with good sense, 1.
George III., presentation of Mr. Adams to, as minister, 315.
German Drama, origin of the, 343.
German Literature, its development, 11.
Ghent, Voisin's history of, reviewed, 112—its earliest appearance in his-

tory, 114—its gradual growth, 115—increase of its commerce, 116—its protectorship conferred on James Van Artevelde, 117—his arrangements for the administration of its affairs, 118—attempt of Louis de Mâle to subdue it, and the efforts of Yoens to resist him, 119—Philip Van Artevelde elected its protector, 120—its suffering from siege, 121—victory of its citizens at Boverhout, 122—and entire defeat at Roosebecke, 123—destruction of its power by the defeat of Gavre, 124—its prosperity early in the 16th century, 125—its controversy with Charles V. 125—its efforts to resist the Emperor, 126—its submission, and the cruelty of Charles, 127—its prosperity ruined, 128—outrages of the Iconoclasts in, 129—pacification of, 130—attempts of Hembyse and Ryhove to establish a republic in, 131—ascendency of the Beggars in, 132—brief view of its subsequent history, 134.

Gibbon, brief allusion to his character as a historian, 52.

Giovanni di Procida, Nicolini's alluded to, 370.

Girdler, Capt., his opinion respecting the use of ardent spirits in merchant vessels, 501.

Goethe, his first interview with Schiller, and their subsequent intimacy, 17—his correspondence with Schiller, quoted, 24—general character of his tragic writing, 343.

Gracchus, Tib. Sem., his character, 414—nature of the civil reforms, which he contemplated, 415—character of the Agrarian Law, 415—and its tendency, 417,—his death, 418.

Great Britain, reason of her reluctance, to enter into a commercial arrangement with the United States, 319.

Greece, silence of her law on the subject of usury, 79.

Greeks, estimation in which the drama was held by the, 330—peculiarities of its performance, 336—splendor of their mythology, 337—their originality, as respects the dramatic art, 338.

Gresk Historians, general character of their subjects, 43.

Greek History, importance of a general acquaintance with it, 205.

Green, Bartholonew, his mode of conducting the Boston News Letter, 288.

Gridley, Jeremy, his connexion with the Weekly Rehearsal Newspaper, 284.

Guicciardini, his account of Ghent early in the 16th century, 125.

Guizot, M., his *Cours d' Histoire Moderne*, reviewed, 30.

H.

Hamilton, Alexander, his political position and views, as the leader of the Federal party, 240—his view relative to the Constitution, and influence of his mode of life in producing it, 241—honesty of his intentions, 242—his influence over the mind of his friends, 243.

Harding, Capt., his letter quoted, respecting the use of ardent spirit on board merchant vessels, 508.

Hartford Convention, Dwight's History of the, reviewed, 208—danger of its principle, 262.

Hayward, Dr., his Physiology of Man, reviewed, 395—his Preface quoted, 396—value of his work, 397—general view of its contents, 402.

Helen, Miss Edgeworth's, reviewed, 167—object of the author in writing it, 181—outline of the story, 182.

Hembyse, John, his attempt to establish a republic in Ghent, 131—his subsequent career, 133—and execution, 134.

Henry VIII., legislation in his reign, on the subject of usury, 88.

Herder, his defence of the philosophical system of Kant, 19.

Hinza, character of the Caffer chief, 381.

History, its nature and importance—Lord Bacon's classification of civil, 30—evils arising from the multiplication of its materials, 31—difficulty in the ascertaining of facts, 32—Dr. Robertson's remarks on the abundance of its materials, 33—various plans for facilitating the study of, 34—uselessness of all these methods, 35—definition of, considered as a science, 36—distinctness and certainty of its principles, 37—enumeration of some of them, 38—its importance as a guide, 39—view of the

manner in which it should be read, 41—question relating to the credibility of, 43—difficulty of accuracy in the writing of, 44—steps to be taken in the study of, 45—manner in which the proper study of, has been counteracted, 49—its influence on national advancement, 50—danger of the indiscriminate reading of, 53—want of a proper narrative of our own, 54—imperfection of education in, 200—difficulty arising from the want of means, 201—manner in which it should be studied, 202.

Hottentot, origin of the name unknown, 372.

Hymn to Mont Blanc, Coleridge's, quoted, its sublimity, 448.

I.

Iconoclasts, outrages of the party of in Ghent, 129.

Imprisonment for Debt, its abolition by the Legislature of Massachusetts, 72.

Independent Advertiser, address of the editor of, to the public, quoted, 290.

Indians, their want of the imitative propensity, 374.

Indian Eloquence, its simplicity the secret of its power, 155.

Instruction, defect in the common process of, 398.

Interest, ordinary rate of, in Ancient Greece, 79—in Rome at various periods, 81—rates of, in England, France and Bengal, 92—whether it ought in any case to be allowed, 96—whether it is morally wrong to pay or receive it, 97—arguments against it, founded on a false assumption, 100.

Italian Drama, its general inferiority, 344—some of its earlier specimens, 344—probability that it will flourish hereafter, 370.

Italy, its condition in the time of Gracchus, 413.

J.

Jay, Mr., character of the British treaty negotiated by, 255—excellence of his diplomatic correspondence, 308—his report to Congress, quoted, on the infractions of the treaty of 1783, 320—great importance of his services in the department of foreign affairs, 323.

Jefferson, Mr., view of his political career, 238—vindication of his political character, 239—his influence over the minds of his party, 243—his literary character and productions, 244—his political consistency, 247—freedom from selfish motives, 248—his retirement from office, 249—great value of his public services, 250—his efforts to establish the Virginia University, 251—Paul Jones's letter to, respecting La Peyrouse's expedition, 311—excellence of his diplomatic correspondence, as indicating his character, 312.

Jews, law relating to usury among the, 77—usury not a moral offence by that law, 78—persecution of the, in England in the reign of Richard I., 84—and in that of King John, 86.

John, King, persecution of the Jews in the reign of, 86.

Johnson, Dr., eulogises Crabbe's Village, 148—his erroneous view of the moral influence of literature, 171.

Jones, Paul, his letter to Mr. Jefferson, relative to the expedition of La Peyrouse, 311.

Juvenile Poems, Coleridge's, their character, 443.

K.

Kant, account of his philosophical system, 18.

Kay, Rev. Stephen, his travels in Caffraria, reviewed, 371—details of his journey, quoted, 387.

Key to History, Miss Peabody's, reviewed, 200—its object, 201—its value, 207.

L.

Lafayette, his business talent, as evinced during the American negotiations with the French Ministry, 313.

La Peyrouse, Paul Jones's account of the object and preparations for his expedition, 311.

Law, the great principle of, the basis of the Federal party, 229.

Licinian Law, its prohibition of usury, 82.

Life of Schiller, reviewed, 1—merit of the work, 4—quoted, on the subject of the moral influence of *The Rob-*

bers, 6—character of *Don Carlos*, quoted, 13—its reception, 14—its account of Kant's philosophical system, quoted, 19.
Literary Men, examination of the question, whether they are more miserable than others, 10.
Literary Miscellany, some account of its publication, 297.
Livingston, Mr. E., his agency in the publication of the diplomatic correspondence, 303.
Lockhart, Mr., his letter, describing the visit of Crabbe to Sir Walter Scott, quoted, 163.
Louis de Mâle, his attempt, as Count of Flanders, to subdue the city of Ghent, 119—is defeated at Gentbrugge, 121—and at Boverhout, 122—is victorious at Roosebecke, 123.
Lucan, his poetical character, 67.

M.

Mackenzie, Henry, anecdote of, 164.
Madison, Mr., his general views relative to the construction of the Constitution, 217—becomes the leader of the Anti-Federal party, 219.
Magazines, published in the colonies, some account of the, 291.
Manzoni, Alexander, his tragedies reviewed, 329—his character as a dramatic writer, 355—his argument on the subject of the Unities, 356—his Count di Carmagnola, examined, 357—his introduction of the Chorus, 358—his tragedy of the Adelchi, examined, 359—some of his other works alluded to, 369.
Marius appears as the champion of the Roman people against the Senate, 421.
Massachusetts, first usury law enacted in, 93—additional legislation of, on the same subject, 94—imperfection of the present law, 95—of the adoption of the Federal Constitution by, 221.
Mather, Increase, his anathema of the New-England Courant, 289.
Medical Science, reply to those, who complain of its imperfection, 401.
Memoirs, abundance of the French, 208—their merits and disadvantages, 209.
Metastasio, his character as a dramatic writer, 345.
Mitchell & Co., Messrs., their conviction of the uselessness and evil of admitting ardent spirit on board merchant vessels, 501.
Missionaries, prospects of the, in the attempt to civilize the Caffers, 385—their number and exertions in Caffraria, 391.
Moderns, distinction made by the, between the useful and the beautiful, 329.
Mondragon, Senora, her heroic defence of the citadel of Ghent, 130.
Money Contracts, impropriety of the interference of laws with, 101.
Monroe, Mr. character of parties, during his administration, 266.
Monody on the death of Chatterton, Coleridge's, quoted, 444.
Monte, Vincentio, excellence of his *Aristodemo*, 355.
Montesquieu, D'Alembert's character of, quoted, 44, note.
Monthly Anthology, when established, 295—its enlargement, 296—and character, 297.
Moral Tales, Miss Edgeworth's, their character, 177.
Mosaic Law respecting usury, 77—its just interpretation, 78.

N.

Nero, his character and government the just punishment of the Romans, 436.
Nevil, Judge, becomes editor of the New American Magazine, 291.
New Bedford, number of temperance vessels sailing from the port of, 510.
New England Courant, Dr. Franklin's early connexion with it, 283.
New England Journal, date of its establishment, as a newspaper, 282.
New York State Temperance Society, its Fifth Annual Report reviewed, 494—vigor and effect of its exertions, 496—interrogatories addressed by the Executive Committee of the, to ship owners and ship masters, 497.
Newspapers, first publication of, in England, and enumeration of some of their titles, 278—of their introduction into France, 279—their introduction into the American colonies, 281—number now published in this country, 301.
Niccolini, his dramatic works, alluded to, 370.

Nichols, Mr. his account of the earliest English newspapers, 278, *note.*
North American Review, account of the commencement of its publication, 298.
Novels, fate of Crabbe's, 151—moral influence of Miss Edgeworth's and Scott's, 167—moral character of the old English, 170.
Numantia, its surrender to the Roman forces under Gracchus, 414.

O.

Opera, defects of the modern, 336.
Ord, Mr. his attempt to distinguish between bottomry and an ordinary loan, 110.
Outre-Mer, reviewed, 459—its description of the Cathedral of Rouen, quoted, 459—its description of Chambord and Chernanceau, quoted, 462—its description of a journey into Spain, quoted, 464—merit of the work, 466.

P.

Pacification of Ghent, account of the, 130.
Paine, Thomas, his contributions to the Pennsylvania Magazine, 292.
Parish Register, Crabbe's, quoted, 157.
Parties, origin and character of the old, 208—history of, in our country, 200—division of, in the United States, when colonies, 211—division of, growing out of the formation of the Constitution, 215—the most natural division in our country, what, 217—honest intentions of the members of the old, 218—manner in which their controversies were conducted, honorable to the country, 236—their character and composition, 237.
Pastoral Poetry, character of modern, 144.
Patronage, Miss Edgeworth's, its comparative ill success, 181.
Peabody, Miss, her Key to History, reviewed, 200—excellence of her work, 207.
Pellico, Silvio, his character as a dramatic writer, 369.
Pennsylvania Magazine, Thomas Paine's connexion with the, 292.
Periodical Literature of the United States, examination of the, 277.
Peter Grimes, extract from Crabbe's, 158.
Philip II., spirit manifested by the people of Ghent towards, 128—appoints the Duke of Alva governor of Flanders, 129.
Physicians, their unanimity of opinion, relative to the pernicious consequences of using ardent spirit, 497.
Physiology, neglect of the subject of, 395—reasons of this inattention, 396—imperfection of our knowledge of 400.
Pilgrims, legislation of the, respecting usury, 93.
Pliny, his Letters alluded to, 67.
Poetical Justice, inadequate to answer the demands of morality, 169.
Poetry, its true nature, and the requisites for success in, 2.
Popular Tales, Miss Edgeworth's, their character, 177.
Poorhouse, Crabbe's description of a, 146.
Portfolio, Dennie's editorship of the, 293.
Post Offices, number of in this country at the beginning of the last century, 284.
President, dangers arising from the election of, and his power, 267.
Printing, date of its introduction into the American Colonies, 280.
Proclamation, President's, extent to which it carried the Federal principle, 218.
Proclamation of Neutrality, its merits examined, 253.
Puffendorf, allusion to his work designed to facilitate the study of history, 35.

Q.

Quackery, knowledge of physiology, an antidote to, 400.
Quarterly Review, British, its assertion relative to an occurrence on board an American ship at Canton, 327—contradicted, 328.
Quinctilian, brief allusion to his writings, 67.

R.

Racine, the model of all succeeding French dramatic writers, 342.
Ramsay, Dr., his plan of a historical work broken off by his death, 55.

Remorse, Coleridge's drama of, examination of its merits, 454.
Republic of Letters, cheapness and merit of the work, 277.
Religious Novels, their prevailing defect, 169.
Report of a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, on the subject of usury, reviewed, 68—quoted, 74, *note*.
Respiration, of the changes which the blood and air undergo in, 407.
Richard I., persecution of the Jews in England, in the reign of, 84.
Richardson, judgment shewn in his Clarissa, 169—his moral influence, 171.
Richter, his view of the practical character of distinguished poets, quoted, 4.
Richardson, Capt., his views respecting temperance ships, 502.
Robertson, Dr., his remarks on the abundance of historical materials, 32.
Romans, reason of their inferiority to the Greeks in the drama, 338.
Rouen, description of the Cathedral of, 460.
Roman Character, its sublime and dignified tone, 61—qualities by which it was particularly distinguished, 61.
Roman Commonwealth, classes into which its population was divided in the time of Gracchus, 414.
Roman Literature, its utility and value, 57—facility with which it may now be studied, 58—its importance as an instrument of education, 59—its decline, 66.
Rome, early usage in, respecting usury, and subsequent legislation, 81—political effect of slavery in, 413 et seq.—conduct of the Senate of, toward Tiberius Gracchus, 418—of the aristocracy and free citizens of, 425—slaves and manner of obtaining them in, 426.
Rose, Lieut., his account of the cruelty of the British in South Africa, 383.
Rural Life, erroneous representation given of it by the poets, 147.
Ryhove, his attempts to establish a republic in Ghent, 131—his subsequent career, 133.

S.

Sailors, abuses existing in the boarding-houses for, 504—obstacles interposed by landlords, to the improvement of, 505—remedies suggested for these abuses, 507.
Salamis, cruelty exercised by Brutus towards the members of its municipal Government, 432.
Salmagundi, some account of its publication and the writers in, 295.
Savage, Mr. W., his remarks quoted, respecting the use of ardent spirits at sea, 510.
Schiller, sketch of his life, and observations on his writings, 1—talent exhibited by the English writer of his life, 4—his birth and the character of his parents, 5—publication of *The Robbers*, and its moral influence, 6—is arrested by the Duke of Wurtemburg in consequence of its publication, 8—escapes to Manheim, and publishes *Fiesco* and Court *Intrigue and Love*, 9—publishes the *Rheinische Thalia*, and a portion of *Don Carlos*, 12—goes to reside at Leipsig and Dresden, and finishes *Don Carlos*, 13—his situation and circumstances, 14—his *Revolt of the Netherlands*, 15—his private character and disposition, 16—his first interview with Goethe, 17—is appointed professor of history at Jena, and publishes his *History of the thirty years' war*, 18—his partiality for the system of Kant, 20—his occupations at Jena, 23—his correspondence with Goethe, 24—his subsequent plays, 28.
Scott, Sir Walter, his success in raising the character of novels, 56—his letter to Crabbe, quoted, 161—moral influence of his romances, 167.
Seat of Government, U.S. reasons that led to the permanent establishment of a, 307.
Senate of Rome, treatment of Tiberius Gracchus by the, 418.
Seneca, his writings indicative of the decline of Roman Literature, 67.
Shakspeare, Goethe and Schiller's admiration of, 27—Schiller's letter on the historical plays quoted, 28.
Shaw, Samuel, his letter to Mr. Jay, on the opening of the American trade with China, 323.

Sicily, character and termination of the servile war in, 419.
Sir Eustace Grey, Crabbe's, its character, 159—quoted, 160.
Slavery in Rome, its influence in producing political revolutions, 413—its effect in the time of Gracchus, on the condition of the laboring classes, 417—insurrection produced by, in Sicily, 419—its corrupting influence on the patrician families, 420—second political revolution, produced by, 422—general insurrection of the slaves under Spartacus, 423—its suppression, 423—manner in which the market was supplied, 426—condition of the slaves, 427—the purposes to which slave labor was applied, 428—despotism the natural result of, 431—is the means of vesting all power in the hands of Cesar, 431—and of establishing the subsequent monarchy, 433—introduces the oriental despotism, by encouraging luxury and debasing the public morals, 434—places Nero on the throne, 436—its effect on the agriculture of Italy, 437.
S'Lhambi, the Caffer chief, his character, 380.
Smith, Dr., his objection to the freedom of money contracts, 102.
Smollett, immoral character of his writings, 171.
Sophocles, his style and character as a tragic writer, 332.
Sorrows of Werther, its imperfections, as a translation from Goethe, 12.
South Africans, cruelties of the British to the, 383.
South Carolina, her doctrine relative to the independence of the States, 218.
Southern Review, time of its publication, 299.
Spanish Dramatists, general character of the, 340.
Sparks, Mr., his editorship of the N. A. Review, 298—reason to regret, that he was not the editor of the Continuation of the Diplomatic Correspondence, 302—his edition of the writings of Washington, reviewed, 467—his qualifications as an editor, 468—principles according to which his selection of the papers has been made, 469—expediency of his omission of portions of letters, questioned, 470—his labor and perseverance as an editor, 478.
Spartacus, his success as the leader of the Roman slaves, 423—is at length overcome, 424.
Spirit of the Age, represented by great men, 245.
Steele, Sir Richard, his introduction of periodical essays, 280.
Stout, Capt., his hospitable reception by the Caffers, 378.
Sullivan, Lieut., his plot for the overthrow of the government, during the mutiny in the Philadelphia line, 307.
Sybilline Leaves, character of Coleridge's, 445.
Sydney, Sir Philip, his Defence of Poesy, quoted, 42, *note*.
Sylla, becomes the champion of the Roman Senate, against the people, 422.

T.

Taylor, Rev. Mr., his exertions alluded to, for the improvement of seamen, 508.
Temperance, perseverance of the laborers in the cause of, 494—general excellence of the associations for promoting, 495—answer to the objection, that the reform is not in all instances complete, 496—of the progress of, on board merchant ships, 497.
Thespis, mode of his dramatic exhibitions, 331.
Thucydides, his character as a historian, 37.
Thurlow, Lord Chancellor, his interview with Crabbe, 148.
Thursday Lecture, Boston, its importance as a means of communicating news, 280.
Tomasini, Father, his work for facilitating the study of history, alluded to, 34.
Tragedy, estimation in which it was held by the Greeks, 330—its origin, 331.
Tudor, William, his establishment of the North American Review, 298—his death, 299.

U.

University of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson's labors in establishing the, 251.

Usury, report of a committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject of, reviewed, 68—action of the Legislature in regard to, 69—Boston petition for the repeal of the laws relating to, 70, *note*—the report quoted, 74, *note*—laws relating to, among the Jews, 77—silence of the Grecian laws respecting, 79—Aristotle's argument respecting, 80—early usage in Rome in regard to, 80—subsequent legislation for the prohibition of, 81—early usage in England respecting, 83—time of the distinction made in England between interest and, 88—modes in which the laws of, are evaded, 91—evil arising from the prohibition of, to borrowers and lenders, 104—laws against, based upon false principles of political economy, 107—inconsistency of these laws, 109.

V.

Van Preat, his History of Flanders, reviewed, 112.

Village, Crabbe's its character, 145—description of a village, quoted, 145—its sketch of a parish poorhouse, quoted, 146.

Virginia, of the adoption of the Federal Constitution in, 221.

Vivian Grey, author of, moral character and tendency of his productions, 167.

Voisin, his History of Ghent, reviewed, 112.

W.

Wallenstein, excellence of Coleridge's translation of, 456.

Walsh, Robert, his editorship of the American Quarterly Review, 299.

War with Great Britain, character and merits of the last, 257.

Washington, Gen., Mr. Sparks's discussion of the question, how far he is responsible for the writings that bear his signature, quoted, 475—nature of his education, and his skill in composition, 477—character of his style, 478—his rules of civility and decent behavior in conversation, quoted, 486—some account of his early history, 490—commencement of his military career, 491—accompanies Braddock on his disastrous expedition, 492—becomes a member of the House of Burgesses, 493—value of his correspondence, 494.

Washington's Writings, Sparks's edition of, 467—importance of some future publication of the whole, 468—principle of selection, adopted by the Editor, 469—admirable order in which they were arranged by Washington, 471—remarks on the second volume of, 481—and explanation of the sources from which it is derived, 482.

Weekly Rehearsal, some account of the newspaper under this title, 284.

Western Review, its temporary publication, 299.

Wheare, Degory, character of his *Prælectiones Hycmales*, 35—his view of the ends of history, 40.

Whigs, victory of the, at the Revolution, 212.

Wilhelm Meister, Schiller's letter to Goethe, respecting, quoted, 24.

Williams, Capt., his opinion respecting the effects of the use of ardent spirits by sailors, 503.

Wirt, Mr., anecdote related by, of Washington, when he took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, 493.

JUN 5 1939